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The WORKS of VOLTAIRE

EDITION DE LA PACIFICATION

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*"Between two servants of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation. * * * * Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: JESUS WEPT: VOLTAIRE SMILED. Of that divine tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization."*

VICTOR HUGO.

LA PUCELLE D'ORLÉANS,

POËME,

DIVISÉ EN VINGT CHANTS,

AVEC DES NOTES,

Nouvelle Edition, corrigée, augmentée & collationnée sur le Manuscript de l'Auteur.

A CONCULIX

FAC-SIMILE OF "LA PUCELLE" TITLE

EDITION DE LA PACIFICATION

THE WORKS OF

VOLTAIRE

A CONTEMPORARY VERSION

With Notes by Tobias Smollett, Revised and Modernized
New Translations by William F. Fleming, and an
Introduction by Oliver H. G. Leigh

A CRITIQUE AND BIOGRAPHY
BY
THE RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY

FORTY-THREE VOLUMES

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT DESIGNS, COMPRISING REPRODUCTIONS
OF RARE OLD ENGRAVINGS, STEEL PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES,
AND CURIOUS FAC-SIMILES

VOLUME XL

E. R. DuMONT
PARIS : LONDON : NEW YORK : CHICAGO

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VOLTAIRE

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

[La Pucelle d'Orléans]

IN TWO VOLUMES

Vol. I

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NOTE

THE most famous and most debated of Voltaire's poems was "*La Pucelle d'Orléans.*" It caused him half a lifetime of worry. At the duke of Richelieu's supper-table the author was challenged to write a poem on the legendary heroine. He replied that there were so many absurdities in the story that it was fitter to be the subject of a mock-heroic burlesque rather than an epic, which a minor poet had attempted. Accordingly he produced several cantos in quick succession, which took the reading world by storm. Copies multiplied rapidly and spread through the court circles of Europe. The famous romances of France and Italy were racily told, they are classics to-day in all languages, and Voltaire simply followed the accepted rule in method of treatment and free style. The poem was begun in 1730. By 1740 so many hundred written versions and detached cantos were in circulation, greatly to the annoyance of the author, that Madame du Châtelet, unknown to Voltaire, employed a printer to issue an edition. Though the work was in progress, and heavy expense incurred, he peremptorily stopped the press. His enemies in Paris got hold of portions of the manuscript and used them mercilessly against him. At last, in self-vindication, he issued his own printed edition in 1762. His literary calumniators are repaid with interest in

several of the cantos, as the notes explain. In this brilliant poem Voltaire had no desire to minimize the patriotic service Joan of Arc so nobly rendered France, a service better understood now, thanks to sound historians, than in Voltaire's time. His satire is directed at the influence behind the scenes, whose purposes were to foster and magnify mythical elements in any story above the legitimate features and the known facts.

AUX QUARANTE

DE

L'Académie Française,

INSTITUT NATIONAL DE FRANCE.*

MESSIEURS: C'est avec un sentiment de profond respect pour vous et de défiance de moi-même, que J'ai la présomption de vous offrir le résultat de mes veilles.

A quel corps plus honorable, puis-je dédier ma traduction de la Pucelle de VOLTAIRE, qu'à celui que représente cette fameuse association littéraire dont ce grand homme était membre?

Pouvais-je réfléchir sur l'abondant génie, le génie presque universel, de cet homme incomparable, sans reporter mes idées sur l'Académie si justement célèbre qu'il a illustré, et qui revit aujourdhui si dignement en Vous! en Vous, Mes-

*The translator's dedication of the work to the French Academy.

sieurs, les premiers dépositaires, les conservateurs perpetuels de ce feu sacré qui réchauffe les esprits et embrase les cœurs de tous les protégés des Muses qui ont le bonheur d'être dignes Citoyens de la République des Lettres.

Je suis, Messieurs,
Avec les sentimens du plus
profond respect,
Votre très obéissant et dévoué serviteur,
W. H. IRELAND.

Paris, ce 25 *Mars,* 1822.

EPISTOLARY PREFACE,

ADDRESSED TO

L. H. SCIPIO, COUNT DU ROURE,

MARQUESS OF GRISAC.

SIR: Among the numerous literary characters who have enlightened me by their opinions, or honored me with their approbation on perusing detached specimens of my literary labor, no favorable decision has proved so gratifying to my mind as the commendatory sentiments you have expressed on reading this translation, a sentiment inspired from a thorough conviction of your profound acquirements as a scholar and a man of letters, as well as the consummate knowledge you possess of the English language, equally with that of your own nation.

Persons intimately acquainted with the French tongue, and in particular with the *naïve* style of *"La Pucelle"* of Voltaire, are best enabled to appreciate the arduous task I have so long toiled to accomplish; and to whom, therefore, could I more consistently address these pages than to yourself,

Sir, whose favorable fiat insures a passport for my volumes in those societies which would consign them to oblivion, if, upon perusal they had been unauthorized by a sanction so truly flattering to my mind, as that which is derived from your cool judgment, ripened experience, and expanded understanding.

It has long been customary, Sir, to raise the voice against Voltaire's *"Pucelle d'Orléans;"* to speak of the poem in society was regarded as a flagrant misdemeanor; but to have perused it became almost a crime against morality and virtue. Let us now inquire from whence has arisen all this vindictive acrimony; does it derive its source from these alleged attacks against the welfare of society; from the playful ebullitions of an amorous muse, or from the *piquant badinage,* the pointed satire, which so frequently characterizes the composition? No! — certain clerics have been its openly avowed, as well as insidious, enemies, not on account of the love effusions wherewith it abounds, or the satirical shafts so frequently directed against human frailties, and the vices of the great, nor the *Castigat ridendo mores* which so eminently characterizes most of our author's writings; all these would then have been regarded as mere bagatelles by claimant directors of consciences.

I am perfectly well aware, Sir, that in transmitting my present labor to the public, I shall excite the hostility of some individuals; for Voltaire has perhaps more enemies in England than in France,

where their number is trifling when opposed to the host of his admirers. I must, however, console myself with this reflection, that it is the inevitable fate of literary men never to afford universal satisfaction; that I am the first who has adventured upon the perilous task of translating this satirical masterpiece in English verse, cannot be denied, and my only hope is, that it may be found sufficiently expressive of the sense of the original to insure it a place on the library shelf with the rest of Voltaire's works already published in English; as in that case, the summit of my wishes will be accomplished.

We are told that there are some truths which ought not to be disseminated at all times — I doubt it, but nobody doubts that there exists many which cannot be too widely promulgated, and of the latter class the most prominent are certainly those which, by divesting religion of her masquerade costume, leave her exposed, in all her pristine purity, a steady beacon for men to wonder at and revere.

Let me ask what is to be found in the *"Pucelle d'Orléans"* that mitigates in the smallest degree against the sober credence of a rational Protestant? and it is to a Protestant nation that I now address myself.

Voltaire has been attacked as an atheist, than which there does not exist a more flagrant untruth. Let his works stand the test, and if from their perusal his denial of an Omniscient Ruler can be

inferred, then my assertion falls to the ground. In speaking of the Divinity, all those who are conversant with the invaluable productions of Voltaire, must have read with sentiments of delight his philosophical refutation of atheism; neither should be forgotten his uniform argument upon this momentous point, when in familiar conversation, which was: "That the existence of a watch proved there was a watch-maker."

Some things only derive worth and honor from the antiquity of their origin; no matter what changes may have been wrought from the experience of ages, we must still pay homage to the antique scare-crow, as the Chinese or Hindoos to their hideous idols, for no other reason than because they are invested with the sacred erugo of time, and uniformly lauded by the Lama and the Bonzes.

By the same parity of reasoning, as our poet did not think fit to square his opinions precisely by those of the clergy, but, profiting from the expansion of human intellect, attacked their legerdemain system, and, having rubbed off the rust from the stupendous and sacred beacon, left its broad surface polished to the view. For this courageous attack on superstition, stained with the blood of innocence, our author, in the estimation of Catholic churchmen, was unjustly set down as an apostate to every sacred institution.

Bolingbroke, your great and enlightened uncle, Sir, states that there never appeared a religion in

the world which tended more decidedly to insure the peace and happiness of human nature, than that taught by Jesus Christ and His disciples. "Adore the Eternal!" exclaims Rousseau, "and all the phantoms of atheism will vanish before you."* "The honest man believes in God from conviction, and has therefore nothing to dread from the attacks of atheism. If even such a monster as an atheist should succeed in bewildering his reason, his heart would never fail to prevent its total alienation; though borne down by the weight of twenty sophisms, it would still exclaim: 'I feel there is a God.'"

Such were the opinions, of what are termed "free-thinkers," and so thought Voltaire, who never attacks the purity of the code laid down by Christ and His apostles; it is the abuse of these tenets he so nervously arraigns, and still more that class of men whose sordid interests had impelled them to

---

* It is universally allowed that the most masterly piece of polemical eloquence is the celebrated letter of Jean Jacques Rousseau to the Archbishop of Paris, which bears this singular and emphatic title:

"Jean Jacques Rousseau, Citoyen de Genève, à Christophe de Beaumont, Archevèque de Paris, Duc de Saint Cloud, Père de France, Proviseur de la Sorbonne, &c. &c."

In this reply to the famous Pastoral Letter directed against the Philosopher of Geneva, wherein the orthodox archbishop, who notoriously kept a mistress, insisted upon his credence in Christianity, owing to the numerous miracles contained in the Roman legend: "You, my Lord," says Rousseau, "believe in the Christian faith on account of those miracles, and I, my Lord, in spite of them."

support such opinions in direct opposition to the impulses of reason and common sense.

The road to heaven was never intended to be by indirect ways; the system of the Almighty is perspicuous as the noon-day sun; it is implanted in the heart of every man, for while conscience inhabits the human breast, little is required to teach us the will of our Creator, whose laws are promulgated by the Divine Redeemer, unaccompanied by all the mystic and farcical appendages of human invention.

It has too frequently been the lot of the writer when in promiscuous society, to hear the principles of Voltaire, and our poem in particular, stigmatized with a flippancy of style that bespoke these were but the hackneyed criticisms of years gone by, and upon examination of such pseudo censors, their knowledge of our philosopher's productions has frequently consisted in a mere recapitulation of the abusive opinions of his bitterest enemies, just as we find individuals extolling the sublime and erudite flights of Milton, or the abstruse and profound reasonings of Locke, who never perused beyond a few quotations from the former, or dipped deeper than the title-page of the latter; nay, to such a point can illiberality be extended, that instances are to be found upon record of the printed and published condemnation of our *"Pucelle"* by British authors who neither were nor are masters of the French tongue.

How much it is to be regretted that men will not

take the trouble of examining what occurs within the scope of their own inquiry ere they presume to condemn that with which they are wholly unacquainted. Many of my readers have heard our hackneyed Christmas Carol, nor would they credit that lines such as the following could be publicly exposed and sold for the edification of the multitude during the period of our Saviour's annual festival; yet the fact is not less certain. These verses are transcribed from this printed *morceau* as published and sold by T. Evans, Long Lane, Smithfield, and to be found in the well-known collections of popular ballads:

Joseph was an old man; and an old man was he;
And he married Mary, queen of Galilee;
When Joseph he had his *cozen* Mary got,
But Mary proved big with child, by whom Joseph knew not.

As Joseph and Mary walked through the garden gay,
Where the cherries they grew upon every tree,
O! then bespoke Mary, with words both meek and mild,
Gather me some cherries, Joseph, they run so in my mind,
Gather me some cherries, for I am with child.
Then bespoke Joseph, with words most unkind,
Let those gather thee cherries who got thee with child.
Then bespoke Jesus, all in his mother's womb,
Go to the tree, Mary, and it shall bow down,
And the highest branch shall bow down to Mary's knee,
And she shall gather cherries by one, two and three.

After lines such as the foregoing, Sir, what can be reasonably adduced against our *"Pucelle,"* which is only perused by persons gifted to a certain extent

with a liberal education, and who are consequently enabled to reject any passages mitigating in the smallest degree against the cause of religion, whilst the above carol being disseminated for centuries among the people only tends to debase and familiarize one of the most sacred mysteries of our faith, by placing it upon a level with their own vulgar and indecent conceptions.

Among the number of those who presume to censure our great poet, very few are perhaps aware that his enemies allege his predilection for English sentiments as one of his predominant crimes; in *"Les Pensées de Monsieur Thomas sur Voltaire,"* among numerous other attacks of this nature is the following: *"Pendant que Voltaire, cet écrivain nourri des maximes anglaises, s'abandonnoit à une liberté effrenée de pènser et de dire les choses les plus dangereuses, etc."* " While Voltaire, that writer nourished with English maxims, abandoned himself to an unlicenced liberty of thinking and speaking the most dangerous things, etc." Can any liberal-minded Briton depreciate the admirer of his own boasted independency of principle* as regards relig-

* Voltaire never suffered an opportunity to escape him of eulogizing our excellent institutions, and of contrasting them with the absurdities that were prevalent in his own country; no man thought more highly of our trial by jury; of the liberty of the press; of the freedom of parliamentary debates; of the liberty of conscience; and the unity of our legislation: nor did he even forget to panegyrize our weights and measures as being the same for all parts of

ious and political tolerance, for applauding which our writer was invariably attacked by a literary phalanx at home. Is it fair; is it noble?

If we consider this poem, Sir, in an amatory point of view and compare it with the multifarious productions of a similar description, we shall find that every common song-book publicly exposed for sale abounds in descriptions more florid than those contained in the pages of the *"Pucelle,"* as the ebullitions of Captain Morris and innumerable others will make manifest.

Grave divines and schoolmen descant with *sang froid* upon the refined touches of Anacreon so faithfully and exquisitely rendered into English by the fanciful pen of Mr. Moore, many of whose delightful poems printed under the assumed name of Little might put to the blush even the enamored donkey of Saint Denis, when compared with the flights of Voltaire. The licentious tales of *"Boccaccio,"* as translated, are universally admitted and spoken of, as well as those of our Dryden, Prior, and Swift.

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the kingdom. He somewhere remarks in his peculiar dry manner that the English who profess twenty different religions, only tolerate one standard for weights and measures; while in France, where there is but one religion, the weights and measures frequently vary from one village to another; adding that he supposed the English conceived that every man had a right to go to heaven in his own way; but that there was only one method of dealing with his fellow creatures: in a word, that religion concerned God alone, while weights and measures were the business of everybody.

Armstrong's "Œconomy of Love," may be had upon every book-stall, while the *"Basia"* of Joannes Secundus graces the library shelf, with its conclusive *"Epithalamium,"* than which there does not exist upon literary record a poetical specimen more superlatively beautiful, or more indelicate. In short, to enter upon a recapitulation of proofs such as the foregoing, would be to swell my preface into a volume; wherefore, let me inquire why the *"Pucelle d'Orléans"* should alone be condemned, and that too by persons who, for the most part, have never given it a fair and dispassionate perusal?

If the attacks upon Voltaire had been virulent during his lifetime, they were redoubled at his decease, insomuch so, that the pen of romance could not out-Herod the gross and ludicrous fabrications which were disseminated by priests and their myrmidons, in order to render his death-bed a raw-head and bloody-bones to future skeptics. Among other amusing tales, we are gravely assured that our poor poet writhed in the convulsive torments of the damned, whereas the simple and well-authenticated fact runs as follows:

The incumbent of the parish of Saint Sulpice (the Curé), who had several times waited upon Voltaire during his last illness without eliciting anything particular from him, happened to be present at the period of his dissolution, when approaching the bed of death, he made some inquiries respecting his faith, to which Voltaire replied in the following words:

"Monsieur le Curé, laissez-moi mourir en paix"— "Curate, leave me to die in peace!"—upon which as a conclusive effort collecting his whole strength, he turned his back and expired without a groan, and as a man sinking into a quiet slumber.

I shall terminate what I have to say respecting Voltaire as an author, by making my readers acquainted with two remarkable circumstances in regard to this sublime genius, which are perhaps known to but few. One is, that although he wrote and published works during the lapse of more than sixty years, yet he seldom or never affixed his name to any one production. The other fact, still more extraordinary, is that he never sold a manuscript or put one shilling into his pocket arising from the sale of any of his literary labors, notwithstanding all that the base calumny of some of his Grub Street opponents has maliciously alleged to the contrary.* The fact is simply this: he made a present of everything he wrote to relieve some of his indigent friends and men of letters.† He published his celebrated com-

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*Had Voltaire sold his works, the booksellers most assuredly would not have neglected to take his receipts, and no one could ever be produced, though the most scrupulous researches were set on foot for that express purpose.

†The manly and humane conduct of Voltaire in regard to the unfortunate Protestant family of Calas can never be forgotten, while a sentiment of admiration for exalted and persevering philanthropy glows in the human heart. As to the legal opinions of our poet, who was educated for the law, they have been universally pronounced as unrivalled,

mentary on the productions of Corneille for the express purpose of raising a sum sufficient for the marriage portion of his great granddaughter, whom he sought for, rescued from indigence, and to whom he gave a most liberal education.

It is true that Voltaire died possessing a fortune of nearly four thousand pounds per annum, but it must also be remembered, first, that he came into the world enjoying at least six hundred a year, his father having occupied the post of treasurer to the Chamber des Comptes; secondly, that he had a very long minority; thirdly, that he was fortunate enough to enter into a speculation when the disastrous speculation of John Law, termed the Mississippi bubble, ruined one-half of the moneyed interest of France, by which he considerably increased his revenue; fourthly, that he was a man of the strictest economy, and laid it down as an axiom, to dedicate one hour in the day to his private concerns; fifthly, that he lived the best part of a century, and able calculators will decide whether greater fortunes are not to be acquired by savings than by direct gains. For the truth of this assertion I appeal to the Earl of Lauderdale, Mr. Malthus,

instance what he published on the cases of Calas, Sauvin, and the Marquis of Morangier, and as a further proof of his hatred to intolerance, be it remembered that no man ever contributed more than Voltaire to abolish the dreadful Inquisition, wherefore our poet should always be regarded as the scourge of fanaticism and the oracle of humanity.

and Mr. Ricardo, our three most illustrious writers on political economy, of the present century.

Having done with my author, Sir, I shall now proceed to say something in regard to the literary history of our poem.

In the translation of the preface annexed to the edition of Kehl, which will be found translated in the second volume, mention is made of the numerous variations inserted in the different publications of the *"Pucelle."* They are indeed very considerable, and for the most part extracted from that of 1756. The "Episode of Corisandre," forming a canto complete, is quite irrelevant to the subject-matter of the poem, which, conjoined with the multiplied emendations and additions, rendered it difficult to ascertain what was really the production of Voltaire, nor could any positive judgment be formed upon this subject, as the first edition published by Beaumelle and Maubert in 1755 was arranged from a manuscript consisting of fifteen Arguments, which they separated according to their own fancies, for, conceiving, as it is imagined, that an epic poem ought to consist of an even number of chapters, they made a new division of the poem, sometimes allotting to it eighteen and at others twenty-four cantos by subdividing them more or less into two; in other respects their editions do not contain a greater portion of matter than was to be found in the mutilated manuscript of which they had piratically acquired possession. At length, the

author, in order to put a stop to these surreptitious publications, determined, in 1762, upon issuing his real work to the public, forming but twenty arguments, six of which had not till then been known, viz.: the eighth, ninth, sixteenth, seventeenth, nineteenth, and twentieth; the "Episode of Corisandre" he also suppressed, adding the eighteenth chapter which had appeared separately in 1764, so that the number of cantos, as allowed by the author, remains at twenty-one, being those contained in the present translation, thus comprising the work as acknowledged by Voltaire to the French Academy, and the same which has uniformly met the public eye since that epoch.

If we may be permitted, Sir, to form an idea of the merits of a work from its rapid and extensive sale (and for my own part I do not know that there exists a better criterion), then most assuredly the *"Pucelle d'Orléans"* must occupy a predominant and almost unique figure in the scale of literary efforts, since it is a known fact that the press has never disseminated a poem in any age or country which has commanded a similar success; to hazard an opinion respecting the number of copies sold would be ridiculous, as every research has been made by the translator to ascertain if possible how many editions have been printed, but even this attempt has proved altogether abortive; we may, notwithstanding, judge of the fact in some measure, by stating that Beaumarchais' editions singly, out of the nu-

merous impressions that have appeared from different editors, consumed no less than sixty-seven thousand copies of Voltaire's works, complete in seventy, and in ninety-two volumes; we therefore leave our readers to form a conjecture as to what must have been the vent of this detached poem, printed singly in every form, at all prices, and incessantly issuing from the presses of the several states of Europe during the last half-century.

As the above statement, Sir, tends to prove the uncalculable sale which Voltaire's original poem has commanded, I must now acquaint the public that it requires a residence in France to ascertain the furore still predominating throughout the well-informed classes of the community for the perusal of this work; in vain has the Chapter of Notre Dame of Paris with the Archbishop at its head, thundered forth anathemas against the writings of our author; in vain have discourses been delivered from the pulpit to the same effect; the rage continues unabated, and at the present period no less than four editions of the works of Voltaire and Rousseau have emanated from the Parisian presses, to the complete discomfiture of unrelenting intolerance.

Many sarcasms and topics contained in the *"Pucelle"* were levelled at local circumstances, or referred to personages and historical events, with which the English reader, generally speaking, would be wholly unacquainted; the translator has in con-

sequence found it absolutely necessary to enlarge considerably upon the annotating part of the work, as otherwise the drift of the author must very frequently have remained unintelligible. In the course of these elucidations, which have required no small degree of research, the writer, however, presumes to flatter himself that his labors will not prove altogether unentertaining or divested of instruction; and with regard to any badinage contained in the progress of his numerous notes, he conceives it necessary to remark, that such style was merely adopted to keep pace with the playful spirit displayed by the poet; a fact sufficiently exemplified throughout every page of this grand serio-comic production.

I am, my Lord,
Your most obedient,
and very humble Servant,
W. H. IRELAND.

LETTER

OF

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE

TO THE

FRENCH ACADEMY.

GENTLEMEN: I believe it only appertains to those who, like you, are placed at the head of literature, to attenuate the new torments to which authors have been exposed for some time past. When a theatrical piece is represented at Paris, if attended by success, it is in the first instance transcribed during representations, and then printed abounding with faults. If it so happens that the curious become possessed of the imperfect transcript of a work, all expedition is used in order to arrange the manuscript, by filling up the deficiencies in the best manner possible; and then a volume is boldly ushered forth to the public, bearing the name of an author to whom it does not belong. This is at once disfiguring and robbing him, and it is thus two years back that a production appeared under my name bearing the ridiculous title of a "Universal His-

tory," comprised in two small volumes, without method or order, which would not suffice to contain the history of a single city, and wherein every date was erroneous. If it so happens that they cannot print the work which they possess, manuscript copies are sold; and it is in this manner, I am given to understand, that some mutilated and falsified fragments are handed about purporting to be Memoirs which I collected from the public Archives respecting the war of 1741. In a similar manner is published a literary badinage composed thirty years back, upon the same subject as rendered Chapelain so famous. The manuscript copies of this work, forwarded to me from Paris, are of such a nature that a man who has the honor of holding the rank of your colleague,— who pretends to have some knowledge of his own tongue,— and who has acquired a portion of taste in your society and from your writings, can never be supposed to have committed them to paper. It has been recently printed in a manner no less ridiculous than revolting to the feelings. This poem first appeared at Frankfort, though announced as from the Louvain press; and two more impressions have likewise issued forth in Holland, which are precisely as incorrect as the foregoing.

This shameful abuse of attributing to us, works which are not of our composition, and of falsifying and mutilating those that are, and thus vending our name, can only be obliterated by the ignominy into

which those tenebrous effusions should be precipitated.

To you, Gentlemen, it appertains, as well as to the Academies formed after your model and of which I have the honor of being a member, to yield redress; for, when individuals like yourselves raise the voice to reprehend works which emanate from ignorance and cupidity, that public which you enlighten is soon disabused.

I am, Gentlemen,
with every sentiment of respect,
etc., etc.

VOLTAIRE.

ANSWER

OF

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

SIR: The Academy is truly sensible of the pain which you must experience on account of the pirated and disfigured publication of which you complain. This, however, is a misfortune attendant upon celebrity; and what ought to afford you consolation, Sir, is an assurance that such readers as are capable of appreciating the merits of your writings, will never think of attributing to your pen the works placed to your account by ignorance and malice, while at the same time, every liberal mind participates in your suffering. In thus detailing the sentiments of the Academy, I beg you will rest persuaded of the consideration with which

I am, etc., etc.,

(Signed) DUCLOS, Perpetual Secretary.

Not long after the date of these letters appeared a new edition of the *"Pucelle,"* in which care was taken to insert them, together with an advertisement and other satirical pieces against M. de Voltaire;

from whence it may be very justly inferred that the first editors were his enemies, or despicable men, who, in order to procure money from a bookseller, violated a sacred depository in thus falsifying and endangering the reputation of a great man. The persons accused of this infamous proceeding were La Beaumelle and Maubert.

In these pirated editions, Calvin is found figuring at the period of Charles the Seventh; everything is disfigured by absurdities without number: an unfrocked Capuchin who assumed the name of Maubert, was the author of the most scandalous piracy, which was only executed for the amusement of the vulgar.

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THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

THE CHASTE LOVES OF CHARLES THE SEVENTH AND AGNES SOREL.— ORLEANS BESIEGED BY THE ENGLISH.—APPARITION OF SAINT DENIS. ETC.

THE praise of saints my lyre shall not rehearse,
Feeble my voice, and too profane my verse;
Yet shall my Muse to laud our Joan* incline,
Who wrought, 'tis said, such prodigies divine;
Whose virgin hand revived the drooping flower,
And gave to Gallia's lily tenfold power;
Rescued its monarch from the impending fate
So dreaded from victorious England's hate;
Made him give praise at Rheims to God adored,[1]
While on his temples holy oil was poured:
Although in visage Joan appeared the maid,
Although in stays and petticoat arrayed,
With boldest heroes she sustained her part,

* "Joan" pronounced to rhyme with "loan."

For Joan possessed a Roland's dauntless heart:
For me, much better should I love by night
A lamb-like beauty, to inspire delight;
But soon you'll find thro' every glowing page,
That Joan of Arc could boast the lion's rage;
You'll tremble at those feats she dared essay
How dauntlessly she braved the bloody fray;
But greatest of these rare exploits you'll hear,
Was, that she kept virginity — a year.

O Chapelain![2] O thou whose violin
Produced of old so harsh, so vile a din;
Whose bow Apollo's malediction had,
Which scraped his history in notes so sad;
Old Chapelain, to honor thy dull Muse,
In me thy genius thou wouldst fain infuse;
But no, I'll none on't, 'tis for me unfit,
Far better suited to Motte Houdart's wit,
Whose brain produced the Iliad Travesty,
Or to some friend, of his academy.

One Easter-tide, good Charles in youthful prime,[3]
At Tours renowned, thought fit to spend his time;
Where, at a ball, for much he loved to dance,[4]
It so fell out, that for the good of France,
He found a maid who beggared all compare,
Named Agnes Sorel,— Love had framed the fair:[5]
Let your warm fancy youthful Flora trace,
Of heavenly Venus add the enchanting grace,
The wood nymph's stature and bewitching guise,

With Love's seductive air and brilliant eyes,
Arachne's art, the siren's dulcet strain,
All she possessed; and, in her rosy chain,
The sage and hero each might have been proud,
And monarchs linked, before her beauty bowed;
To see her, love her, feel the kindling fire,
The ardent flame, the soft, the fond desire;
To tremble and regard with dove-like eyes,
To strive to speak and utter naught but sighs,
Her hands, with a caressing hand to hold,
Till panting all the flames her breast enfold.
By turns each other's tender pains impart,
And own the luscious thrill that sways the heart;
To please, in short, the task is of a day,
For kings in love have a peculiar way.[6]
Agnes, well versed in the seductive art,
'Neath veil mysterious strove to play her part,
Veil of thin gauze, through which will always pry
The envious courtier's keen, malignant eye.

To mask this business, and that none might know,
The king made choice of Counsellor Bonneau;[7]
Sure confidant, well versed in each device,
Who filled a certain post not over nice:
One who at court, where fangled terms they lend,
Is commonly esteemed the prince's friend;
But, in the town, and where vile peasants live,
Pimp is the name such vulgar people give.
Where Loire majestic winds its limpid flood,
A stately castle on the margin stood,

'Twas Bonneau's: thither was one night conveyed,
Upon the silvery stream the blushing maid;
There Charles in darkness to his Agnes hied;
They supped, while Bonneau served the rosy tide;
No pomp was seen, 'twas all for pleasure wrought;
Feasts of the Gods, ye are to this but naught.

Each fired alike with Love's ecstatic ray,
Maddened with passion, to their hopes a prey,
Darted warm looks which every wish inspired,
Forerunners of the pleasures they desired.
Their converse tender, nor with coarseness fraught,
Spurred the impatience that usurped each thought;
The prince inflamed, with eyes her charms devoured,
While in her ear, Love's tender tale he poured,
With feverish touch, her lily hand caressed,
While oft his knees 'gainst hers were closely pressed.

The banquet finished, music played awhile,
The air Italian, in chromatic style;
Flutes, hautboys, viols, softly breathed around,
While three melodious voices swelled the sound;
They sang in allegory, and the strain
Told of those heroes mighty love had slain,
Who fled of sounding glory the career,
To please the tender fair they loved most dear.
The concert echoed from concealed alcove,
Close to the chamber, then the scene of love.
Thus beauteous Agnes, the discreet and wise,
Heard all, but was not seen by human eyes.

The moon's pale course spoke midnight near at hand,
The hour for bliss, which lovers understand.

In a recess adorned, which met the gaze,
Neither obscure, nor filled by splendid rays,
Between two rich embroidered sheets were laid
The dazzling beauties of the heavenly maid.
Near the alcove a portal open stood,
Which gentle Alix, dame expert and good,
The chamber quitting never thought to close.
O! you in whose soft breasts the passion glows,
Lovers, 'tis you can feel the sharp desire,
The strong impatience of great Gallia's sire.
The graceful tresses that adorned his head,
Already were with choicest perfumes spread,
He came! O! tender moment, blissful night,
He sprang towards his mistress with delight!
Quick throbbed their hearts; both tender love and shame
The cheek of Agnes tinged with roseate flame;
But bashfulness soon fled; the lover's arms
Banished all fears, save tender love's alarms;
Dazzled, enchanted were his ardent eyes,
That wildly gazed upon the heavenly prize:
Who but would worship, that like him had pressed
A neck in fairest alabaster dressed;
Two rising orbs at equal distance placed,
Heaving and falling, by Love's pencil traced,
Each crowned with vermil blood of damask rose;

Enchanting bosom which ne'er knew repose,
You seemed the gaze and pressure to invite,
And wooed the longing lips to seek delight.

Ever complying with my reader's taste,
I mean to paint as low as Agnes' waist;
To show that symmetry, devoid of blot,
Where Argus' self could not discern a spot;
But virtue, which the world good manners calls,
Stops short my hand,—And lo! the pencil falls.

In Agnes all was beauty, all was fair,
Voluptuousness, whereof she had her share,
Spurred every sense which instant took th' alarm,
Adding new grace to every brilliant charm
It animated: Love can use disguise,
And pleasure heightens beauty in our eyes.
Three months they shared this ecstasy of joy,
Nor did one envious cloud their bliss annoy.

Love's couch they left, and then to table hied;
There with fresh vigor was each nerve supplied,
Rekindling all that strength which love had tamed;
Anon to join the chase they felt inflamed,
And mounted both on gallant steeds of Spain,
With yelping hounds they coursed the verdant plain:
Returned, they sought the bath's refreshing stream;
Arabian odors, paste and perfumed cream,
All that could soften, polish and delight,
Was spread with bounteous hand, to please the sight.

The dinner served, what dainties met the eyes,
The pheasant and each tender bird that flies;
Ragouts delicious, which exhaled a smell,
Pleasing the nose and palate, passing well:
Wine d'Ai, whose froth in sparks died quick away,
And goblets of the yellow hued Tokay
Warmed the young brain with fire, that could not fail
In sallies of the liveliest wit to exhale;
Brilliant as liquor when the bubbles swim,
And sparkling dance around the goblet's brim:
Bonneau, with peals of laughter loud and free,
Paid homage to his good king's *grand esprit.*

The banquet ended, mirth and jest went round;
Blind to their own, their neighbors' faults were found;
By Master Alain verses loud were bawled,[8]
Then were the doctors of the Sorbonne called,[9]
An harlequin, who wore the motley shape,
Some squalling parrots, and an antic ape.
Forth to the play just as the sun withdrew,
The monarch hurried with a chosen few,
And to conclude once more the blissful day,
The pair, with love overcome, both died away.

Plunged in the soft excess of dear delight,
The pleasure seemed redoubled with the night;
Each moment happy and with ardor fired,
No quarrel, nor no jealousy inspired;

No languor: Time and Love in Agnes' sight
Having forgot to wing their wonted flight:
Charles oft would say when locked in her embrace,
Imprinting burning kisses on her face:
"My love, my Agnes, idol of my soul,
Thy charms are dearer than the world's control.
To conquer and to reign is folly now,
My Parliament forsakes me, and I bow
'Fore conquering England's matchless bravery;
Well, let them reign, but let them envy me;
I have thy heart, and am more king than they."
The speech was not heroical, you'll say,
But when an hero's with his love in bed,
'Tis passion sways alike the heart and head;
Fired with this earthly paradise his lot,
What's said at night, next morn may be forgot.

As thus he lived from every sorrow free,
Just like an abbott, in his rich abbey,[10]
The English Prince, with whom war was the word,[11]
In camp quite armed, well booted too and spurred,
With dagger at his side and lance in rest,
The vizor down of helm that cased his crest,
Trampled contemptuously the conquered land;
He marched, he flew, all fell beneath his hand,
He levelled walls and turrets, spilt our blood,
Robbed, taxed, and pillaged, for his army's good,
Gave mothers, daughters, to his soldiers' rage,
And violated nuns of every age,
Drank of the monks' rich stores of rosy wine,

Nor left one bottle of the muscadine;
Gold they purloined which relics had enchased,
Then into useful coin the ore debased;
Each sacred ordinance by them was spurned,
Churches and chapels were to stables turned:
Just so when greedy wolves, with ravenous eyes,
Spring 'mid the fold and seize the bleating prize,
Tear with their reeking jaws the victim's breast,
While in a distant meadow lulled to rest,
Colin, enfolded in his loved-one's arms,
Sleeps undisturbed, contented with her charms,
While near him, lo! his dog devours the meat,
Which, at his supper, Colin could not eat.

Bright apogeum, golden gleam so high,
Mansion of saints beyond weak mortal's eye;
'Twas thence Saint Denis gazed on Gallia's woes,[12]
The pangs inflicted by its conquering foes;
Paris subdued, enchained its royal sire,
Heedless of all, save Agnes and love's fire:[13]
This Denis, Frenchmen Gallia's patron paint,
As anciently of Rome, Mars was the saint,
Or Pallas, with the brave Athenian race,
Allowing a small difference in the case,
That one bright saint i' the scale will have this odds,
He'll counterbalance all the heathen gods.

"Ah! by the Lord," said he, "it is not just
That mighty France should humble with the dust,
Where I myself Religion's banner spread;

And shall the flower de luce thus hang its head?
Blood of Valois, thy sufferings touch my breast,[14]
Let us not suffer the aspiring crest
Of the fifth Henry's brothers, without right,[15]
The lineal heir of France to put to flight;
I have, though saint, and God accord me grace,
A rooted hatred to the British race,
For, if the book of destiny speaks true,
The day shall come when this bold thinking crew
Will saints and their decrees both laugh to scorn;
The Roman annals will by them be torn,
And yearly they'll in effigy destroy
Rome's sacred pontiff and the Lord's viceroy.
Let us revenge this sacrilegious thought,
And punishment inflict, ere it be wrought;
My French beloved, ye shall be Catholics,
And ye, fierce English, shall be heretics.
Chase hence these British dogs, leave not a man,
Let's punish them by some unheard of plan,
For all this wickedness which they intend."
Thus spoke the patron Denis — France's friend,
Guardian of Gallia's flower de luce so fair,
Then, muttering curses, mumbled the Lord's Prayer.

While thus alone the saint conned o'er the case,
A council then at Orleans [16] took place.
Blockaded was the city round about,
Nor could it longer for the king hold out;
Some grey old counsellors and lords of might,
One half pedantic, t'other bred to fight,

Alike, in doleful tones exclaimed each one,
"Alas! my friends, what further can be done?"
Poton,[17] Dunois,[18] La Hire,[19] could bear no more,
So cried, as in despite their nails they tore:
"Come friends, at once let's bravely death defy,
And prove that for our country we can die."
"By heaven,"[20] cried Richemont, "Wherefore thus sit tame?
Let us at once set Orleans in a flame;
Let us the foe deride, and thus expire,
Leaving them naught but ashes, smoke and fire."
Trimouille[21] exclaimed: "That moment vain I rue,
When parents made me native of Poitou;
For Orleans' town from Milan did I flee,
Quitting, alas! my charming Dorothy;
Though 'reft of hope 'fore Heaven, I yet will fight;
Yet must I die, unblest by her dear sight?"
Louvet,[22] the president, great personage,
Whose grave appearance might have dubbed him sage,
Exclaimed: "'Twould previously be my intent
That we should pass an act of Parliament
Against the British; and that in such case,
Each point be canvassed in its proper place."
Great clerk was Louvet, yet he could not trace,
With mental ken, his sad and piteous case;
Had this been known, his grave thoughts he had bent
On sage proceedings 'gainst dame president.
Of dire besiegers, Talbot, chief of fame,

Burns to possess her — she requites his flame.
Louvet, unconscious of the fateful thrall,
Strives with male eloquence to rescue Gaul.
Amid this council of the wise and brave
Were heard orations eloquent and grave,
Virtue inspiring and the public good;
Foremost in flowing phrase is understood
La Hire, who, though to long harangues inclined,
So ably speaks as to enchain the mind.
Much were their arguments with wisdom fraught;
Their words were gold, but they concluded naught.

While thus haranguing, they beheld in air
A strange appearance, most divinely fair;
A lovely phantom, tinged with vermil dye,
Enthroned on sunbeam, 'mid the azure sky,
Which, through the wide aerial expanse sailed,
A saint-like odor all around exhaled;
This imp, o'er front, a pointed mitre wore,
With gold and silver wrought: behind — before;
A streamer, loosely hung on either side
His Dalmatic, the breezes wafted wide;
With dazzling glory was his front arrayed; [23]
His head reclined, the embroidered Stole displayed; [24]
He bore the pastoral Crozier in his hand, [25]
Which was, in ancient times, the Augur's wand.

Struck with the sight which they but ill discerned,
Each his regard upon his fellow turned;
Trimouille the first, a lecherous devotee,

Began to pray upon his bended knee.
Richemont, whose breast an iron heart concealed,
Blasphemer, and whose lips but oaths revealed,
Raising his voice, exclaimed: " It is the devil
From hell arrived, dread mansion of all evil;
'Twould be, methinks, agreeable and strange,
Could we with Lucifer some words exchange."
Away ran Louvet, in his zeal quite hot,
To fetch of holy water a full pot:
Bewildered Poton, Dunois, and La Hire,
Opened their eyes all three, appalled with fear;
Stretched on his belly every valet laid:
The Saint appeared, in lustrous garb arrayed,
Borne on bright gleam, descended to the ground,
Then dealt his holy benediction round.
They knelt, and crossed themselves; the vision fair
Raised them from earth with kind paternal care,
Then said aloud: " My sons, be not afraid,
My name is Denis,[26] I'm a saint by trade;
Gaul has by me been loved and catechised,
But all my favor now is scandalized,
To see my godson Charles I loved so dear,
Whose land's in flames, whose subjects quake with fear,
Rather than seek to comfort the distressed,
Spend all his time upon a strumpet's breast.
I have resolved, by saint-like mercy led,
To fight for those who in his cause have bled;
I wish to end the woes you have endured,
'Tis said all ills by contraries are cured;

So, if the monarch for an harlot fain
Will lose his kingdom and his honor stain,
I have resolved to save the king and land,
And work my purpose by a maiden hand;
If for protection from on high you'd sue,
If ye are Frenchmen tried and Christians true;
If ye love King, Church, and State, arise,
Assist me in my sacred enterprise;
Guide me where I should seek the bird at rest,
And rouse the glorious phœnix from its nest."

Thus having spoke, the Sire then held his tongue,
When lo! the chamber with loud laughter rung;
Young Richemont, framed for pleasantry and joke,
Anon the learned preacher thus bespoke:
"Ah! wherefore, good Sir Saint, take so much pains,
Abandoning for earth your heavenly plains,
Of us poor sinful mortals to inquire
For this dear treasure you so much admire?
To save a city, I could never see
That there was magic in virginity;
Besides, to seek it, wherefore hither come,
You that already have such stores at home?
The countless tapers at Loretto's shrine,[27]
Are naught in number to your maids divine;
With us in France, there are, alas! no more,
Our convents all are silent on that score:
Our princes, officers, and archers free,
The provinces have stripped of each degree;
Of saints, to prove that they were naught afraid,

More bastards far than orphans have they made.
To finish, Mister Denis, our dispute,
Seek maids elsewhere; there's no one here will
suit."[28]

The saint blushed to hear such loose discourse,
Then quick remounted on his heavenly horse,
Upon his golden gleam; nor word spake more,
Spurred either side, and through the air did soar,
To see if that bright jewel could be had,
So wondrous rare,— for which he seemed stark
mad:
Well, let him go, and while perched on a ray,
Bespeaking the approach of jocund day,
Friend reader, when on love you fix your mind,
May you gain that which Denis went to find.

END OF CANTO I.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

[1] Holy oil, or la Sainte Ampoule, is said to have been a present despatched from heaven to King Clovis, upon his embracing Christianity at the solicitation of his wife, Saint Clotilda, and, we are told, was brought from heaven in the beak of a dove. One might be led to doubt the veracity of this assertion (says my authority gravely) were it not that all historians attach faith to the relation and that the continued miracle of this Ampoule, always furnishing a sufficient quantity of unction for the purposes of the coronation of each succeeding monarch, did not attest the singular interposition of heaven and the puissant effect of Divine Providence. As this prodigy was accorded to France in the time of Saint Remy, Archbishop of Rheims, the precious treasure was confided to him and his successors, who were always to perform the ceremony of the coronation. I shall terminate this note by stating that, after the inauguration of Louis XIV., at the beginning of the French Revolution, when citizen Rhul, a furious Jacobin and a member of the National Convention, was deputed to visit Rheims in order to seize the riches of the churches and monasteries for the benefit of the nation, he, in order to show his contempt for this celestial oil, in presence of a vast concourse of people, caused the blessed vessel to be brought, with the contents of which he most sacrilegiously thought fit to put a fresh polish upon his dirty boots, and then dashed the phial into pieces in the presence of the multitude.

[2] James Chapelain, a poet and member of the French Academy, was born at Paris in 1595, and is frequently mentioned in the works of Balzac. He was the author of several learned works, and particularly distinguished himself by the production of the heroic poem sarcastically alluded

to by Voltaire in the above line, entitled *"La Pucelle, ou la France Délivrée,"* which work occupied several years of his life; so that the public expectation was raised to the highest pitch, and upon its appearance it was as much contemned by some as it was ridiculously extolled by others. Chapelain, who enjoyed the post of king's Counsel, died in 1674. It is rather a remarkable circumstance, in opposition to the general rule among the votaries of the Muse, that this writer was a miser as well as a poet. Voltaire's note upon Chapelain's poem of *"La Pucelle,"* etc., concludes as follows:

"In the time of Cardinal Richelieu lived one Chapelain, author of a famous poem, entitled *'La Pucelle,'* etc., which consisted, according to the opinion of the celebrated Boileau, of twelve times twelve hundred miserable verses. In stating thus much, Boileau, however, was not aware that this renowned poet composed twelve times twenty-four hundred verses; but that he had sufficient discretion to expunge the half." As a further proof of the estimation in which Chapelain's poem was regarded by the satiric Boileau and his witty associates, it is a known fact, that when the author of the Lutrin inhabited Auteuil in the vicinity of Paris, which house still exists near the church in the wood of Saint Cloud, he took delight in assembling under his roof the eminent geniuses of his age, especially Chapelle, Racine, Molière, and LaFontaine. When he had these celebrated writers to dine with him, literature was, as might naturally be supposed, the general topic of conversation, and as the *"Pucelle"* usually lay upon the table, whoever happened to be guilty of a grammatical error in speaking was compelled by way of punishment to read a passage from the work in question.

[3] Charles the Seventh, surnamed The Victorious, succeeded his father, Charles the Sixth, at the age of twenty, in the year 1422, and was crowned at Poictiers, whither he had removed his parliament on the 6th of November in the same year. The commencement of this king's reign was characterized by troubles and disorders fomented by Henry

the Sixth of England, who was proclaimed king of France at Paris. Charles was a weak prince, formed to be governed by his mistresses and ministers; but the former were possessed of virtues, and the latter by no means deficient in talents. In 1428, the siege of Orleans was raised by the English, owing to the enthusiasm produced in the French army by the intrepid and glorious deeds of Joan of Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans, and who ultimately conducted the king to Rheims, where he was crowned by the hands of the Archbishop of Chartres. During the conflicts which succeeded, the English were almost uniformly discomfited, so that before the expiration of 1451 they were compelled to abandon France, retaining Calais only in their possession. Charles was espoused to Mary, daughter of Louis, the second Duke of Anjou, by whom he had eleven children, four sons and seven daughters, of whom two sons only survived him, namely, Louis and Charles; he had also three illegitimate children, according to Mezeray. In 1461 Charles died at Meun in the province of Berry, in the sixtieth year of his age and the fortieth of his reign, having abstained from taking nourishment, under the apprehension of being poisoned, through the machinations of his son, the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh.

[4] This indolence and nullity of character affords us an insight as to the rest of Charles's conduct, whose pleasures were all enchained, since he only sought to feed the absence of his mind with voluptuousness. France was on the verge of annihilation, and the felicity of the monarch consisted in opening a ball. He suffered Joan of Arc to combat, to triumph and expire in torments without appearing even conscious of the several scenes as they were acted in succession around him.

[5] Agnes Sorel, or Soreau, was a native of Fromenteau, in the vicinity of Tours. She received from Charles the Seventh the title of *Beauté sur Marne* (Lady of Beauty). Agnes bore the monarch two children and he always continued her ardent lover, though, according to the historians of that era, he is stated never to have cohabited with her;

but there is nothing surprising in this, when we consider how *strictly* all historians adhere to veracity when they chronicle the records of a prince *prior* to his decease.

The noble character of Agnes Sorel serves as a veil obscuring all her weaknesses, since the page of history affords us convincing proofs that of her lover she created a king; it was Armida presenting the shield to Rinaldo; a female ranking almost a heroine, regarding the noble allurements of glory as far superior to the frivolous blandishments of pleasure. The queen herself admired Agnes, and even carried her generosity so far as to unite with the mistress in order to raise the pusillanimous Charles above himself. The exalted mind of Mary of Anjou disdained the idea of jealousy; she had not less magnanimity of soul and possessed a greater fund of virtue; her prudent counsels and the intrepidity of her soul combined to maintain the crown upon the brows of her husband. It seems to have been the fate of Charles to grant all to females, to whom he was indebted for everything. In fact four women appear to have been of more real utility to him than all his ministers and generals combined: Jacquelina of Hainault disunited his enemies, Mary of Anjou and Agnes Sorel invigorated his courage, and Joan of Arc led him on to glory and to triumph. It is generally acknowledged that Agnes died from the effects of poison in 1449, administered, as is strongly surmised, at the instigation of Louis the Dauphin, eldest son of Charles the Seventh. The perpetrator of this crime is said to have been Jacques Cœur, master of the Mint at Bourges, and keeper of the king's plate, whose riches were so immense that he was vulgarly supposed to be in possession of the philosopher's stone. At the period of Agnes Sorel's death Charles was at Jumieges, where he comforted himself for his loss by taking to mistress Antoinette de Maiguelais, dame de Villequier, a cousin of Agnes Sorel. Independent of whom he had many other damsels to please his eye, being then impotent.

Agnes Sorel was interred in the centre of the collegiate church of Loches; her effigy was represented in white marble with two angels supporting a slab upon which her

head reposed, while two lambs lay recumbent at her feet. She had bestowed considerable gifts upon this church, notwithstanding which, the prebends, *with true priest-like gratitude,* conceiving that Louis the Eleventh entertained the same hatred towards the beautiful Agnes after her death as he had cherished during her life, requested permission of that monarch to remove the tomb from the choir of the church; to which the prince consented, if they were willing to restore all the riches which they had received at her hands. The following couplets were penned by Francis the First on contemplating a portrait of Agnes Sorel.

> Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérite,
> La cause étant de France recouvrer,
> Que ce que peut dans un cloitre ouvrer
> Close nonain, ou bien dévot hermite.

[6] Our poet has been guilty of a most flagrant anachronism in making Charles enamored of Agnes Sorel at this period of history; for, by referring to Mezeray, it will be found that he was at the height of his fondness for that lady in 1445, which was fourteen years subsequent to the death of Joan of Arc, executed in 1431.

[7] Under the name of Bonneau, Voltaire is supposed to have satirized Monsieur Bourvalais, a *fermier général,* who was in the habit of giving most sumptuous breakfasts to his master Louis the Fifteenth, whom he equally served in those other employments for which Bonneau is stated to have merited the significant appellation of *pimp.* That the Gallic monarchs, however, were not the sole proprietors of this *pander-employment* is evident, since no less a personage than the warlike Edward the First, surnamed the English Justinian, was not unwilling to perpetuate fame of these courtly sycophants, as will appear manifest on consulting the Blount's Tenures, 39, where, under the head *Pimp Tenures,* appears as follows: *Willielmus Hoppeshor tenat dimidam virgatam terrae, in Rockhampton de Domino Rege, per servitium custotiendi sex demisella, seil: meritrices ad usum: Domin. Reg.* 12 *Ed.* 1*st.*

[8] Alluding to Alain Chartier, surnamed the father of eloquence, a very celebrated writer, who flourished in the fifteenth century, native of Bayeux, and secretary to the kings Charles the Sixth and Seventh, by whom he was respectively employed in several embassies. He was as renowned for his wit as his literary efforts, which were published in 1617, consisting of compositions in prose and verse. He died in 1449, leaving a brother named John Chartier, who was a Benedictine monk and wrote the Great Chronicle of France, from Pharamond to the death of Charles the Seventh, printed in 1493; but his history of Charles the Seventh was not published till 1661.

A curious anecdote is handed down by historians respecting Alain Chartier to the following effect: It is stated that Queen Margaret of Scotland, then wife of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh, happening to pass through one of the chambers of the palace, found Alain Chartier absorbed in sound sleep; upon which, approaching gently, she pressed her lips to his and kissed him; a circumstance that created much astonishment in her attendants, as the physiognomy of the poet was very far from prepossessing; whereupon the queen, addressing her followers, said: "It is not the man I have kissed, but the precious mouth from whence issues words so sweet and enchanting." Alain Chartier was the first French poet who rendered his versification soft and sonorous.

[9] The Doctors of the Sorbonne, against whom this severe sarcasm is levelled, were professors of theology, holding their assemblies in the house of Sorbonne, at Paris, a college founded by Robert de Sorbonne, confessor and favorite of Saint Louis, in the year 1252, from whom it derived its name. One of the rules of this institution, formerly held in such high repute, was, that no student could pass a bachelor's degree without having studied several years at the university, and being capable of maintaining nine or ten public theses; nor could he be invested with the doctor's cap, without performing the Sorbonic act, which lasted from the rising until the setting of the sun, without ever

being permitted to quit the chair, either to eat or to take breath, unless for the purpose of swallowing a little broth or the yolk of an egg, in order to be able to answer all the disputants that might present themselves to oppose the positions laid down, which were generally upon theological topics, and which, according to Martin Scriblerius, served to demonstrate *an præter esse reale actualis essentiæ sit aliud esse necessarium, quo res actualiter existat.* Rabelais, treating upon this subject, says: *"Puis en Sorbonne tint contre tous les théologiciens par l'espace de six semaines, depuis le matin a quatre heures jusques à six du soir: exceptez deux heures d'intervalle pour repaistre et prendre sa refection, non qu'il en gardast les dits theologiciens sorboniques de déopiner et se refraîchir à leurs buvettes accoutumées."* John Duns Scotus, surnamed Doctor Subtilis, as well as Saint Thomas Aquinas (whose notions he opposed, which produced the two parties named Thomists and Scotists) were both members of this celebrated order. It was customary to annex some specific epithet to the name of these famous doctors, such as, Angelicus, Seraphicus, Irrefragibilis, Subtilis, etc. Our Butler, speaking of these deep theologians, says:

> In school divinity as able
> As he that hight irrefragable;
> A second Thomas, or at once
> To name them all, another Dunce.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> For he a rope of sand could twist
> As tough as learned Sorbonist;
> And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
> That's empty when the moon is full;
> Such as take lodgings in a head
> That's to be let unfurnished.

The following ancient epitaph applied equally well to these irrefragable Doctors of school divinity:

> J'ay veseu sans soucy, je suis mort sans regret,
> Je ne suis d'aucun; car je ne plains personne;
> De scavoir où je vay, c'est un trop grand secret;
> Je laisse à juger à Messieurs de Sorbonne.

[10] By an abbey or monastery is understood a sacred asylum against the corruption of the age, which in ancient times, when zealous faith preponderated, was founded and endowed by some saintly vagrant, and destined to receive a certain number of males and females, who consecrated themselves to singing, eating and sleeping, in order that the laborious part of the community might be prosperous in toiling for their support. [In justice it must be admitted that the monasteries were centres of learning, of art, and of broad charities.]

[11] John, Duke of Bedford, third son of Henry the Fourth and uncle of Henry the Sixth, in 1422, had the command of the English forces in France, and the same year was nominated regent of that country by his nephew, Henry the Sixth, whom he caused to be proclaimed at Paris. He defeated the French fleet near Southampton, and made himself master of Cotoi, entered Paris at the head of his army, and beat the Duke d'Alençon, having thus rendered himself conquerer of France. He died at Rouen, 1435, where a sumptuous monument was erected to his memory, which one of the courtiers of Charles the Eighth advised that monarch to destroy, who, we are informed, made the following reply: "No; let him rest in peace now dead, who, while living, made all Frenchmen tremble." It is to be regretted that the Duke of Bedford, as renowned in the field, as consummate in the cabinet, should have completely tarnished his fame by pursuing a line of conduct towards a youthful and heroic female which would have degraded the most ignoble of the human race. We cannot account for the conduct of this nobleman towards Joan of Arc, whom destiny had placed in his power; she nobly combated to emancipate her country from a foreign yoke, and whatsoever might have been the effect produced on vulgar minds from the idea of her supernatural mission, it is scarcely to be believed that the regent of France gave credit to the tales of sorcery and infernal agency attributed to the Maid of Orleans; in which case his mind could only have been swayed by the basest of all human passions: the gratifica-

of a dark and cowardly revenge towards an heroic victim whom fate had placed at his mercy.

[12] The worthy Denis above alluded to must not be confounded with Denis the pretended areopagite, but a bishop of Paris. Abbé Hildouin was the first who wrote concerning this celebrated churchman's decapitation, by whom we are informed that he walked leisurely, with his head in his hand, from the city of Paris to the celebrated town of Saint Denis, distant about five miles; and, in order that posterity might bear this circumstance in mind, large stone crosses were erected on the road at every spot where this worthy patron of France thought fit to halt during his headless progress. Cardinal Polignac, retailing this history to Madame du Deffant, added that Denis found it no difficult matter to proceed with his head in his hand after arriving at the first resting-place; to which that lady archly replied: "I really believe it, for in such cases *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte;* — it is merely the first step that is difficult." The ancient chroniclers of the lives of saints were precisely upon a par with the scribes upon knight errantry; for, in proportion as the latter rendered the brave actions of many heroes ridiculous on account of their egregious untruths, in like manner the former have abused the piety of many devout and praiseworthy individuals by imposing upon them such ridiculous stories as the one in question, attributed to our headless Saint Denis.

[13] In the researches of Pasquier we are informed that, from the conclusions drawn from Marigni, the king's advocate, Charles the Seventh, being at that period Dauphin of France, was, by sound of trumpet, at the marble table, three several times expulsed from the throne by the Parliament of Paris.

[14] The race of Valois, or the second branch of the line of Capet, called Capetiens, commenced under Philip the Sixth, called of Valois, in 1328, being the fifty-third monarch; he was eldest son of Charles of France, count of Valois, and of Margaret of Sicily, his first wife, and was

named regent of the kingdoms of France and Navarre; but the queen being two months afterwards delivered of a daughter, Philip was recognized and declared king of France.

[15] The brothers of Henry the Fifth were Thomas of Lancaster, Duke of Clarence; John, Duke of Bedford, regent of France; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, surnamed The Good, charged with the government of England during the minority of his nephew, Henry the Sixth, but poisoned through the machinations of his enemies, of whom Cardinal Beaufort ranked foremost.

[16] Orleans, anciently Cenabum or Genabum, one of the principal cities of the Carnules, is not far distant from Chartres and Dreux, the principal seat of the Druids, or philosophic priests of the Gauls. This city derives its origin from the most remote antiquity in the annals of the civilization of the Gauls or Celts, and under the sons of Clovis was the metropolis of a kingdom. It is surrounded by plains abundantly productive of wine, grains, and fruits, watered by the Loire and various other streams, and from this current the department derives its name of Loiret, of which Orleans is the capital, containing a population of upwards of 40,000 souls. The cathedral is a very fine gothic structure, and there are still traces of the ramparts and towers which anciently protected the city from assailants. In 1458 Charles the Seventh caused the first monument to be erected to the memory of the heroic Maid of Arc, which was in a great measure destroyed during the troubles in 1567; but in 1571 it was recast at the expense of the city, by one Hector Lescot, otherwise Jacquinot. This monument represented the Virgin Mary seated at the foot of the cross, supporting upon her knees the outstretched body of Christ; to the right of which was the statue of Charles the Seventh, and to the left that of Joan of Arc, both kneeling in the act of prayer, and completely armed, with the exception of their heads, the helmets being placed upon the ground. This interesting monument unfortunately shared the fate

of so many other valuable relics during the period of revolutionary anarchy which reigned in 1793: on the 12th of May there was an annual ceremony in commemoration of the raising the siege of Orleans. On the preceding night a young man, who was selected to represent the *Pucelle,* was consigned to prison, from whence he was led forth the ensuing morning, arrayed in the costume of the time. All the constituted authorities then marched in procession to the cathedral, and an eulogium was delivered on the glorious achievements of Joan of Arc, when the cavalcade proceeded to the bridge, at the foot of which the tower originally stood that was taken by the heroine; there, upon a scaffold purposely erected, some Latin stanzas were chanted to the memory of the *Pucelle,* at the termination of which the retinue returned to the cathedral, and the fête concluded with a grand entertainment at the mansion-house, together with a ball at night, accompanied by festivities and an illumination throughout the city.

[17] Jean Poton de Saintrailles, grand Seneschal of Limousin, born of a noble family in Gascony, greatly signalized himself by his services under the respective reigns of Charles the Sixth and Seventh. He made the famous Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, prisoner at the battle of Patay, in 1429; as also the Earl of Arundel at the conflict of Gerberoy, in 1435; he also pursued with heroic ardor all the expeditions which tended to liberate Normandy and Guienne from the shackles of the English; and was presented with the staff of Marshal of France in 1454; of which he was deprived in 1461 by Louis the Eleventh, the implacable enemy of the best and most heroic supporters of his father; two months after which Saintrailles died at the castle of Trompette, of which he was the governor. His courage, in conformity with his character, was frank, noble, and decided.

[18] Jean d'Orleans, count de Dunois and Longueville, natural son of the Lady de Coucy and Louis, Duke of Orleans, which latter prince was assassinated by order of

the Duke of Burgundy. He was born on the 23d of November, 1407; and our young hero commenced his career by the defeat of the earls of Warwick and Suffolk, whom he pursued to the walls of Paris. Orleans being besieged by the English, he bravely defended that place; thus affording time for Joan of Arc to bring up her reinforcements. The raising of this siege was followed up by numerous successes on the part of the French, while to the Count Dunois was attributable the major part of the honor of chasing his enemies from the provinces of Normandy and Guienne; to which he gave the finishing stroke at Chastillon in 1451, after having taken from the English, Blaie, Fronsac, Bordeaux, and Bayonne; by which exploits Charles the Seventh was indebted to his sword for the possession of his throne. For these signal services, the king did not prove ungrateful, honoring him with the enviable title of *restaurateur de la patrie,* restorer of his country; he also presented him with the title of Count de Longueville, and honored him with the charge of grand chamberlain of France; nor was he less esteemed by Louis the Eleventh, under whose reign he entered into the league denominated *"bien public,"* of which he proved the very soul by his excellent conduct and consummate experience. This great hero died on the 24th of November, 1468, aged sixty-one; being regarded as a second Du Guesclin, and as much feared by the enemies of the State as he was idolized and respected by all good citizens for his courage and prudence, for his greatness of soul and beneficence, and in fine, for a concentration of all those virtues which constitute a good and a great man.

[19] Stephen de Vignolles, better known by the name of La Hire, was descended from the illustrious house of the Barons of Vignolles; who, being driven from their estates by the English, established themselves in Languedoc. He was one of the most renowned French captains in the reign of Charles the Seventh, who was indebted to him for the raising of the seige of Montargis, which was invested by the Duke of Bedford; La Hire also accompanied Joan of

Arc to the siege of Orleans, where he performed prodigies of valor. This great soldier terminated his brilliant career at Montauban in 1447, and very deservedly holds a most distinguished rank among those heroes who established the unstable throne of Charles the Seventh.

In a very ancient volume of *bons mots* and speeches of distinguished personages, the following anecdote of La Hire is introduced under the ensuing head: *"Paroles hardies de la Hire à Charles Sept."* La Hire being despatched by the army to Charles the Seventh, in order to set before him the real state of his affairs, and that, on account of the want of provisions, money, and other necessaries, the English had taken possession of several cities, and that the French had also lost many battles; the monarch, in order to display his familiarity towards La Hire, set before him those luxuries upon which his delight was placed, his courtezans, his banquetings, his balls, etc., at the same time inquiring what he thought of them; upon which La Hire bluntly replied: *"On n'a jamais vu Roi aussi gaîment que vous se défaire de sa couronne, son royaume, et tout."* No monarch was ever known to resign his crown, his kingdom, and everything, so gayly as yourself.

[20] The above exclamation, placed by our poet in the mouth of Richemont, is extremely appropriate to the real character of that gallant knight, as handed down to us by his biographers; for we find in his memoirs, that, upon first beholding Joan of Arc, he exclaimed, *"Viens-tu de par Dieu, ou de par le diable? Si c'est de par Dieu, je ne te crains guère; si c'est de par le diable, je te crains encore moins."* It was nevertheless this same warrior, so superior, on account of his rare qualifications, to the age in which he flourished, who notwithstanding took honor to himself for having, when in Brittany, caused to be burned all those whom he met reputed to be adepts in sorcery and witchcraft; and of such he states the having found instances at every step. As a further proof of the superstition of that period, when the physicians despaired of curing the malady of King Charles the Sixth, a magician was sent for, in

whose suite were several monks of Saint Augustine's order, together with a company of sorcerers, the least skilful of whom were burned. *Ce Essai sur l'Histoire générale du règne de Charles Six.*

Artus the Third, Duke of Brittany, surnamed the Judge, formerly Count de Richemont and Constable of France, was born in 1393, being the son of John, Duke of Brittany. He was small of stature, but possessed of undaunted courage, and greatly contributed in restoring Charles the Seventh to his throne; he signalized himself at the battle of Agincourt, where he was made prisoner, and in order to recover his liberty was compelled to serve under the King of England. Richemont afterwards overcame the English in Normandy and in Poitou, gaining the battle of Patay, in Beauce, in 1429, and that of Formigni in 1451. His nephew, Peter, called the Simple, dying in 1456 without children, he succeeded to the dukedom of Brittany; from which period he always caused two naked swords to be carried before him; the one as Duke of Brittany, and the other as Constable. He enjoyed his reign but fifteen months, and died without heirs in his sixty-sixth year, A. D. 1458, regretted by his subjects, whom he governed with mildness, as well as esteemed, though hated by the courtiers and troops, because he suppressed the plunderings of both with as much haughtiness as severity.

The favorites of Charles the Seventh were not spared by Artus, when he had charge of the affairs of that Prince; for having perceived that Giac, one of the King's minions, placed to his own account sums destined for the army, he caused him to be seized in his bed, and after some slight formalities of justice, ordered him to be thrown into the river. Camus Beaulieu, another favorite, no less rapacious than Giac, was assassinated in a street of Poitiers by Marshal de Boussac, charged with the constable's orders, the deed being committed almost under the King's own eyes; and La Trimouille was also committed to prison upon another occasion, although Charles the Seventh regarded him less in the light of a courtier than that of a friend.

[21] Trimouille, or Tremoille, Viscount of Thouars, Prince de Talmond, was born the 20th of September, 1460, being descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious houses in the kingdom. He signalized himself for feats of arms at so early a period of life, that when only eighteen years of age, he was named a General of the Royal Army. He gained a signal victory at Saint Aubin du Cormier in 1488; and made prisoners the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis the Twelfth; this feat of arms was succeeded by numerous others, while his skill in the cabinet was no less consummate; at length, having followed the fortune of Francis the First in his disastrous expedition into Italy, he gloriously terminated his earthly career with nearly all the remaining veteran warriors of France, at the memorable battle of Pavia, on the 24th of February, 1525, aged sixty-five. His body was transported to the collegiate church of Saint Mary, at Thouars, of which he was the founder; and he was honored with the enviable title of *"Chevalier sans reproche."*

[22] Louvet, who was Minister of State and President of Provence, appears to have been one of the personages most attached to the court, though it seems equally probable that self-interest was the *primum mobile* of all his actions; having the ambition of governing, notwithstanding the great of the kingdom, who almost *en masse* opposed his measures; in fine, the President would have preferred the entire ruin of his master, whom his proceedings had caused to be hemmed in on every side, rather than be separated from him. On this account Louvet found means to bias the monarch's mind against the Constable Richemont, but the latter did not on this account relinquish his authority in the smallest degree; wherefore the King, finding himself abandoned by the major part of the nobility, and his towns and fortifications barricaded against him, was at length obliged to dismiss Louvet and his adherents; upon which the President, as a conclusive trait of the real courtier, caused the Lord of Giac to be the occupant of his post.—*Mezeray.*

[23] The glory radiating from the heads of the saints is in French denominated *Auréole;* and appears to be in imitation of the laurel crown, the leaves of which diverging seemed to environ with rays the fronts of heroes; which is presumed by many to have been the etymology of the term *Auréole de lauram laureola;* others conceive it to be derived from *Aurum.* Saint Bernard states this crown to be of gold, when gracing the brows of virgins: *Coronam quam nostri majores aureolam vocant, credo id circo nominatam.*

[24] The stole is a broad swath, or slip, of stuff hanging from the neck to the feet, having three crosses embroidered upon it; and is worn by the priests above their surplices, as a mark of superiority in their respective churches.

[25] The augural staff, or wand, exactly resembling the form of a cross, was worn as the ensign of authority by the community of the augurs of Rome; a set of persons appointed to foretell future events by the flight, chattering, and feeding of birds, etc.; they were held by the Romans in such high veneration, that, although guilty of flagrant crimes, they were never deposed from their office. The Arabs, says Herodotus, shave their heads in a circle and about the temples, in imitation of Bacchus (that is, the Sun), who shaves himself in a similar manner; and Jeremiah speaks of the same custom. The tuft of hair which the Mahometans preserve is also derived from the Sun, who was depictured by the Egyptians at the winter-solstice as having but a single hair on his head. The stole is his zodiac. The robes of the goddess of Syria and of Diana of Ephesus, from whence are borrowed the dress of the priests, have the twelve animals of the zodiac painted upon them. Rosaries are found upon all the Indian idols, constructed more than four thousand years ago; and their use in the East has been universal from time immemorial. The crosier is precisely the staff of Bootes, or Osiris; and all the lamas wear the mitre or cap in the shape of a cone, which was an emblem of the sun. [The episcopal crozier is symbolical of the shepherd's crook.]

[26] This Denis, patron of France, is saint after the monkish

fashion. See his legend in the Philosophical Dictionary, under the article Denis; where it will be found that he was first created Bishop of Athens by Saint Paul; that he went to pay a visit to the Virgin Mary, whom he complimented upon the death of her son; after which he relinquished the See of Athens for that of Paris; that he was hanged, and preached very eloquently from the top of the gallows; upon which the executioner cut off his head to prevent him from speaking; a most summary method, it must be allowed; that he then very cordially supported his caput in his arms, which he kissed while pursuing his route some miles distant from Paris, in order to found an abbey which was to bear his own name.

[27] Loretto, a town of Italy, containing the Santa Casa, or house of Nazareth, wherein it is asserted that Jesus was brought up; and of which miraculous legends further assert, that it was transported by angels into Dalmatia, and from thence to the spot where it now stands. Within the chapel is a statue representing the Virgin Mary, better known by the designation of our Lady of Loretto, whose garments were decorated with precious stones of every description, presented at this revered shrine by her votaries, which were all exchanged for mock jewelry by the reverend guardians of this aerostatic mansion. The countenance of the Virgin is scarcely discernible, owing to the volumes of smoke issuing from the lighted lamps and tapers, which are unceasingly burning around her sanctified effigy.

[28] One might really be led to conjecture that Voltaire foresaw events which would occur in other countries; as nothing can be much more applicable to the present state of affairs in Great Britain than this reply of the gallant Richemont. Were Saint George of England to visit our island upon a similar errand, I much doubt whether we should not have to dismiss the celestial missionary, who would return to his glowing empyreum,

> Not like Saint Denis with a virgin Joan;
> But, after searching Britain through — alone.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

JOAN, ARMED BY SAINT DENIS, REPAIRS TO THE COURT OF CHARLES THE SEVENTH, AT TOURS.—OCCURRENCES UPON HER JOURNEY, AND HOW SHE RECEIVED THE BREVET OF VIRGINITY.

HAPPY the man whose smiling destiny
Rewards his wishes with virginity;
Great is the blessing, but to touch the heart
Is to my mind a far more pleasing part;
To be beloved is bliss beyond compare;
What matters it, alas! the flower to tear?
To cull the rose, my friend, to love is due.
In every act may honor govern you.
Some learned clerks have spoiled my comments keen —
A text so fine; thence thinking, would be seen,
That pleasure of our duty forms no part.
To combat them some day I mean to start;
Of living well I'll show the sovereign goal,
I'll prove that passion, kept within control,
The duty is which takes from pleasure rise.
In this my kindly, learned enterprise,

From heaven's empyreum Denis aid will lend;
His praise I've sung, and succor he'll extend;
In hopes of which I'll show, with kind intention,
The effect produced by saintly intervention.

Close to the confines of wide Champaigne's land,
Where full a hundred posts in order stand,
On which are graven Marlets three, to say,
That on Lorraine's[1] rich soil you wend your way,
By ancients little known, there stands a town
Which has in history acquired renown.
Since thence came Gallia's glory, England's hate;
Saviour of France, its people and its state.
Let us all sing of famous Domremi,[2]
And waft our praises to posterity:
Oh Domremi! though thy surrounding fields
No muscadine, no peach, no citron yields,
No damning wine, no gold or precious stone,
Yet, 'tis to thee France owes her glorious Joan.
There was Joan born! A curate of the place,
Anxious that all his flocks should merit grace,
In bed, at table, and in prayer, on fire;
Such was the monk whom Joan claimed for a sire.
A chambermaid, robust and hale to view,
Was the blessed mold wherein our pastor threw
This beauty, who, by inspiration led,
Saved Gallia's land, and struck the foe with dread.

'Twas at an inn, her age not quite sixteen,
That Joan the stable there engaged to clean;

At Vaucouleurs,[3] already had her name
Around been trumpeted by clarion fame;
Fierce was her air, but gentle all she said;
Two large black eyes stood even in her head;
To grace her vermeil mouth, of lily hue
Were ranged her teeth, in number thirty-two,
Whose even rows, stretched wide from left to right,
Were edged with gums like coral purely bright;
Firm was her bosom, though of color brown,
Tempting the cowl, the helmet and the gown;
Both active, vigorous, and full of blood,
Her large plump hands for every work were good,
She'd carry burdens, empty cans of wine,
Serve peasant, noble, citizen, divine,
And walking, sturdy blows would often deal
On giddy youths, whose meddling hands would feel
Her well turned limb and heaving bosom bright;
Cheerful she was, though working day and night,
Nor ever would her dauntless spirits flag;
She curried, watered every ambling nag,
With her soft limbs oft pressed its polished hair,
Like Roman straddling o'er its back, quite bare.[4]
To thee, bright Wisdom, sacred depth of thought,
The poor weak pride of greatness is but naught;
How trifling are the haughty in thine eyes,
How great the little are whom they despise.
Thy servant Denis went not to the court,
Of nobles and princesses the resort;
No, nor to ye, dame duchesses so fair,
For well he knew the jewel was not there;

He ran — he sought — the tale is marvellous,
And found this gem, lodged in a public house!

'Twas then high time that to our maiden Joan
Saint Denis should his every wish make known;
The public safety for prompt succor called,
For Satan's malice had all France appalled,
And had the saint in his research been crossed
For one poor moment, Gallia had been lost.

A cordelier, by name Roch Grisbourdon,[5]
Who, with John Chandos, sailed from Albion,
Had at this pot-house for a period staid,
For as his country he loved Joan the maid;
Such was the honor of this monk of grace,
On mission journeying from place to place,
A confessor, a preacher and a spy,
And more, a learned clerk in sorcery,[6]
Versed in that art which once was Egypt's boast,
That art by sages taught, a mighty host,
To Jews renowned; but in our days unknown,[7]
Degenerate days, how stupid are we grown!

As he turned o'er his books of mystery,
He found to England Joan would fatal be;
That France and Britain's destiny she bore
Beneath her petticoat, so short before.
Encouraged by the aid his genius lent,
He swore by Francis that 'twas his intent[8]
To make this bright palladium his spoil;[9]

"Joan I shall catch," said he, "within my toil;
Briton I am, to serve my land therefore,
Much shall be done; but for myself still more."

Meantime a boor in ignorance arrayed,
With him disputed the illustrious maid;
This rustic was well worth a cordelier,
For, you must know, he was a muleteer;
By day, by night, he specified no term,
But proffered constant service, love most firm.
The occasion and the sweet equality
Made Joan regard him with complacency;
But chastity the flame could still control,
Which, through her eyes, slipped straight into her soul.

Roch Grisbourdon beheld the kindling fire;
Than Joan he better knew her heart's desire.
This dreaded rival straight he came to find,
Then thus bespoke him, speciously and kind:
"Puissant hero, thou, whose talents rare
Those subjects watch committed to thy care,
To Joan I know thy passion thou would'st prove;
I, too, regard her with no lukewarm love,
My heart is hers, as are thy vows and tears;
As ardent rivals each the other fears,
For her with amity let's both agree.
Rivals no more, we'll friendly lovers be,
And both partake of the delicious treat
Which both might forfeit in the conflict's heat;

Conduct me to the couch where rests the fair,
The fiend of sleep anon shall join me there,
Her eye-lids closed, no power the spell shall break,
And each in turn shall for the maid awake."

The monk forthwith, bedecked with cord and cowl,
To magic flew, invoked the demon foul
Who anciently the name of Morpheus bore,[10]
That leaden devil who in France will snore,
When pleaders (as the matin ray gains force)
Speed to descant on *Cujas* till they're hoarse;[11]
With them he rings at audience nasal round;
The dinner o'er, at sermons sleeps profound,[12]
By Massillan's poor journeyman preached o'er
On topics three, quotations too a store,
At their resorts of eloquence so bright;
Then to the playhouse drawls to gape at night.

The demon roused, ascended his black car
By two owls drawn, and through the mist afar
His dun course bent; 'mid realms of air he rode,
And passed the misty shades, night's drear abode.
Asleep and yawning he first felt the maid,
Then down his leaden form beside her laid,
Shook the narcotic poppy, while around
His vaporous breathings shed a sleep profound:
So Father Girard, who confessed the fair,[13]
Breathed, as 'tis said, on gentle Cadiere,
Infused into her soul his foul desire,
Whose breast for demons was an ample fire.

"DENIS ARRIVED AND JOAN WOKE IN A FRIGHT"

During this heavy sleep our gallant twain,
Spurred by their waking thoughts, could not refrain,
But tore from Joan the covering in a trice,
Already on her bosom rolled three dice,
Whose numbers were to seal, at one dread cast,
Who should the first attack, and who the last;
The monk proved victor, for magicians thrive,
Roch Grisbourdon, to his desires alive,
Seized and embraced poor Joan — oh, wondrous sight,
Denis arrived and Joan woke in a fright.

How sinners shrink before one saint's bright look!
Our rivals overturned with terror shook,
And fled; each bearing in his guilty soul
That lust which held o'er either's heart control.
A constable by night, you've doubtless seen,
Searching a convent of Cytheria's queen;
A young disciple, with her breast half bare,
Springs from the bed disrobed, and with a stare,
Runs from the haggard officer dismayed;
So fled our lechers, palsied and afraid.
Denis advanced the maiden Joan to cheer,
At the late dire attempt appalled with fear,
Then thus bespoke her: "Blessed maid elect,
By thee the god of kings will France protect,
And vengeance deal upon the oppressive band;
Then drive again to their detested land
This English horde, a brutal, bloody crew.
God all puissant can all things subdue;

The reed transform into the cedar tree,
Make level hills and dry the raging sea;
With ease repair the ruins of the world;
Before thy steps, his thunder shall be hurl'd,
Terror shall round thee spread contagious fear,
Bright victory shall crown thy bright career,
Conduct thee in the path of high renown,
And for thy temples weave a glorious crown;
Follow, and leave thy humble trade alone,
Joan is a hero, Charles is but a Joan."

At this harangue, so well framed to beguile,
And which was not in the academic style,[14]
Joan, quite astonished, opened wide her beak,[15]
Then cried: "Good lack! why speak to me in Greek?"
That moment from above a heavenly ray
Beamed on her mind and wisdom then held sway;
Joan felt those flights which learning can impart,
Deeply the ardor struck into her heart;
No, 'twas no longer Joan the chambermaid.
'Twas Cæsar, 'twas a soul for war arrayed:
So when we view a coarse, unpolished bear
Of some old miser's store become the heir,
Transformed his house is to a palace wide,
His timid look assumes an air of pride,
To praise his mien the great alike accord,
And his inferiors call him then — My Lord.
"Or rather such the happy, homely she,
Formed both by nature and by art to be

The lover of a brothel's wanton joy,
Or fill an opera dancer's loose employ;
Whose mother's circumspect, considerate head
Had reared her for a wealthy farmer's bed,
But whom the hand of love, expert in feasts,
Transported 'neath a monarch 'twixt two sheets.
Her lively beauty bears the stamp of queen,
Armed with sweet majesty her eyes are seen,
Her voice at once assumes the sovereign sound,
And mounting with her rank, her spirit's found." [16]

Wherefore to hasten the august intent,
Joan and Saint Denis to the chapel went;
Where on the altar lay, to please the eyes,
Oh, Maiden Joan, how great was thy surprise!
A handsome harness, dazzling to the sight.
Forth from the arsenals of the empyreal height
Just at that instant was the armor ta'en
By the archangel Michael, free from stain.
Of Deborah were seen the arms entire; [17]
The nail that proved to Sisera so dire; [18]
That round, smooth stone the faithful shepherd threw
Which great Goliath's temples split in two;
That jaw wherewith the furious Samson fought,
Who snapped new cords, regarding them as naught,
When by his wife he found himself betrayed;
Those pots with which good Gideon dismayed [19]
Of Midian the unbelieving band;
That sword which graced the lovely Judith's hand,

That fair so treacherous, whose daring pride
For heaven committed cruel homicide,
By stealing to her sleeping love in bed,
And thus defenceless, cutting off his head.

Astonished at these sights was Joan the Maid,
Who in these arms was speedily arrayed;
Gauntlets, arm coverings, and helm she took,
Of thigh pieces and breast-plate fixed each hook,
With stone, nail, dagger, jaw-bone, javelin, lance,
Marched, tried herself, and burnt, for fame and
France.

As coursers are by heroines required,
Joan of the muleteer a steed desired,
When instantly there stood before the lass
A polished, gray-haired, loudly braying ass,
Well curried, bridled, saddled, and his head
A plumage bore; rich clothes his back o'erspread;
The ground he pawed quite ready for the course,
Just like a Thracian or an English horse.
This creature on his beauteous shoulders bore
Two wings, with which through airy realms he'd
soar;
Thus to the summit of those hills divine
Would Pegasus oft bear the maidens nine,
And Hypogryphus when to Luna gone [20]
Astolf conveyed to country of Saint John.
To learn what this ass was that fain would bear [21]
The maiden Joan, is now my reader's care;

Be patient and accord a little grace,
Friend, thou shalt know it in another place;
Till then this happy ass I bid thee fear,
Mysterious is he — tremble and revere.

Joan quickly mounted on her glossy gray,
And Denis too, reseated on his ray,
Held converse on the future grand intent,
As toward the banks of Loire their course they bent,
To tell the king what shortly would accrue,
How Joan would conquer and the foe subdue.
Sometimes the ass would trot and sometimes fly,
Winging its course 'mid regions of the sky.

Ever with lust inspired, the cordelier,
Somewhat recovered from his shame and fear,
Using in short the dire magician's rule,
Transformed the muleteer into a mule;
Then mounting, spurred and swore he'd trace her rout,
That Joan he'd follow the wide world throughout.
The muleteer, concealed in mule's disguise,
Thought by the change that he should share the prize;
His filthy soul so lost was to all grace,
As scarcely to discern its change of place.[22]
Joan and the Saint toward Tours still bent their flight,
To seek the monarch plunged in soft delight.
As thus near Orleans they journeyed fast,

Together through the English camp they passed;
Those fiery Britons, having quaffed full deep,
Their wine digested in profoundest sleep.
Drunk was each soldier and each sentry found,
Nowhere was heard the drum or trumpet's sound;
One naked lay asleep within his tent;
T'other, stretched near his page, snored vehement.
Saint Denis then, assuming a soft tone,
Held this paternal converse with our Joan:
"Oh, blessed Maid! 'tis fit that I should tell
How Nisus on the host of Turnus fell,[23]
And, seconded by Uriel beloved,
The night to the Rutulians fatal proved;
So happened it with Rhesus when of old [24]
Tydides' son, the valiant and the bold,
Aided by famed Ulysses and black night,
Sent, without hazarding the dangerous fight,
So many Trojans who had nobly bled,
To the cold slumber of the kindred dead.
Thou mayest alike enjoy such victory,
Speak, tell me, is such glory framed for thee?"
To which our Maiden Joan submissive said:
"I never yet the page historic read;
But strange would be the courage, in my sight,
That slaughtered enemies who could not fight."[25]

Thus having spoke, the maid beheld a tent,
Whereon the moon her silvery radiance bent,
Which to her dazzled eyes appeared to be
A chief's or some young lord's of high degree —

A hundred flasks of richest wines were there;
Joan, whose assurance beggared all compare,
The ample remnants of a pie then seized,
With Mister Denis six times drank, well pleased,
The health of Charles, his kingdom, state, and laws:
The tent was that of famous John Chandos,
Hero renowned, that on his back then snored;
Joan instant seized his much redoubted sword,
And slashed his velvet breeches various ways:
So David, loved of Heaven, in ancient days,
When Saul had entered in a certain cave,
Wherein he might have sent him to the grave,
Content was, part of his own shirt to have,[26]
That he might prove to kings, the chosen crew,
What he then might have done — but did not do.

Near to John Chandos laid a youthful page,
Fair to behold and fourteen years of age,
Two globes displaying to the gazer's sight,
Which might have passed for Love's, they were so white,
An inkstand stood the gentle youth beside,
That served him, as he quaffed the rosy tide,
In tender strains his wishes to impart
To that seductive fair who ruled his heart.

Joan seized the pen, and with a hand refined,
Three flower de luces on his breech designed;
This presage for the good of France was sent,
'Twas of its monarch's love the monument:

Denis at ease, and quaffing the rich juice,
Saw on an English rump Gaul's flower de luce.[27]

Who with the sense of shame next morning shrunk?
'Twas Chandos, who the night before was drunk;
For, when awake, he saw upon his page
The flower de luces: Burning with just rage,
He cried, "Arouse" — he thought they were betrayed.
To fetch his sword he ran, somewhat afraid;
In vain he sought it — struck with dread surprise,
Vanished his breeches too! — he rubbed his eyes,
He grumbled, swore, and then most firmly thought
That the great devil himself, those feats had wrought.

Ah! that a golden sunbeam and an ass,
That winged beast that bore blessed Joan the lass,
So quickly round the globe should thus have flown!
Arrived — to court went Denis and our Joan:
By long experience had the prelate proved,
That joking at the court of France was loved;
That insolent harangue was still in mind

At Orleans held, by Richemont, wit refined.
A similar adventure to escape,
He thought it better to transform his shape,
Nor more the bishop's holy form expose;
Wherefore our saint the sad resemblance chose
Of Roger, noble Lord of Baudricourt,[28]
Brave warrior and a Catholic most pure,

Bold speaker, loyal, and to be believed,
Who, in spite of this, at court was well received.

To princely Charles he cried: "Ah! godlike day,
Why thus in province languish time away?
A slave you are and fettered by love's chain,
What! can that arm from valiant feats refrain?
That royal front is but encircled now,
With myrtle, tinsel, and the rose's bough;
You leave your cruel enemies alone
To govern France and occupy your throne;
Go forfeit life, or once more gain that land,
By robbers ravished from your rightful hand;
To grace your front the diadem was made,
For you with verdure is the laurel 'rayed,
God, who with courage has my soul inspired,
God, who my speech with energy hath fired,
Is ready now his favor to impart.

Dare but believe, dare rouse your softened heart,
Follow at least this amazon elect,
She is thy stay, thy throne she will protect;
The King of Kings by her puissant arm
Will save our altars and our laws from harm;
Joan shall with thee this family appal,
This English family; the scourge of Gaul.
Become the man, and if you needs must doat
On being governed by a petticoat,
Fly her at least, whose soft but treacherous chain
Your heart subdues, and is at once your bane;

Then, worthy of this succor from above,
Your guardian follow — fly the wiles of love."

However vice Gaul's monarch may control
There's still a fund of honor in his soul.
" 'Twas but of late, my friend, you learned the truth,
When Louis fled the arms of blooming youth,
That beauty exorcised by Liniere [29]
In the Low Country, on Rhine's banks so fair,
He came to rouse him with Fame's clarion breath,
And instant vanished every dread of death." [30]

The veteran soldier's words propitious proved,
They struck the prince, who fairest beauties loved,
And roused him from the dreadful lethargy;
Thus, when the angel sailing from on high
With trumpet's blast proclaiming the world's doom,
Enlivening dust and bursting ope the tomb,
To light shall summons millions of the dead;
So Charles was roused, new ardor fired his head;
He cried aloud: " To arms, my friends, to arms! "
Since nought but combats then for him had charms,
The lance he seized, inflamed with martial pride;
But soon he felt the energy subside
Of these warm transports which his breast had fired;
To see the elected maid the king desired,[31]
And judge at once her mission and intent,
If Satan or if heaven the maid had sent,
Whether as truth the prodigy to treat,
Or deem the whole a fiction and a cheat;

Turning his head towards the dauntless Joan,
Thus spoke the king, in a majestic tone
Which any might have feared, but she alone:
" Joan hear me: Joan, if thou'rt a maid, avow."
Joan answered: "Oh! great sire, give orders now
That doctors sage, with spectacles on nose,
Who versed in female mysteries can depose,
That clerks, apothecaries, matrons tried,
Be called at once the matter to decide;
Let them all scrutinize, and let them see."

By this sage answer Charles knew she must be
Inspired and blessed with sweet virginity.
" Good," said the king, " since this you know so well,
Daughter of heaven, I prithee, instant tell,
What with my fair one passed last night in bed?
Speak free." " Why nothing happened," Joan then said;
Surprised, the king knelt down and cried aloud —
"A miracle!" then crossed himself and bowed.

Immediately appeared the fur-capped band,
Their bonnets on, Hippocrates in hand,[32]
They came to view the bosom purely fair
Of warrior chaste committed to their care.

Naked they stripped her, and the senior sage,
Having considered all that could engage,
Above, below, on parchment then displayed
An attestation, that Joan was a maid.

This brevet bold, replete with sacred grace
Joan took and marching on with measured pace
Straight to the king returned upon her knee,
Then spread the spoil magnificent which she
Had ta'en when passing through the English host:
" Permit," said she, " great monarch, Gallia's boast,
That subject to the law thy servant's arm
Dares France avenge and banish her alarm;
Fulfilled shall be the oracles, I swear;
Nay, by my courage, in thy sight I dare,
By this my sword and by my virgin power,
Vouch that ere long 'neath Rheims' cathedral tower
Anointed you shall be with holy oil;
Of conquered English you shall reap the spoil,
Who now the gates of Orleans surround;
Come and fulfil the destiny profound,
Come, and abandoning the banks of Tours,
Let me be henceforth ranked a slave of yours."

Around her pressed the courtiers in amaze,
Some looked toward heaven, some bent on Joan the gaze,
Each seconded alike the bold discourse,
And joyous shouted till they were quite hoarse.
No warrior was there in this noble crowd,
But as a squire to serve her had been proud
Her lance to bear, and gladly life resign;
Not one there was but owned the glow divine,
The thirst of fame, and felt a wish most strong
To ravish that which had been kept so long.

Mad for the field, each officer made haste;
Some coldly their old mistresses embraced;
One sought the usurer in want of gold,
Gave good security, and paid six-fold;
Another of the host claimed his account,
But quite forgot to pay him its amount.

Denis unfurled the Oriflamme so bright,[33]
Fired was the king with glory and delight;
His hopes were equal to his bravery,
His standard fatal to the enemy;
This heroine and ass adorned with wings
Promised the palm immortal and rare things.

Denis desired, on quitting this retreat,
That the two lovers should by no means meet;
Too bitter would have been each sigh and tear,
And hours would have been lost that were most dear.
Agnes still slept, though it was somewhat late,
Poor soul, she little dreamt of her sad fate;
Her fancy then a happy scene retraced,
The vision pictured joys by time effaced:
She fancied that she pressed within her arms
The lover who enslaved was by her charms;
Deceitful dream to flatter thus the sense,
Thy lover fled, 'twas Denis forced him thence.
At Paris thus a doctor of great skill
Will let the glutton eat but half his fill,
Inexorable proves to every wish,
And forces him to quit his favorite dish.

Saint Denis scarce had torn the king of Gaul
From that delicious sin, his country's thrall,
Than to his flock by saintly impulse led,
To Joan the warrior maid anon he sped;
He had resumed his beatific air,
His tone devout, his flat and short-cut hair,
With pastoral crozier, fingers circlet-blessed,
With cross, with gloves, in bishop's mitre dressed:
"Go," he exclaimed, "thy monarch serve and France,
On thee I'll always cast benignant glance;
But with the laurel of heroic fame,
With rose-bud chastity combine thy name.
Thy steps will I to Orleans safely lead.
When Talbot, mighty chief of miscreant breed,
By lust infernal fired, with heart enchained,
Shall think dame president impure is gained,
Beneath thine arm robust shall end his fame;
Punish his crime, but ne'er enact the same;
Of courage and devotion own the power;
I go — adieu! — think of the virgin flower."
The fair one proffered vow to shun earth's leaven,
When lo! her patron saint, winged flight to heaven.

END OF CANTO II.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

[1] There were formerly placed on the frontiers of Lorraine a number of posts, ranged at certain distances, upon which were delineated the armorial bearings of the Dukes of that province, which consisted of three Martlets.

[2] Domremi, a small village near Vaucouleurs, situated in a barren soil, was the natal place of Joan of Arc, the heroine of our poem. She was the daughter of Jacques d'Arc and his wife Elizabeth, or rather Isabella Romée; being then about twenty-seven years of age, and serving in a public-house; from which it is obvious that her father was not a curate; such statement being a poetic licence, which should not have figured in a poem so truly heroic and grave as the present.

[3] Vaucouleurs, a small city and formerly a provostship, is very agreeably situated on the slope of a hill, at the base of which is a meadow, watered by the river Meuse, which stretches itself till lost in the distance. This place belonged to the Dukes of Lorraine, until Philip of Valois purchased so important a key to the empire in 1335. Joan of Arc being born in this provostship, the territory was in consequence highly favored by Charles the Seventh, who bestowed upon it great immunities and exemptions.

[4] This description of our heroine is strictly correct; for by referring to Monstretet, we find that Joan of Arc "*montait chevaux à poil, et fesait apertises qu'autres filles n'ont point coutume de faire.*" Our satiric Butler, adverting to the Maid of Orleans, in the second canto of Hudibras, says:

> He Trulla loved; Trulla more bright
> Than burnished armor of her knight,
> A bold virago, stout and tall
> As Joan of France or *English Mall.*

This last-mentioned personage refers to a notorious female plunderer of the period of James the First, who assumed the masculine manners and attire; and on account of her infamous practices was known by the appellation of Moll, or Mall Cut-purse.

On consulting the page of history for a description of the Maid of Orleans, we find it stated that the knight Danlon, who was deputed to arm Joan of Arc, affirmed that she was young and rather lusty; that he had seen her fine white bosom, while occupied in the performance of his duty; that he lived with her for the space of one year; during which period he states, in the most expressive terms, that she always pursued the same modest line of conduct; in which assertion he is supported by the testimony of the Duke d'Alençon; who sometimes during the war slept in the same apartment as the Pucelle, *à la paillasse;* that is to say, "on a straw mattress;" and who further attests that her bosom, which he had seen by chance, was particularly beautiful.

[5] The cordeliers are gray friars of the order of Saint Francis, who retired in the year 1206 to a small chapel near Assisy, called "Our Lady of the Angels." These monks were clothed in thick gray cloth, with a little cowl, a chaperon, and a cloak of the same, and round their loins was tied a rope, having three knots, from whence their name was derived. It is recorded, that they acquired this appellation during the war of Saint Louis against the Infidels; at which period these friars having repulsed the barbarians, the King, upon inquiring the name of their order, was informed that they were *"Corde-Liers,"* or *"Tied with Ropes."* The members of this fraternity were professed *Scotists.* In speaking of a man whose conscience is not over fastidious the French apply the following phrase: *"Il a la conscience large comme la manche d'un Cordelier,"* and when designating an individual who descants upon a subject before persons more conversant with it than himself they also proverbially and figuratively exclaim, *"Il parle latin devant les Cordeliers."*

[6] At the period of Charles the Seventh the occult sciences were so much in vogue that Joan of Arc was herself afterward burned as a sorceress at the instigation of the learned Doctors of the Sorbonne. We ought not, however, to feel much astonishment at the ignorance and prejudices prevailing at the commencement of the fifteenth century in France, when we call to recollection that in England at a much later period these extravagant notions were carried to the greatest excess. In the reign of James the First, who wrote a quarto volume upon demonology, a fellow of the name of Matthew Hopkins, styling himself a witch-finder, paraded the country and was the cause of the death of nearly eighty innocent victims, and during the reign of Presbyterianism a regular witch-finder was despatched, provided with a commission for the purpose of hunting out witches, who, during his progress through the county of Suffolk, caused upwards of sixty individuals to be hanged in the space of twelve months, and among the rest an old clergyman who had been a painful preacher for many years. Butler, referring to this fact, says:

> Has not this present Parliament
> A *Ledger* to the devil sent,
> Fully empowered to treat about
> Finding revolted witches out?
> And has not he, within a year
> Hanged three-score of 'em in one shire?
> Some only for not being drowned,
> And some for sitting above ground
> Whole days and nights upon their *breeches*,
> And feeling pain, were hanged for witches.

[7] According to Holy Writ our forefathers were implicit believers in sorcery, although the system is supposed to be altogether exploded. If this continues we shall soon believe in nothing at all.

[8] Francis of Assisi, in Italy, a Roman saint, was the founder of a religious order called after his name. Born in 1182 and brought up a merchant, he led for some years a very debauched life, until a severe illness produced such an effect upon his mind that he resolved to retire from the

world, and accordingly he renounced all claim to his paternal estate. Having collected several disciples, and their number increasing, Pope Innocent the Third confirmed his order in 1210. He died in 1226, and was canonized by Pope Gregory the Ninth, in 1230.

[9] Palladium, a celebrated statute of Pallas, upon which it is universally agreed by ancient writers that the safety of Troy depended, from whence it is stated by some historians to have been stolen by Ulysses and Diomedes during the Trojan war, while others observe that the true Palladium was not obtained by the Greeks, but merely a statue of similar size placed near it to deceive any sacrilegious persons who might attempt to obtain it. It is therefore said that the Palladium was safely conveyed from Troy to Italy by Æneas and preserved by the Romans with the greatest secrecy and the most profound veneration in the temple of Vesta. It is almost needless to remark that every other nation has imbibed a similar species of superstitious awe for some particular tutelary saint.

[10] Morpheus, sometimes called in fabulous history the god of sleep, or, according to other writers, the son and minister of Somnus. He is styled by Ovid the kindest of deities, and is usually represented as a sleeping child of extreme corpulence, bearing wings and holding poppies in his hand. To this divinity was attributed drowsiness and the representation of dreams.

[11] Cujacius, or Cujas, a celebrated French pleader, was born at Toulouse in 1520. He became professor at Bourges, where his lectures were attended by students from all parts, and he was hailed by the title of *The Father of His Scholars,* owing to his treating them with particular kindness and friendly familiarity. He died in 1590, and his works were printed at Paris in 1659 in ten volumes folio.

[12] John Baptiste Massillon, a celebrated French prelate, was born at Hieres, in Provence, in 1663. Having attained his thirteenth year he entered into the congregation of the

Oratory and acquired a superiority over all the preachers of his time, in consequence of which Louis the Fourteenth once said to him, *"Father, when I hear other preachers I go away much pleased with them; but when I hear you I retire much displeased with myself."* He was appointed bishop of Clermont in 1717, and in 1719 was admitted a member of the French Academy. He died in 1742, and his works have been printed in fourteen volumes 12mo.

[13] John Baptiste Girard, a native of Dole and a Jesuit, had the reputation of creating saints, which was extremely dear to him, so that if he possessed the talents of an able Jesuit he was no less gifted with the vanity attachable to those of his order; which feeling, however, was carefully concealed under an air of penitence and mortification. This famous director was sent from Aix to Toulon in 1728 to take upon himself the directorship of the Royal Seminary of Marine, where, among the penitents resorting to him, he particularly noticed Marie Catherine Cadière, a young woman between eighteen and twenty years of age, possessing a very sensitive heart and uniformly bent upon having her virtuous qualifications highly extolled. This young penitent, inflamed with pleasure at having for director one who praised her everywhere, became desirous of extending her reputation, in consequence of which she was seized with visions and ecstasies; but all this terminated in Cadière's making a confession that Father Girard, after having ruined her and been guilty of the most revolting obscenities upon her body, had further caused a miscarriage; but, as by such declarations she would have rendered herself equally culpable, in order to save her recourse was had to the only means which remained, however ridiculous; and this was a plea of enchantment and sorcery practised by Father Girard. The affair was in consequence carried before the parliament of Aix, which absolved the latter from the accusations preferred against him, the decree being pronounced on the 6th of December, 1731.

[14] The word *academic* originated in a species of philosophy practised by the academists, which was derived from

Socrates and illustrated and enforced by Plato. From the sense, however, in which Voltaire has introduced the word it appears probable that he alludes to the academic philosophy as corrupted in the second school by the subtle reasonings of Arcesilaus and Carneades, who were skeptical in all their opinions; whereas our sublime Saint Denis lays down the causes and effects of things. This jocular allusion of our poet to the Academy brings to mind the well-known couplet which appeared upon Piron's being refused admission as a member of the French Academy:

> Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
> Pas même académicien.

[15] Should any of my readers take offence at the word *beak*, introduced by the translator, they are requested to consult the original, where the two lines thus rendered run as follows:

> Jeanne étonnée, ouvrant un large bec,
> Crut quelque temps que l'on lui parlait grec.

[16] These lines are a variation of the poet which is to be found in the edition of 1756, page 33, and refer to the celebrated Jeane Antoinette Poisson, Marchioness of Pompadour, mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, who was the daughter of a corn-dealer and wife of Etoile, nephew of the Farmer Gerenal Normand Tournhem. The King being engaged upon a hunting party in the forest of Senar, near which Tournhem possessed an estate, had, from a preconcerted plan, an opportunity afforded him of seeing Madame Poisson, with whose charms he became enamored. This aspiring courtezan was created Marchioness of Pompadour in 1745, and acquired a complete ascendancy over the heart of the monarch until the period of her death, which occurred in 1764, when she was in her forty-fifth year.

[17] Deborah is the first female warrior of whom mention is made in Holy Writ. She was a prophetess, who governed the people of Israel conjointly with Barak. It was this female who ordered him, in the name of God, to make war against Jabin, king of the Canaanites, giving him the

assurance of victory, which proved the case, as the army of Jabin was cut to pieces After this signal victory Deborah and Barak sang a song of thanksgiving to the Lord.

[18] Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, is another heroine recorded in the Bible, to whose dwelling Sisera, general of Jabin, king of the Moabites, fled for safety; of whom, having asked some drink, which she gave him, he then sank to sleep overcame by fatigue; and in this defenceless state his hostess killed him by driving a large nail into his temple; which act, it is said, fulfilled the prognostic of Deborah, who had predicted that Sisera should fall by the hand of a woman. This celebrated nail is said to be preserved as a precious relic in many convents of the Greek and Latin churches, as well as the ass's jaw-bone used by Samson against the Philistines, the sling of David, together with the scimitar used by Judith in cutting off the head of Holofernes after sharing his bed for the night.

[19] Gideon is celebrated in the book of Judges for being the deliverer of his country. The Jews, having drawn down upon themselves the wrath of heaven in consequence of their impiety and idolatry, were delivered up to the Ammonites, the Moabites and the Mideonites; but the Israelites, being at length touched with repentance, had recourse to the Lord, who sent an angel to Gideon for the purpose of announcing to him that he was the man chosen to deliver the people from the persecution of their enemies, which soon after proved the case; for Gideon, advancing by night with only three hundred men, each bearing a pot with a burning lamp concealed therein, together with a ram's horn, or trumpet, and having given orders that all the pots should be broken at the same moment in order to display the burning lamps, while each man was to blow a loud blast from his trumpet. By this stratagem the enemies, conceiving they were attacked by a puissant army, fled in disorder, and were smitten and completely overcome by Gideon and his followers.—*Judges,* chap. vi and xii.

[20] Alluding to Ariosto's account in the poem of Orlando

Furioso, where he depicts the famous knight Astolf conveyed to the moon on the back of Hypogryphus, whither he repaired in quest of the senses which his friend Orlando had inevitably lost.

[21] It is not to be wondered at that, in a poem so sublime as the present, our poet should have made this animal play so conspicuous a part. Have we not in Holy Writ the ass of Balaam, who was gifted with the powers of speech upon the appearance of an angel? Does not Ammonius Alexandrinus, the master of Origen, inform us of a donkey which proved a pattern of wisdom, while the golden ass of Apuleius renders this beast renowned forever. It was with the jaw-bone of an ass that Samson butchered the Philistines by thousands; while, to render her skin whiter, the Empress Poppea, as we are told, was in the habit of drinking this animal's milk. Midas was honored with the donkey's ears; Mahomet's jackass was so intimate with him that his votaries believe the beast transported him to heaven; and, lastly, do we not call to mind who entered Jerusalem upon one of these creatures? for which reason it has ever since borne the cross upon its shoulders as the badge of a blessing even to the present hour. In the city of Beauvais, on the fourteenth of January, was formerly celebrated the Ass's festival, or holiday, being a representation of the Virgin's flight into Egypt. Upon this solemn occasion, all the clergy of the city being assembled in the cathedral, a beautiful damsel was presented to them, placed upon a donkey most sumptuously caparisoned, and thus conducted from the principal church to that of St. Stephen, into the chancel of which the maid and her bearer were escorted and stationed on the right side of the altar. During the service which followed the whole congregation at intervals imitated the brayings of a donkey, and at the conclusion of the mass the deacon, in lieu of repeating the *ita missa est,* articulated three stentorian brays, whereto his auditors gave the loudest nasal responses. The whole of this ceremony, together with a hymn in Latin sung upon the occasion, have been pre-

served by Charles du Cange, the French antiquary, who transcribed it from a manuscript five hundred years old.

[22] Observe the acute sarcasm conveyed in the above couplet, which gives a superlative idea of the degraded condition of human nature in an uncultivated state and is a sufficient testimony of the poet's sovereign contempt for boorish ignorance and brutal insensibility.

[23] Nisus, the son of Hyrtacus, born on Mount Ida, near Troy, went to Italy with Æneas and signalized himself by his valor against the Rutulians. He was the sworn friend of Euryalus, a young Trojan, and with him entered in the dead of night the enemy's camp. Returning, however, victorious after great slaughter, they were perceived by the Rutulians, who attacked Euryalus, and Nisus, endeavoring to rescue his friend from the enemy, perished with him. Their heads being cut off, they were fixed on spears and thus carried in triumph to the camp. Their deaths were lamented by the Trojans, and their inviolable friendship, like those of a Pylades and Orestes, or of a Theseus and Brithous, are become proverbial.—*Æneid,* b. ix, ver. 176.

[24] Rhesus, King of Thrace, after many warlike exploits in Europe, marched to the assistance of Priam, king of Troy, against the Greeks, who awaited his arrival with the greatest impatience. As an ancient oracle had declared that Troy would never be taken if the horses of Rhesus drank the waters of the Xanthus and fed upon the grass of the Trojan plains, and this oracle being well known to the Greeks, two of their best generals, Diomedes and Ulysses, were commissioned to intercept the Thracian prince. They surprised and slew him in the night and then carried away his horses to the Grecian camp.—*Iliad,* b. x.

[25] This is a very appropriate sarcasm upon the treacherous actions of those brutal cut-throats who are blazoned forth as heroes by the renowned poets of antiquity.

[26] When David, in order to escape the wrath of Saul, fled for safety to the wilderness of Ziph, secreting himself in the

caverns near the city of Engedi, it was in that concealment he twice spared the life of Saul; once by cutting off the skirt of his raiment and in another instance by taking away the lance from beside his bed while he slept.

[27] The above line is supposed to allude to the ancient custom of princes, nobles and knights wearing over their armor a vestment resembling the herald's tabard, upon which was embroidered or painted in front as well as upon the back the armorial bearings of the wearer.

[28] As it may not prove uninteresting to the public, some curious historical notes respecting the Maid of Orleans, which are little known to the generality of readers, will be found interspersed among the notes by the translator.

Joan of Arc was conducted by her uncle, Durand Lapart, to Vaucouleurs, where she was first presented to Robert, and not Roger, de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, but without success; he notwithstanding went himself to her, accompanied by the parish curate, arrayed in a stole, when the latter began by performing exorcisms upon Joan, bidding her *not to approach if she was wicked, but to approach if she was good,* upon which Joan was angry and taxed the priest with being indiscreet, he having heard her at confession. Baudricourt, after this interview, advised Lapart to conduct his niece back to her parents, yet thought it expedient to write to the King upon the subject, to whom he detailed the promises made by Joan and her assurances so often repeated that God would afford him succor before the middle of Lent.

It appears that Joan shortly after returned to Vaucouleurs with her uncle, bearing these delays with that violence of temper which was a leading characteristic of her conduct. The Duke of Lorraine being desirous to see her, she presented herself before him by means of a pass wherewith she was furnished. Nothing, however, is detailed in history respecting the nature of that conference. Our heroine was at length so anxious to see the King that she determined to set out on foot, when two gentlemen being at Vaucouleurs, named Jean de Novelompont, surnamed of Mets, and Ber-

trand de Poulangies, introduced themselves to Joan and ultimately conducted her to Chinon. During the long and tedious journey through a country full of English and Burgundians, they were filled with the greatest disquietude; but Joan incessantly told them to fear nothing, that she was ordered to proceed, that her brothers in paradise had instructed her what was to be done; and in this manner, after the expiration of eleven days, they arrived at Chinon, where the court then resided.

[29] When Louis the Fifteenth was taken dangerously ill at Metz his ghostly confessor, Father Liniere, working upon the monarch's enfeebled mind, insisted that he should send away his mistress, the Duchess of Chateauroux, whom, upon his recovery, he restored to all her former favor. Upon this she gave free vent to her vindictive passions by taking ample vengeance upon all her enemies, who were banished the court, and not without strong suspicion of her having caused many of them to be poisoned.

[30] The above lines are a variation, to be found in the edition of 1756, page 38.

[31] Joan of Arc was presented to the King by the Count de Vendôme, and without hesitation recognized the monarch at first sight, although there was nothing particular in his attire, or exterior appearance, and he was indiscriminately mingled with the crowd; she immediately made a profound reverence, and thus addressed him: *"Gentil dauphin, j'ai nom Jeanne la Pucelle, et vous mande le roi des cieux, par moi, que vous serez sacré et couronné à Rheims; vous serez le lieutenant du roi des cieuxqui est roi de France."* Charles, removing from those that surrounded him, conversed with Joan in their presence, but without being overheard; which conference lasted for some time, and all the courtiers perceived that a degree of satisfaction was legibly depicted on the countenance of their sovereign during this parley, who afterwards declared to several personages that a revelation which she had made to him of a secret known only

to himself gave birth to the confidence with which she inspired him.

Before definitely employing Joan, Charles was determined to put her to the last proof; he was desirous of ascertaining if the purity of her conduct had always answered to appearances; wherefore she was confided to the care of the Queen of Sicily, his mother-in-law, and to the ladies of her suite. She was then visited in secret by proper medical personages, after which a report was made to the King by her Sicilian majesty, in presence of Daulon and many other individuals, purporting that she was *"entière et vraie pucelle;"* entirely and in every respect a virgin. Daulon, afterwards Seneschal de Beaucaire, and whom the Duke d'Alençon represented as the most upright knight of his court, had the charge of superintending the conduct and preservation of the Pucelle. It was the secret so revealed by Joan to the monarch which afterwards prompted him to erect, in 1458, the bronze effigies of the Virgin with the dead Christ on her lap, together with himself and the Pucelle kneeling, which were placed upon the ancient bridge at Orleans, and taken down upon its reparation in 1745; after which it was completely destroyed, from the effects of revolutionary fanaticism, in 1793. Upon the pedestal which supported these effigies was this inscription:

In mysterium simulachri Aureliæ.
Ponti super impostii.
Ante Deum supplex, quas Carole rebus in arctis
Fudisti tacitus corde loquente precas;
Audierat nullus per sacra silentia testis,
Conscius oranti nec locus ipse fuit:

Has factura fidem, tibi concita numine Virgo
Retulit et faciles in tua vota deos.
Mox eadem sævum, bellatriæ terruit hostem
Fæminea quatiens arma tremenda manu.
Nunc vos arcani salvo miracula regno
Posteritas voti spectat in ære reos.

Le roy seul d'un costé, mais pourquoi la Pucelle
Seule aussi d'autre part font leur prière telle
A la mère de Dieu; c'est pour ce qu'elle sçeut
De Dieu ce grand secret que le roy seul conçeut,

Par le moyen duquel après toute victoire,
Le roy veut ce signal donner à sa mémoire.

Qu' aussi, avant que la Pucelle d'Orléans arriva á Chinon, où estoit le Roy Charles VII., il luy avoit esté prédit, que luy et son Royaume seroient fort affligés, mais que devers luy il viendroit une pucelle qui le délivreroit.— *Gerson, Pasquier, Hordal, Dupleix.*

Auxquelles révélations estoient jointes les prophéties des Anglois, qui disoient qu'ils avoient une certaine prophétie de Merlin, leur prophéte, qui leur prédisoit qu'ils devoient estre destruits en France par une Pucelle.—*Hist. et Antiq. de la Ville d'Orleans, par Francoise le Mair,* 1648, *fols.* 187, 188.

[32] Alluding to the writings of Hippocrates, the famous physician of Cos, one of the Cyclades, who died in the ninety-ninth year of his age, three hundred and sixty-one years prior to the Christian era, free from all disorders of mind or body, and who, after death, received with the title of Great the same honors as were conferred upon Hercules.

[33] The *Oriflame, Oriflamb, Auriflamb,* was the famous holy purple standard of Saint Denis, said to have been transported by an angel into the celebrated Abbey church of that saint, and served as the royal banner of the French monarchs in their wars against the Infidels. This flag was formerly committed to the charge of the family of the Counts of Vexin.

Joan of Arc caused a banner to be made at Blois conformably to that which she stated to have been indicated to her in her visions. It was her chaplain who conducted this work, which represented our Saviour seated upon clouds and an angel holding in its hand a flower de luce.

CANTO III

ARGUMENT.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE OF FOLLY.—COMBAT NEAR ORLEANS.—AGNES DISGUISES HERSELF IN THE ARMOR OF JOAN, IN ORDER TO GO IN PURSUIT OF HER LOVER: SHE IS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE ENGLISH, AND HER MODESTY PUT TO GREAT STRAITS.

'Tis not enough to boast the hero's fire,
An eye intrepid 'midst the conflict dire,
To look unmoved on carnage, death, and pain,
And lead a countless phalanx to the plain;
For acts like these to foreign climes are flown,
And each in turn has this advantage known.
Who shall instruct me, if in war's dread art
Our ardent French more learned to play their part,
Than England's valiant sons? Intrepid band!
If Germany excels Iberia's [1] land?
Beaten has each, and each alike been beat:
Turenne [2] forced Condé [3] to a quick retreat;
Villars [4] was worsted by the bold Eugene; [5]
Of Stanislaus, the virtuous friend I ween,[6]
This kingly soldier; Northern Quixote [7] brave,

Who more than human valor seem'd to have:
Did not his blooming wreath receive a stain,
When, at Pultowa, deep in the Ukraine, [8]
The din of war his martial legions bore,
That rival fighting, so despised before? [9]

An happier secret far, might I advise,
Would be to cheat and dazzle vulgar eyes;
In my esteem, 'tis far the surest way,
To rank a God, thus leading foes astray;
The mighty Romans, to whose power all bowed,
Europe subdued mid miracles a cloud:
Mars, Pollux, Jupiter, the gods all sought,
To guide the eagle; each for Romans fought:
Great Bacchus, who all Asia rendered slave;
Old Hercules, and Alexander brave,
That each with awe the conquered might inspire,
Proclaimed alike great Jupiter his sire;
Wherefore, proud monarchs of the earth with dread,
Whene'er it thundered, knelt, and bowed the head.

Denis full well these famed examples knew,
And to the marvellous had recourse too;
He vowed that maiden Joan, with Albion's race,
Would pass for holy, and a girl of grace:
That Bedford, Chandos, Talbot [10] would be tools,
And brave Tyrconnel — who were no such fools;
All this would credit, and that in their eyes,
Joan would their scourge appear, in heavenly guise.

To prosper in this enterprise so bold,
He sought a Benedictine [11] friar old;
Not one whose labors famed were to enhance
The literary stores that blazon France;
But a gray prior, fat, with brains of lead,
Who, save his Latin Missal, nought had read:
Good brother Lourdis was the monk discreet
By Denis chosen for this novel feat.

Beside the moon, where formerly 'tis thought,
A paradise [12] was placed — the fool's resort;
Near that abyss profound, where endless night
And Erebus and Chaos meet the sight,
Which ere the time the universe was made,
Knew no control, and their blind power displayed,
Is a vast cavernous and dismal place,
Whose gloom did never yet Sol's radiance chase!
Where nothing save a light terrific gleams,
Diffusing pale, deceitful, trembling beams:
For stars appears the *ignis fatuus* glare,
With pygmy sprites abounds the foggy air:
Of this fell country Folly is the queen,
An infant old, who with gray beard is seen,
With mouth like Danchet,[13] long eared and squint eyed,
Club footed, — moving with a limping stride;
Of ignorance, 'tis said, the child is she:
Around her throne is ranged her family,
Obduracy and Pride in Folly's dress,
Credulity and sluggard Idleness:

Each flatters, idolizes and reveres —
In fine the dame a sovereign queen appears;
But this a phantom is, a powerless thing,
Another Childeric,[14] poor idiot king;
A greedy cheat's her minister adored,
And all is ruled by this perfidious lord.
On Folly he exerts his wily skill,
Her ample court he furnishes at will,
With students in astrology:[15] — black arts;
Sure of success, but playing ill their parts,
Dupes, knaves, who in their tombs are still believed;
The wise in alchymy[16] were well received,
Metal transmuters, making gold so shining,
Without one coin to garnish pocket's lining;
The Rosicrucians;[17] fools of each degree,
Disputing points of deep theology.[18]

Of all the brothers of fat Lourdis' sect,
Himself the saint thought fitting to elect;
When day's bright canopy was veiled in night,
By vaporous whirlwind, very far from light,
Was Lourdis borne, absorbed in soundest sleep,
To the Fool's Paradise, drear, dark, and deep.

Arrived, he scarcely felt astonishment;
All pleased him and so strange was his mind's bent,
He still believed himself in his convent.[19]
Within this antique mansion, met his view
Grand emblematic paintings, chastely true;
Caco[20] the demon, who this temple graced,

Scribbled at pleasure, and its walls defaced;
Depicting all the follies of mankind,
Their errors and stupidity refined;
Their plans ill executed, which we see
Loudly extolled in *Monthly Mercury.*

In this strange mass of wonders which confuse,
Amidst impostors, who good sense abuse,
Above the rest, appears that Scotchman famed,
New king of France — John Law [21] the cheat is named;
A crown of choicest paper decks his head,
And on its front is *System* plainly read;
Around him float huge bags, puffed up with wind,
Caught at by those whose reason is quite blind;
Priests, warriors, strumpets, think to gain ten-fold,
And thus from each he bears away the gold.

Ah! what a sight, and are mine eyes there greeted,
With Escobar,[22] Molina [23] too conceited,
And little Doucin,[24] who so well could gull,
Presenting to be kissed the holy Bull,
Which was by Tellier [25] dully planned at Rome;
And even raised the secret laugh at Rome:
That Bull, which since the origin has been
Of those divisions and cabals we've seen;
And, what is more, of books profoundly wise,
Filled, as 'tis said, with heresies and lies;
All acting on the sense as poisons chill,
Infusing soporific draughts at will.

The several combatants, inveterate dons,
Appeared so many new Bellerophons;[26]
Striding chimeras;[27] each in this dull night,
Hook-winked pursued his foe, red-hot for fight;
Long whistles served them for the trumpet's sound,
And in their saint-like frenzy they were found,
At random wielding, (fools were never madder)
And pell mell striking with a puffed-up bladder.
Ye Gods, what scribbling then appeared to view;
What precepts, orders, expositions too,
Which still explained are, and by learned scanned,
For fear mankind the truth should understand.

O Chronicler of great Scamander's[28] tribe!
Thou, who of yore did'st frogs and rats describe!
Who sang so learnedly their combats dire;
O! quit the tomb, and strike thy frenzied lyre,
To celebrate this war, which for the Bull
Shall rend the earth with strife unmerciful:
The Jansenist,[29] of destiny the slave,
Lost to all hope of grace, whom nought can save,
Upon his standard Saint Augustin bears,
For numbers marches and for nothing cares;
While foes bent double, crawl to the attack,
Each borne upon a little Abbé's[30] back.
O! cease vile discord, nor the land disgrace!
All soon must change: you idiot tribe give place.
A tomb with no rich ornament o'erspread,
Near to Saint-Medard[31] rears its lofty head,
France to enlighten; heaven above conceals

Beneath this tomb its power, nor aught reveals.
Thither the blind his course unsteady wends,
Then stumbling home again, his footstep bends;
The lame appears, on blessed Hosanna calls,
Halts 'fore the sepulchre, jumps, capers, falls.
The deaf approaches, listens and hears nought:
Anon come others, with vast riches fraught,
True wonder-vouchers lost in ease and bliss,
Of Paris these the tabernacle kiss.
Lourdis his large eyes rolls; and, like a clod,
Looks on the work, then renders praise to God;
Grins like a fool, and joins the applauding bands,
Well pleased with all, yet nothing understands.

Ah! here's the judicature, learned crew,
Monastic half — half prelates sage and true;
Inquisitors [32] profound, by God placed there,
All under constables' especial care;
Enthroned in judgment, each saint doctor wears,
For robe, the plumage which the screech owl bears.
Their heads august the donkey's ears display;
And that the just and unjust they may weigh,
Their hands the balance hold, both false and true,
Two ample bowls appearing fixed thereto.
One filled, displays the gold by cheating gained,
The wealth and blood from penitents they've drained;
The other's crammed with bulls [33] and briefs enough,
Fine chaplets,[34] agnusses,[35] and blessed stuff.
O! see'st thou not, before the doctors sage,

Poor Galileo [86] harassed in old age;
Who claims forgiveness with a heart contrite,
Justly condemned for being in the right.

Wherefore, ye walls of Loudun,[87] blaze fresh fires?
Lo! 'tis a curate 'midst the flames expires:
To stamp him sorcerer, the wretches toiled,
And Urbain Grandier the villains broiled.
O! dearest Galigai,[88] to fame well known,
Ill treated by the Parliament and Throne;
That stupid cohort, venal, insincere,
Consumed thee 'midst a fire both hot and clear,
For having with the devil compact made.
How men of sense should be of France afraid;
Where you must Pope and hell at once believe,
A *Pater* all the learning you receive:
While further, true decree salutes my view,
For Aristotle,[30] 'gainst emetic too.

Come, good, good Father Girard,[40] 'fore the throne.
For something should be sung of you alone;
So then you're there, my confessor of maids,
My monk devout well versed in double trades.
What say you of the pentitent's rare charms,
The tender fair converted in your arms?
Much, Father Girard, I esteem this fact,
We all are mortal, speaking of the act;
It is no sin for nature to deplore,
How many men devout have done still more.
Yet friend, I must avow, I little thought

To see the devil on the *tapis* brought:
O! Girard, Girard, thine accusers fell —
Scribes, Jacobins,[41] and Carmelites[42] pell mell;
Judge, witness, enemy or friend so rare,
Not one a conjurer was; that I declare.
Lourdis,[43] in fine, old Parliaments discerned,
Of twenty prelates saw the mandates burned;
And by decree expelled the tribe ungracious,
Pupils of certain fool dubbed Saint Ignatius:[44]
But they themselves in turn were all destroyed;
Quesnel[45] shed tears, Ignatius was o'erjoyed:
Paris felt sorrow at their fate so tragic,
And was consoled with comic Opera's[46] magic.

O! thou dull Folly, goddess ever blind,
Parent through ev'ry age of humankind;
Of men producing more than Cybele[47]
Erst gave of Gods in her fecundity:
Whose large eye heavy views with bliss around
Thy countless race with whom these soils abound;
Compilers stupid, and translaters dull,
Sad authors, readers too, as thick of skull:
Thee I interrogate, O Goddess dense!
Deign tell me of this multitude immense,
Of all thy children which are cherished most,
Fecund in yielding of dull scribes a host,
Those who can stumble just as well as bray,
At every step in their dull plodding way?
Ah! now I know thy tender cares eternal,
Are for the author of Trevoux's[48] famed Journal.

As Denis neared the moon these sights were prepared,
Wherewith the foe was shortly to be scared;
Another wond'rous scene just then had birth,
With the great idiots of our nether earth:
Charles is to Orleans flown; his standard fair
Waves on the bosom of the ambient air:
Beside him Joan, with helm upon her head,
Vows that to Rheims he shall anon be led.
Ah! see you not the youthful squires advance,
Right loyal cavaliers, the flower of France?
With spear in rest, these nobles, every one,
Respectfully surround the Amazon:
Thus at Fontevrault [49] woman's rights prevail,
The female sex commanding there the male;
In Madame's grasp, the ruling sceptre's pressed,
And by my Lady,[50] Father Anselm's blessed.

The lovely Agnes now each hour deplores,
No longer viewing him her soul adores;
And yields at once to the excess of woe:
Her senses chill; her blood forgets to flow.
Her friend Bonneau exerts his every art
To pour re-animation in her heart.
Her eyes again unclose, of azure hue,
Glazed with the pearly drops of crystal dew:
On Bonneau then reclining her poor head —
"'Tis done; I am betrayed!" the fair one said.
"Where strays he, and what will he undertake?
His vows and oaths he only meant to break;

Which were so often swore, when first he strove
To gain my acquiescence with his love.
Without my charmer, must I rest by night
Upon that couch, the scene of our delight;
And yet, that dauntless female warrior Joan,
Not England's enemy, but mine alone,
Against me strives to prepossess his mind;
Gods! how I loath such creatures unrefined;
Soldiers [51] in coats; viragos changed to knights,
Of the male sex affecting valor's rites;
Without possessing all the charms of ours,
Of both pretending to engross the powers,
And who the attributes of neither know."
Speaking she blushed, as tears began to flow;
With rage she trembles, and with grief she cries,
The gust of rage shot lightning from her eyes,
When, on a sudden, tender love benign
Instilled into her brain a new design.

For Orleans town anon her course she bent;
With her Dame Alix and good Bonneau went;
Fair Agnes gained an inn, where then at rest
Slept Joan, who with hard riding had been pressed;
Agnes inquired the chamber of the maid,
And where her armor and her harness laid;
Then waiting till each inmate soundly slept,
Slyly into the room fair Agnes crept;
And into Chandos' breeches pass'd her thighs,
Laced the projecting front of monstrous size,
In the bright breast-plate her fair form array'd.

The impenetrable steel for combats made,
Tore the white skin unused to such a trade.
Supported by the arm of good Bonneau,
From Agnes gently thus the accents flow:
"Love! love! my soul obeys thy soft command,
Give nerve then to this weak and trembling hand;
O! grant me force to bear this ponderous steel,
To melt his soul for whom these pangs I feel,
A female warrior now my love requires,
Infuse in Agnes then the hero's fires;
I'll follow him: O! grant that I this day,
May dauntless brave for Charles the bloody fray;
And if toward him war's tempest should be led,
And showers of English darts surround his head,
Let Agnes' tarnished charms receive them all,
Let him be saved at least, by my sad fall!
Let him live happily, so my latest sigh
Be wafted in his arms — content I die!"
While on each word fair Agnes laid a stress,
And Bonneau 'tired her in the massive dress,
The monarch Charles, escaped bright beauty's wiles,
Tarried just distant from her some three miles.

Agnes would fain, at that dread hour of night
The monarch join, her doting soul's delight;
So thus arrayed, and sinking 'neath the weight,
Cursing her arms, and wailing her sad fate,
She oft on palfrey's back got rueful bump,
Her legs were torn, and sore was either rump;
Fat Bonneau on a Norman courser proud,

Rode heavy at her side and breathed full loud —
Love, tender love, gazed on with tearful eye,
Beheld her start, and heaved a rueful sigh.

Scarce had sweet Agnes her escape made good,
When straight was heard within a neighboring wood
The tramp of steeds and clank of arms most clear.
The noise redoubling, soldiers soon drew near
In scarlet clad; and to increase her pain,
'Twas Chandos' troop, who this night scoured the plain;
One forth advancing cried: "Who passes there?"
At this commanding voice our lover fair
Thought of the King, and all evasion fled:
"'Tis Agnes, long live Love and France!" she said.
At these two names, which the just power on high,
Wished to unite by the most lasting tie,
Agnes and lusty Bonneau both were ta'en,
And captives led to John Chandos amain:
Before this hero, dreadful in his ire,
Who for late insult threatened vengeance dire
Against the sneaking robbers who had fled,
Stealing his sword and breeches while in bed.

Just as the power beneficent and wise
Dispels the balm of sleep that veils our eyes;
When tuneful birds begin the matin lay,
And man with soul enwrapt salutes the day;
When, with rekindled vigor all his fire,
Within the bosom glows with love's desire:

Just then to Chandos was the fair one brought,
The lovely Agnes with each beauty fraught
Which Phœbus boasts when rising from the flood;
Chandos awake — how flowed thy boiling blood,
When at thy side thou sawest the fair one sad,
Bearing thy sword and in thy short-clothes clad?

The hero warmed by every witching grace,
Gazed with lascivious eyes on Agnes' face:
She trembled, and then muttering, heard him say,
"Anon my breeches I shall bear away:"
First on the bolster placing his fair prize,
"Quit my sweet captive," said he, "this disguise;
Cast off these ponderous arms, unfit for thee,
And shine arrayed in beauty's livery."
He ceased, then filled with hope and ardor too,
Her helmet and her breast-plate quick withdrew;
Struggling, the fair defended each bright charm,
And blushed, for modesty had taken alarm,
Thinking of Charles, and bowed to conqueror's will.
Bonneau by Chandos destined was to fill,
Within his kitchen the chief's grand employ,
And thither instantly he sped with joy:
Of puddings white, inventor famed was he;
And O French people! 'tis to him that ye
Indebted are, for eel pies which ye praise,
And for the much loved *gigot à la braise*.[52]

Agnes exclaimed in tender trembling tone:
"Oh! Mister Chandos, leave me now alone;

What are you doing? Prithee, Sir, forbear."
"Ods zounds," quoth he—(all English heroes swear),[53]
"Some one was guilty of a crying sin,
Those are my breeches which your limbs are in,
And when I find that which by right is mine,
I'll have it, I protest, by powers divine."
To argue thus and Agnes to unclothe,
Was the same thing; the fair one, something loth,
Wept struggling in his arms against the intent,
Then screamed full loud—"No, I do not consent."

Just at this epoch a loud din was heard,
To arms, to arms! was everywhere the word;
The trumpet's clangor, death's portentous sound,
Called to the charge, and shrilly echoed round.
Joan, when awake, astonished, found no more
Those manly trappings she so lately wore;
Her helmet shaded by the rich aigrette,
The coat of mail,[54] and eke the huge braguette:[55]
Ne'er balancing in doubt, brave Joan anon
A lowly squire's plain armor buckled on,
Vaulted her winged ass, and loudly cried:
"Come, cavaliers, support your country's pride."
Of knights and soldiers, straight obeyed her call,
Six hundred one score fighting men in all.

From the gay region where dame Folly reigns,
Lourdis just then alighted 'midst the plains;
And at this juncture critical appeared,

Amidst the British phalanx so much feared:
His bulky structure atoms gross surround,
And on his broad back fooleries abound:
Dull ignorance and works of monks he bore;
Thus saddled he arrived, and then his store
Forth from the full robe he contented shook,
And on the British camp dropped every book;
Of filthy ignorance his treasures vast,
Treasures throughout all France profusely cast.
So when of night the sable deity,
Mounted on spangled car of ebony,
Charms with profoundest sleep our weary eyes,
And all our senses lulls 'midst dreams and lies.

END OF CANTO III.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

[1] Iberia, an ancient name of Spain, derived from the river Iberus.

[2] Turenne, Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne (Viscount de), second son of the Duke de Bouillon and Elizabeth of Nassau, daughter of William the First of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was born at Sedan in 1611. He acquired the art of war under Prince Maurice, his maternal uncle, and became the first general of his age. After several great and successful campaigns he took part in the civil wars which then devastated France, acting in the first instance against the court, but in 1651 he was reconciled to the king and became general of the royal army, in which capacity he was opposed to the Prince of Condé, whom he defeated at the famous battle of Dunes, near Dunkirk, being the warlike achievement adverted to by the poet. In 1667 Turenne was elevated to the dignity of Marshal of all the French armies and had the honor of instructing his monarch in the art of war, when he renounced the protestant religion, which he had previously professed. After conquering Franche Compté, defeating the Duke of Lorraine, and gaining two splendid victories over the Imperialists, the famous Italian General Montecuculi was sent against him, and while the two armies were in view of each other Turenne was killed by a cannon ball at Sultzbach in 1675.

[3] The illustrious Louis, Prince de Condé, Duke d'Enghien, commonly surnamed the Great, was the son of Henry, Prince of Condé, and born at Paris in 1621. Cardinal Richelieu, conversing with him when a boy, predicted that he would certainly become the first general in Europe and the greatest man of his time. After a series of the most illustrious actions this renowned warrior was compelled, on

account of the gout, to retire to the Château of Chantilly, where he expired in 1686.

[4] Louis Hector Villars, Marshal of France and Grandee of Spain, was born at Moulins, in the Bourbonnais, 1653. He distinguished himself on various occasions as a military character and was made Marshal-de-Camp in 1690. In 1733 he was sent into Italy, where he took Pizzighitone, but died soon after at Turin in 1734.

[5] Francis Eugene, Prince of Savoy, was born in 1663 and intended for the Church, but the demise of his father altered the design and prompted him to follow a military life. After many signal victories obtained over the Turks, the French, and the Imperialists, he was at length associated in the command of the Allied Army with the great Duke of Marlborough, and in 1704 he had a principal share in the memorable battle of Blenheim. From this epoch he was constantly employed and almost uniformly victorious, and in 1709 defeated Villars at the famous battle of Malplaquet, near Mons, alluded to by Voltaire. Eugene died at Vienna in 1736. He was a prince remarkably amiable in his private deportment, correct in his manners, serious, sincere and devout.

[6] Stanislaus, the first King of Poland, was born in 1677, and in 1704 was deputed by the Assembly at Warsaw to Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, who had just conquered Poland and who caused him to be crowned king in 1705, but when Charles was in turn defeated at Pultowa, in 1709, Stanislaus was obliged to leave his kingdom. He died in consequence of his nightgown taking fire, in 1766.

[7] Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

[8] The Ukraine forms a part of Poland.

[9] Czar Peter the Great.

[10] John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was born of a noble family in Herefordshire and displayed great valor in the reduction of Ireland, where he was commander-in-chief for

Henry the Fifth. He afterwards went to France, serving under the Duke of Bedford, where he was made prisoner at the battle of Patay, but not long after recovered his liberty, and then returned to Ireland, from which country he was once more recalled to France, where he gained several victories and took some strong places, so that his name became a terror to the French until the period of his death, which occurred at the battle of Chastillon, where the great and valiant Earl of Shrewsbury and his son were slain, in 1453.

[11] Benedictine Monks were of the order of Saint Benedict, or Benet, who flourished about 480, having embraced the ascetic life. In 528 he retired to Mount Cassino, where he founded a monastery, and died between 540 and 550. This fraternity was formerly so flourishing that there were no less than sixteen thousand monasteries of the order. The name *Lourdis,* derived from *lourd,* heavy, is admirably adapted to convey an idea of the opacity which characterized the intellect of our Benedictine friar, of whose tenebrous family the ramifications were beyond all calculation. In book the first, chap. 20th, Rabelais gives an excellent picture of those priests whose whole stock of learning is comprised in the Latin of their breviaries and the stores of the kitchen. Yet, in spite of these sarcasms, let us not despise Father Lourdis. Ignorance, after all, merits the highest commendation, for what can be advanced to the contrary when we read in the works of that learned and ghostly doctor Saint Jerome passages like this: "*Geometrica, arithmetica, habent in sua scientia veritatem, sed non ex scientia illa, scientia pietatis. Scientia pietatis est nocere scripturas, et intelligere Prophetas, Evangelia credere, Prophetas non ignorare.*"—*Ep. ad Titum.* It must be confessed that the Benedictines have produced men of the greatest talents and erudition. It is to this order that we owe the elaborate researches of a Montfaucon, the *"De Re Diplomatica"* of a Pere Mabillon, *"L'Art de Vérifier les Dates,"* together with countless works of a similar description tending to enlighten the mind and induct us into the paths of scientific literature.

[12] The Paradise of Fools, or Limbo, as it is called, a term said to have been invented by one Peter Chrysologus, is a region to which were said to be consigned the souls of all such persons after death, as well as those of infants dying without baptism; consequently not guilty of crimes to condemn them to hell, nor yet pure enough to be admitted into heaven. This Limbo was supposed to be placed near the confines of the moon. Milton thus speaks of it in the course of Satan's journey in pursuit of the newly created world:

> ——— Then might ye see
> Cowls, hoods and habits then with wearers tossed
> And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,
> Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
> The sport of winds. All these upwhirled aloft
> Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
> Into a limbo large and broad, since called
> *The Paradise of Fools;* to few unknown
> Long after: now unpeopled and untrod.

[13] Antoine Danchet was a native of Riom and born in 1671. He was a theatrical writer, and also produced several pieces of poetry. He died at Paris the 21st of February, 1748, aged 77. As Danchet had not only a stupid air, but rather the exterior appearance of a simpleton, it was owing to that circumstance the following famous couplets, written in 1710, were constantly repeated when quoting this author, and for the same reason we may very naturally infer the allusion of our poet, as made in the above line:

> Je te vois, innocent Danchet,
> Grands yeux ouverts, bouche béante,
> Comme un sot pris au trébuchet,
> Ecouter les vers que je chante.

[14] Childeric the Third, called the idiot, was proclaimed King of France in 742, and deposed in 751 by Pepin, who confined him in the monastery of Saint Himeran at Ratisbon, where he terminated his days.

[15] Astrology is an art which derives its origin from astronomy, wherefore astrologers pretend to divine the past and the future by observing the aspect of the planets and

possessing a knowledge of their influences. It is also called Judicial Astrology, as presiding over the judgment of persons and things. Speaking of this ridiculous pursuit, La Fontaine has very aptly said:

> Un astrologue un jour se laissa cheoir
> Au fond d'un puit; on lui dit pauvre bête,
> Tandis qu'à peine à tes pieds tu peux voir,
> Penses-tu lire au-dessus de ta tête?

[16] Alchymy, a name applied to the art of purifying metals and transmuting the less valuable into silver and gold, as well as extracting the spirits from minerals and plants. The followers of this art pretend that Adam taught it to Enoch, from whom it descended to Moses, and was by other channels handed down to Solomon. Pliny assures us that the Emperor Caligula was the first who undertook to produce gold from a preparation of arsenic, which project he abandoned, finding that the expense far exceeded the profit to be derived. Some attribute this mystery to the Egyptians, but it is more probable that the invention is due to the Arabians, who have had an infinite number of adepts in whose crucibles were never found anything but cinders. This latter assertion may, perhaps, give umbrage to the believers in Nicholas Flamel, of whom so much has been written, but until the quadrature of the circle, perpetual motion, the inextinguishable lamp and the philosopher's stone are made manifest, all of which alchymists pretend to, I shall beg leave, with Voltaire, to join in the laugh against them. *Ars est sine arte, cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare.*

[17] The Rosicrucians were a sect that appeared in Germany at the commencement of the seventeenth century. They are also styled Enlightened, Immortal, and Invincible. They were extremely enthusiastic, professing opinions the most wild and extravagant. *Hudibras* puts it:

> As Rosicrusian virtuoses
> Can see with ears and hear with noses.

The Rosicrucians bear a strong resemblance to the sect of the ancient Gnostics, who so designated themselves from

the deep learning to which they laid claim, although in reality they were a most ridiculous race. In another part of *Hudibras* we find:

> Knew many an amulet and charm,
> That could do neither good nor harm;
> In Rosicrucian lore as learned
> As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.

Vere adeptus was the term applied to one of this fraternity who had commenced his career in their fantastic extravagances.

[18] Theology, as accepted by the masses, is a science profound, supernatural and divine, which teaches how to reason upon everything we do not comprehend, and bewilder our ideas upon every topic we really understand; from whence it is apparent that theology is the most noble and useful of sciences, all the others being limited to objects already known, and consequently of little or no value. Without theology, empires could not exist, the Church would be lost, and the multitude become incapable of appreciating grace and gratuitous predestination, upon which points it is extremely essential that precise ideas should be formed.

[19] All good Christians, like Lourdis in his convent, will maintain that there is nothing so contrary to religion or the clergy as a sensible and reasoning intellect, which is never requisite to faith, nor sufficiently susceptible of fervor and zeal. The Mussulmans have a great veneration for fools, and among the Christians the greatest saints were evidently those whose pericraniums proved the most deranged.

[20] Caco, or Cacodœmon, derived from two Greek words signifying Evil and Spirit, or a Devil.

[21] John Law, a celebrated projector, was born at Edinburgh in 1671, and acquired a considerable knowledge of practical mathematics, particularly excelling as an accountant. Having seduced the daughter of a gentleman in Eng-

land, he slew the brother of his mistress and, to avoid being hanged, absconded to Holland; from whence he repaired to Italy. It is stated that he afterwards returned to his own country, where he made proposals to parliament for a paper currency, which were rejected. Law then visited the continent a second time and settled at Genoa; after which, in 1716, he established a bank at Paris under his own name, but with the authority of the Duke of Orleans, then Regent; to which was annexed the Company of the Mississippi, a pretended scheme for paying off the national debt and enriching the subscribers. This project became popular in the extreme, so that every one was anxious to convert his specie into paper, and in 1720 Law was made Comptroller of the Finances. But the whole cheat was at length discovered, when the enraged sufferers besieged the palace of the Regent, crying out, as they held up their hands full of bills, "See the fruit of your system." Law was in consequence exiled to Pontoise, from whence he escaped to Italy, and died at Venice in 1729. The following *jeu d'esprit*, written at Paris in 1720, sufficiently exemplifies the detestation in which this empirical financier was held by the deluded inhabitants of that city:

La Généalogie de Monsieur Law.

Belzebub	engendra	Law.
Law	engendra	La Banque.
La Banque	engendra	Mississippi.
Mississippi	engendra	Systême.
Système	engendra	Papier.
Papier	engendra	Billet.
Billet	engendra	Agio.
Agio	engendra	Larron.
Larron	engendra	Souscription.
Souscription	engendra	Dividende.
Dividende	engendra	Escompte.
Escompte	engendra	Intrinsêque.
Intrinsèque	engendra	Argent fort.
Argent fort	engendra	Compte ouvert.
Compte ouvert	engendra	Registre.
Registre	engendra	Billon idéal.
Billon idéal	engendra	Zéro.
Zéro	engendra	Nihil.

à qui la puissance d'engendrer fut ôtée.

[22] Two personages of the name of Escobar figured as Jesuits; the one, Bartholomew, who went to the Indies and died at Lima in 1624; but the individual to whom Voltaire alludes was named Anthony Escobar, who wrote a commentary upon the Bible, in 9 vols. folio, and a work entitled "*Theologia Moralis*," 7 vols. folio.

[23] Louis Molina, a famous Jesuit, was a native of Cuenca, in New Castile, descended from a noble family, and born in 1535. He completed his studies at Coimbra, after which he became Professor of Divinity at Ebora for twenty years. He died at Madrid in 1600. His works were Commentaries on the "*Summa*" of Aquinas; a "Treatise *de Justitia et Jure;*" another, "*De Concordia Gratiæ et Liberi Arbitrii.*" The last is a work of merit and gave rise to great disputes between the Jesuits and the Dominicans, the latter order accusing Molina of reviving Pelagiarism. Molina is styled conceited, or self-sufficient, by Voltaire, in allusion to the efficient grace upon which he formed a system just as absurd as that disseminated by his opponents.

[24] Louis Doucin, an expert Jesuit, was the first minister and *factotum* of Le Tellier, without whom no favor was to be found with the latter personage, who exercised an unlimited influence over his royal master, Louis the Fourteenth. Doucin was the author of a curious History of Nestorianism and other works in favor of the constitution of *Unigenitus,* and it is this same person who also produced the famous ecclesiastical problem. Doucin was a native of Vernon and died at Orleans in 1716.

[25] Le Tellier, the celebrated Jesuit, and confessor of Louis the Fourteenth, was the son of an attorney at Vire, in Lower Normandy, and the author of that famous Bull and all the dreadful troubles and disputes which resulted from its promulgation. Le Tellier was afterwards exiled during the Regency, and his memory, for more than half a century, was held in just abhorrence by the whole French nation. Respecting this very interesting Bull of the Holy See, better known by the appellation of *Unigenitus,* being the

word with which it commenced, no instrument ever caused such an increase of the sale of paper, as no less than two hundred thousand *lettres de cachet* for the Bastille and other state prisons were in consequence issued by Le Tellier, without calculating a million mandates and the myriads of disquisitions and disputations to which they gave birth, for the instruction of the devout and babbling minions of the court.

[26] Bellerophon, in profane history, was the son of Glaucus, King of Epirus, by Eurymede, and was first called Hipponous; but having murdered his brother, named Beller, he was from that circumstance called Bellerophon. Being despatched with a letter from Prætus, King of Argos, to Jobates, King of Lycia, wherein the latter was desired to put him to death, from thence all letters of an unfavorable tendency to the bearer have been styled letters of Bellerophon. It is also this personage who is said to have slain the hideous monster *Chimæra.*

[27] These besotted scribbling Dons, so justly ridiculed by Voltaire, merited well an application of the following lines from Hudibras:

> A strange chimera of beasts and men,
> Made up of pieces heterogene,
> Such as in nature never met
> *In eodem subjecto* yet.

[28] Alluding to the Batrachomyomachia supposed to have been written by Homer, wherein he describes the Combat between Frogs and Mice.

[29] The Jansenists followed the tenets of Cornelius Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, who adopted the opinion of Saint Augustine concerning grace, and opposed the Jesuits, maintaining that the Messiah did not come as the Saviour of mankind in general, but only of a certain portion of the human species. Upon the appearance of the Bull called *Unigenitus,* which was in favor of the Jesuits, upwards of one hundred and fifty controversial volumes issued from the press.

[30] In reference to the Abbé Paris, see the ensuing note.

[31] In the church of Saint Medard was interred a silly fellow named Paris, who was a deacon, and being one of the most zealous and accredited Jansenists was by the multitude regarded as a saint. It was about the year 1724 that his followers first took it into their heads to go and pray at the tomb of this stupid priest in the burying ground of the above-named church, erected at Paris in honor of this Medard, a personage but little known. We cannot trace a single miracle performed by this canonized individual, and what is a saint without a miracle? The Abbé Paris, however, amply compensated for this deficiency, being, as we are assured, the author of a multitude, the most renowned of which was that celebrated in a song written by the Duchess of Maine, who thus treats the subject in question:

> Un décroteur à la royale,
> Du talon gauche estropié,
> Obtint, pour grâce spéciale,
> D'être boiteux des deux pieds.

Saint Paris performed three or four hundred miracles of this nature. It is even supposed that he would have raised the dead if he had been left alone, but the police thought requisite to take the affair in hand, upon which the following well-known distich was penned:

> De par le roi, défense à Dieu
> D'opérer miracle en ce lieu.

In Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Study of History," is the following passage relating to this Abbé Paris. "A sudden frenzy of devotion seized the people of Paris for a little priest (the Abbé Paris), undistinguished during his life and dubbed a saint by the Jansenists after his death. Had the first minister been a Jansenist, the saint had been a saint still, all France had kept his festival, and since there are thousands of eye-witnesses ready to attest the truth of all the miracles supposed to have been wrought at his tomb, notwithstanding the discouragement which these zealots have met with from the government, we may assure our-

selves that these silly impostures would have been transmitted, in all the solemn pomp of history, from the knaves of this age to the fools of the next." There are extant five thick quarto volumes entitled *"La Vérité des Miracles opérés par l'intercession de Monsieur de Paris démontré contre Monsieur l'Archevêque de Sens, par Monsieur Carré de Montgeron, Conseiller du Parlement,"* 1739. This work is embellished by a multitude of plates, and was presented by its author to Louis the Fifteenth.

[32] The sacred tribunal of the Inquisition is composed of priests and monks, independent of the civil power, who of course have the right to judge without appeal in their own cause, and condemn those to be burned who plead against them. By the assistance of this holy tribunal, the princes who authorize it have the advantage of governing subjects at once orthodox, devout, and beggarly, being always well disposed to espouse the cause of the clergy against the temporal power.

[33] A Bull is a strip of parchment whereto is affixed a leaden seal which the servant of the servant of the Most High fulminates either for the purpose of exacting gold or exciting some saintly fermentation in a country which stands in need of exercise.

[34] A string of beads used by Roman Catholics when they repeat their Pater-nosters and Ave Marias.

[35] The figure of the Holy Lamb supporting a Cross stamped upon a piece of white wax mixed with the powder of saints' bones and blessed by the Pope as a precious relic, which is supposed to possess the miraculous virtue of dispersing illusions, enchantments, and storms. It is on this account that thunder never falls in countries which abound with this species of merchandise.

[36] Galileo Galilei, a celebrated astronomer, was born at Pisa in 1564. Having constructed a telescope, he discovered the irregularities of the moon's surface and that of Venus, as also that the *Via Lactea* is an assemblage of

fixed stars; and pursuing his researches with infinite application, he made many other important discoveries in the heavenly space; but his assertion of the earth's motion gave such offence to the Holy Inquisition that in 1615 he was cited to Rome, there imprisoned and treated with the greatest rigor, not only as heretical, but as ignorant, for having demonstrated the motion of our terrestrial sphere; which truth he was compelled to recant in order to save himself from the stake. This is upon a par with the fate of a poor German bishop, who was deposed from his See and declared a heretic, for maintaining that we had our antipodes. Saint Augustine also treats of the absurdity of this idea; and Lanctantius, speaking upon the same subject, says: "Can there be any people so mad as to believe that there exist men whose heads are lower than their feet?"

[37] Urbain Grandier, curate of Loudun, was condemned to the flames in 1629 by a commission from the council for having possessed some nuns with the devil, wherefore Butler says:

> Appear in divers shapes to Kelly?
> And speak i' th' nun at Loudun's belly?

[38] Eleonore Galigai, a lady of high quality, attached to the suite of the queen, Marie de Medicis, and her lady of honor; also the wife of Concino Concini, a Florentine, Marquis d'Ancre, and Marshal of France, was not only decapitated at the Place de Greve in 1617, as it is stated in the "Chronological History of France," but was also burned as a sorceress; and her estates, goods, and chattels delivered over to her enemies. There were only five counsellors who, indignant at an iniquity so horribly flagrant and absurd, would not assist at this infamous judgment.

[39] The Parliament under Louis the Thirteenth prohibited, under pain of the galleys, the teaching of any other doctrine but that of Aristotle; and the very same assembly decreed that emetics should no longer be administered, but without condemning the doctors or their patients to the

galleys. Louis the Fourteenth was afterwards restored to health when at Calais by taking an emetic, and in consequence this most sapient edict of the parliament completely lost its credit with the nation.

[40] For Father Girard see Note 13 of the preceding Canto.

[41] Jacobins were monks and nuns of the order of Saint Dominic.

[42] Carmelites, an order of friars founded by Almericus, Bishop of Antioch, at Mount Carmel in Syria in 1122.

[43] The French bishops were nearly divided upon the subject of the famous Bull called *Unigenitus,* one-half being Jansenists and the other half Molinists, while the parliament, on the contrary, consisted of members for the most part Jansenists, on which account they ultimately expelled the Jesuits from France. All the mandates issued by the bishops who adopted the principles of Molina, were by the parliament condemned to be burned by the hangman, but in the end the parliament was in its turn expelled and disgraced and all its decrees upon the subject repealed. It is on this account that Quesnel, the staunch Jansenist, is represented by the poet as weeping the event, while Ignatius Loyola, on the contrary feels delighted, from a sentiment diametrically opposite.

[44] Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order of Jesuits, was born of a good family in the province of Guipuscoa in Spain in 1491. He was educated to the military profession, but having broken his leg at the siege of Pampeluna, he made a vow to the Virgin that, in case he recovered, he would devote the residue of his life to religion: in consequence of this Loyola became a preacher and ultimately established the order of Jesus, which was confirmed by Pope Paul the Third. He died in 1556 and was canonized by Gregory the Fifteenth in 1622. The order of Jesuits, after being expelled from Portugal and France, was finally suppressed by Pope Clement the Sixteenth in 1773

but has been revived in Russia and is supposed to subsist secretly in several countries. We are informed in the legend of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion were so great, and transported him so marvellously beyond himself, that while at his prayers he had been seen raised from the ground for a considerable length of time together.

[45] Pasquier Quesnel was born at Paris in 1634. He studied theology in the Sorbonne with great reputation: after which he entered the Congregation of the Oratory, and was distinguished by his learning and piety. In 1675 he published an edition of the works of Saint Leo, but being a zealous Jansenist, he was obliged to retire to Brussels, where he published his "Reflections on the New Testament," which work was attacked by the Jesuits and occasioned so much controversy, that Pope Clement the Eleventh issued his famous Bull called *Unigenitus*, against Quesnel's book; who was imprisoned and put into irons by means of the Jesuits, but effected his escape and retired to Amsterdam, where he died in 1719.

[46] The above line is intended to elucidate the versatility of the Parisian character, which is so pliant, that however disastrous the events of the day may have proved, all is forgotten at the theatre in the evening, a circumstance which cannot be denied, when the translator was himself a witness of the balls and pastimes which took place on the boulevards and in the Champs-Élysées at Paris on the Sunday evening when the artillery of the victorious allies was every moment heard to resound from all the heights and plains which environ the capital.

[47] Cybele was the daughter of Cœlus and Terra and the wife of Saturn.

[48] Trévoux, Trivoltium, or Trivultium, of the Romans, a small city of Bresse in France, was, under the old régime, the capital of the principality of Dombes and situated on the river Soane three leagues above Lyons. At this place was established a very extensive printing-

office, from which issued a number of celebrated works; among others the famous dictionary, in eight volumes folio, which has ever since borne the appellation of *"Le Dictionnaire de Trévoux,"* while at the same press was also executed the journal above alluded to, which treated upon literature, sciences, and arts, consisting of upwards of a hundred volumes, which were never so well edited as when under the auspices of Father Berthier, a Jesuit, against whom Voltaire directs his attack, and concerning whose journal our poet further states in his works that, being one day travelling, he was taken with a particular fit of drowsiness, for which he could by no means account, until he discovered that his servant had placed under the seat of his carriage two or three volumes of the publication in question.

[49] Fontevraud, Fontevraux, or Fons-Ebraldi, is a town of Anjou, situated three leagues from Saumur and formerly celebrated for its famous abbey, containing a mixed order of both sexes, whereof the weaker sex commanded the stronger. This institution derived its origin in the year 1100, some time after the celebration of the Council of Poitiers, its founder being one Robert d'Arbrissel, born in 1047, and who died in 1117. He was first Archdeacon of Rennes and received a special mission from Pope Urban the Second to go and instruct the people by his preaching; he obeyed accordingly and his efforts were attended with such success that, finding himself followed by crowds of both sexes, he caused cells to be erected for them in the forest of Fontevraud; still continuing to wander barefooted through the adjoining provinces in order to exhort the multitude, but more particularly prostitutes, whom he conjured to abandon their infamous courses and perform acts of penitence in the cloisters of his sanctuary; and in effect it appears that he wrought wonderful conversions of this nature, more particularly in the city of Rouen. He persuaded the famous Queen Bertrade, wife of Philip the First, to assume the habit of his order, which was finally established throughout all France, under the special

protection of Pope Paschal the Second, in 1106. Some time previous to his death, Robert d'Arbrissel conferred the generalship of his institution upon a lady named Petronilla de Chemille and willed that ever after one woman should succeed another in the dignity of chief of the order, commanding alike the religious of both sexes. There are reckoned among the thirty-five abbesses who succeeded, viz. to the period of Voltaire, no less than fourteen princesses, whereof five were of the royal line of the Bourbons. See Sainte Marthe, in the fourth volume of *"Gallia Christiana,"* and the *"Clypeus Ordinis Fontebraldensis"* of Father Mainferme. Robert d'Arbrissel, by thus subjecting men to women, pretended that he did honor to the holy history related to Saint John, wherein we find that our Lord being upon the cross, recommended His beloved disciple to the Virgin Mary and commanded him to acknowledge her for his mother. This order was under the rule of Saint Benet, Robert having only added some constitutions to it. There existed sixty monasteries in France: the nuns wore a black habit with a white veil, and when at church a long black gown with ample sleeves; the monks were habited in black, as secular priests, but upon their cassock was a capuchin similar to those worn by the French bishops, at the bottom of which hung two small square pieces of the same stuff, one before and the other behind.

[50] Alluding to the benediction bestowed by the females upon the monks at Fontevraud.

[51] It appears very probable that our poet had in view the heroines of Ariosto and Tasso; they certainly must have savored something of dirtiness, but the knights of those days were not over fastidious. The young Spaniards of quality, for instance, signalized their valor before the ladies at bull feasts, which often proved hazardous and sometimes fatal; they were performed by attacking wild bulls trained for the purpose, which were let loose upon the combatants, and he who slew the most, attained the highest rank in the favor of the ladies. Butler upon this subject says: .

So Spanish heroes with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows.

[52] The receipt for a *gigot à la braise* is as follows: let a tender leg of mutton be completely boned except the knuckle, then larded and seasoned with fine spices, salt, powdered basilisk, pepper, parsley, and onions, well chopped together, after which let the meat be tied up, preserving its natural form: arrange some slices of meat, five or six onions, and as many carrots in the stew-pan, and upon these place the gigot, moistened with some rich gravy and half a glass of brandy, to which add two laurel leaves, three cloves, two cloves of garlic, and a little thyme; cover the whole well with paper and let it stew gently for four hours with a fire on the cover as well as under the stew-pan: when cooked let the gigot be drained and served up with endive and its own gravy or with any other ragout that may be thought preferable.

[53] This oath, uttered by Chandos, must have sounded very offensive to the ear of the belle; and it would certainly have proved more decorous in the poet had he made use of some decent ejaculation; yet what is to be said? every nation has its mode of swearing; for instance, the Germans growl *"Sacrament!"* the Spaniards *"Voto a Dios!"* while the French vociferate a word which is, to the oath of Italians, what the action is to the instrument. The Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by, wherefore Macrobius says, *"Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitas, nec mulieres, per Herculem; Œdepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune,"* etc. alluding to which we find the following couplet in Hudibras:

They would not suffer the stoutest dame
To swear by Hercules's name.

"Ods zounds" is a corruption of "by God's wounds."

[54] The coat of mail was usually composed of numerous

small plates of iron stitched in waddings of wool and covered over with silk; it had large sleeves and a gorget.

[55] I have, for very cogent reasons, thought fit to insert the French instead of the English appellation to this part of the male attire used in ancient days; it is derived in French from *de braie, bracca.* Long braguettes were worn, detached from the summit of the short clothes: and frequently at the bottom of these appendages an orange was deposited for the purpose of being presented to the ladies.

Rabelais speaks of a very entertaining work entitled *"De la dignité des Braguettes;"* and in the Memoirs of Brantôme, where he treats of *Les Vies des dames galantes de son temps,* may be found many curious stories appertaining to the braguette, which was the peculiar prerogative of the most noble of the sexes; wherefore the Sorbonnic doctors presented a petition that the Maid of Orleans might be burned for having worn short-clothes with the braguette: six French bishops, assisted by their mitred brother of Winchester, condemned her to the stake; which, considering all things, was very proper; nay, it is much to be regretted that this does not occur more frequently; but let us despair of nothing.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

JOAN AND DUNOIS COMBAT THE ENGLISH.—WHAT OCCURS TO THEM IN THE CASTLE OF HERMAPHRODIX.

WERE I a king, I'd always justly deal,
Give peace at home, and guard the public weal;
And in my august reign each setting sun
Should chronicle some worthy act I'd done:
If of finance I had myself control,
I'd give to men of sense; to men of soul
On every side my bounty I'd accord;
For, after all, they merit due reward.
Or were I an archbishop,[1] I would seek
To tame the Jansenist [2] and make him meek;
But if I loved a young and tender fair,
To stay with her would be my constant care;
And every day my love fresh sights should see,
While banished thus dull uniformity,
Her heart I'd keep, and she should live for me.
What pangs must absence cause the lover's heart,
What dangers are endured when lovers part:
Alas! we risk, when from the fair away,

To be at least cornuted thrice per day.[3]
Bold Chandos scarce awhile had been enjoying
With lovely prey the bliss of amorous toying;
When through each rank our maiden Joan the Good
Dealt pallid death, and spilt whole seas of blood.
Of Deborah the much redoubted lance
Fregona[4] pierced, so fatal erst to France,
Which Clairvaux's[5] treasures pillaged every one,
And at Fontevraux[6] ravished each fair nun;
In twain the eye she split with fateful brand
Of Fonkinar,[7] well worthy hangman's hand;
That daring fellow born in climes unkind,
Hibernian climes, 'mid frost, and snow, and wind,
Who for three years made love as if at home,
Like one of Florence or of stately Rome:
She overturns the great Lord Halifax;
His cousin, too, the impudent Borax.
Midarblou, who his worthy sire denied;
And Bartonay, who kissed his brother's bride.
From her example there was not a knight,
A squire, a soldier, in this bloody fight,
Who did not with his lance transpierce some ten
Of these redoubted, hardy, Englishmen;
Terror and death preceded their career,
No man but fought divested of all fear;
Their bosoms glowed with superstitious pride,
For each believed the Lord was on his side.

Amidst this tempest and this bloody brawl,
Lourdis roared out as loud as he could bawl:

" She is a maid, so tremble England's crew;
'Tis good Saint Denis who is armed 'gainst you:
She is a maid, and miracles hath wrought;
Against her arm your prowess is as nought.
Quick, bend the knee, each British renegade,
And ask a benediction of the maid."
Fierce Talbot, foaming at the mouth with ire
Seized instantly upon the babbling friar,
They bound him, yet the monk their rage defied;
He moved not, but, with his mouth distended, cried:
" Martyr I am; but, Britons, ye shall see
That Joan's a maid, and that she'll conquer ye."

Man's credulous, and by his wavering mind [8]
All is received; it is a clay refined;
With ease impressed, what strongest will appear
Is dire surprise or unexpected fear.
These words of Lourdis failed not to impart
More dread effect to every soldier's heart
Than troop heroic and Joan's martial charms,
Aided by courage and their conquering arms.
This instinct old, that prodigies believes,
Erroneous sense, which troubles and deceives,
Illusions and chill fear their poisons shed,
And through each Briton's mind their influence spread.
These sons of Albion, with fierce courage blessed,
No rays of bright philosophy possessed;
Heavy was then the sconce of cavalier,
Ours are the days when brilliant wits appear.

Full of assurance, Chandos to his band
Exclaimed, "My children, conquerors of the land,
Wheel to the right." These words he scarce had said,
Ere to the left they veered, and swearing fled.
'Twas thus of old, upon the fertile ground
Which billows of Euphrates now surround,
When proud capricious man with heaven dared vie,
Rearing a fabric which should touch the sky,[9]
That such a race empyreum might not shame,
Confusion marked their tongues, till then the same.
So, when the one required a draught of water,
The others brought him straight some bricks and mortar;
The people thus, who caused celestial fun,
Marched various ways and left their work undone.

Soon at the ramparts of great Orleans town
Was clarioned of this combat the renown;[10]
Thither with outstretched arms flew trumpet Fame,
Spreading of Joan around the sainted name.
You know the ardor of the Gallic host,
Those fools who such a fund of honor boast,
To battle flying just as to a dance.
Of Bastards, Dunois was the famed in France;
Dunois, that with the Greeks a Mars had been,
Trimouille, la Hire, and Saintrailles, all were seen,
And Richemont, who had left the city wall,
Counting already on the Britons' thrall,
Crying: "Where are they?" loud as they could bawl.

They were not far, for near the gate we find
Stood Talbot, hero of capacious mind.
To check French ardor, this bold chief had laid
Ten stout battalions in snug ambuscade.

For one day past Sir Talbot had aloud
To George his patron saint and Cupid vowed,
That he the city thus besieged would enter,
Of feelings twain his soul the very centre;
For him fat Louvet's rib felt ray divine,
More ardent than pertains to friendship's shrine;
And this choice hero, nerved with hope's bright flame,
Aspired to storm the city and the dame.
Scarce through the gate had passed each cavalier,
When hardy Talbot fell upon their rear;
Whereat our French were not surprised at all.
O plain of Orleans! noble stage, though small,
From this brave conflict, stubborn on each side,
Flowed human blood that all thy verdure dyed,
Which fattened for a hundred years the ground.
At Zama, nor Pharsalia was there found,[11]
Nor could Malplaquet's [12] sanguinary field
For raging Mars a scene more glorious yield;
No, not e'en those where thousands found a grave
A combat fiercer boasted — feats more brave;
There might be seen of glittering spears a crowd
Shivering in air with crash, discordant, loud;
Riders and palfreys sprawling on the plain,
Remounting straight and to the fight again;

Sparks issuing from the weapon's fateful blow,
Augmenting lustre of bright Phœbus' glow.
On all sides flew and fell 'mid these alarms
Noses, chins, shoulders, heads, legs, feet, and arms.

Those angels who fought heaven's great cause of old,
Michael,[13] exterminating champion bold,
And flagellator of proud Persia's band,[14]
Had eyes all bent upon our pygmy land,
With horror gazing on this direful fray,
Awaiting close of this portentous day.

Michael raised high, amid the gazing throng,
The balance which decides both right and wrong;[15]
Those scales wherewith mankind is weighed on high,
With steady hand, to try the destiny
Of Albion's heroes and the sons of France.
Our knights thus justly poised, such proved the chance
That Gaul unluckily was light of weight,
Since veteran Talbot shared the smiles of Fate.
Such was of heaven the secret judgment just;
And joking Richemont found himself the first
Pierced through the haunch; Saintraille felt jeopardy,
An arrow entering just above the knee;
La Hire was wounded where I must not say;
Ah me! how will his mistress curse the day;

Devout Trimouille could not escape from harm,
Plunged in a bog, he stuck with broken arm;
Thus wounded back to Orleans were they led,
And each incontinent consigned to bed;
Just judgment this of heaven omnipotent,
For mocking Denis such the punishment.

God can or pardon or condemn, we know;
Quesnel [16] has said it, and it must be so:
Then in his judgment he thought meet to spare,
Nor fate of giddy friends made Bastard share.
On litter, in sad plight, each uttered moan,
Cursing sad destiny and maiden Joan.

Not even a scratch had Dunois' body scored,
Who swift as lightning on his foes then poured;
He breaks their ranks, day darts athwart the band,
Pierces to where the Maid had ta'en her stand,
And Britons conquering there, put all to flight.
Thus when the countryman, in fell affright,
Beholds two torrents from the mountains roll,
Mingle their currents, and without control
Drown the ripe crop and banish hope of gain;
Joan and Dunois united on the plain
Were far more sweeping and more dread than they;
So dire their ardor in this fell affray,
Such was their rage in chasing Albion's host
That soon to their own party they were lost;
Night closing in our Bastard and the Maid,
Nor French nor Chandos hearing on the glade,

Their converse checking, waved aloft the lance,
And halting cried: " For ever flourish France!"

By moonlight, as drear silence reigned around,
A pathway leading through a wood they found;
Forward they sped, then turned, but all in vain;
O'ercome with toil and hunger's gnawing pain,
With searching tired, their palfreys weary too,
Each their adventure now began to rue:
'Twas hard to vanquish, and then lack a bed
Whereon to rest the aching limbs and head:
Thus ships bereft of compass and of sail,
By Neptune tossed and the Eolian gale.
A dog just then appeared to our sad pair,
Seeming expressly sent to soothe their care;
He barked, then wagged his tail, and straight drew near,
And fondled each, divested of all fear,
Seeming by friendly gestures thus to say:
" Come, follow gentles, lo! this is the way;
Come, come, I prithee; lodging rare you'll meet,
And at the board partake delicious treat."
Our heroes by mute language understood
That this kind dog strayed thither for their good;
Wherefore, with Hope for guide, they followed straight,
Praying that France might share propitious fate,
And praising each the other's warlike soul,
Which naught terrestial ever could control.
Spite of his caution, Dunois with a sigh,

Would ofttimes leer on Joan with wanton eye;
But when he knew that Gallia's fate must rest
With that choice jewel which the fair possessed
And France be abandoned by promised power
If, ere a year, was cropped this fragrant flower;
He therefore nobly quelled the foul desire,
And for the State subdued love's wanton fire;
And yet on route whene'er some rugged place
Caused saintly ass to stumble in its pace,
Dunois, officious and with ardor warm,
The valorous maid supported with right arm;
As twinkling oft her eye whence beamed love's
spark,
With left arm stretched behind, our Joan of Arc
The virtuous hero's passion felt full oft.
Thus riding on, it happened in moments soft
Their mouths would frequently in contact meet,
As striving nearer to breathe converse sweet,
Touching the welfare and impending fate
Of Charles their monarch and the Gallic State.

Report hath told me, Konigsmark so fair,[17]
That the twelfth Charles, of humor passing rare,
He who could conquer kings and love subdue
Ne'er at his brutal court dared suffer you;
Charles felt and feared to render thee the arms,
Wherefore he cautious shunned thy brilliant charms;
But Joan to clasp, and yet not touch the treat,
To sit at table hungry and not eat,
More perfect conquest was o'er beauty's spell:

Dunois was like that Robert Arbrissel,[18]
Great Saint, whose pleasure was in arms to rest
Of nuns a pair, who ample charms possessed,
Four limbs whereof he pressed the smooth white skin,
Four heaving breasts — yet guiltless was of sin.

With dawn of day expands before their eyes
A costly palace of tremendous size;
Reared were the walls of marble white and clear,
There lofty doric colonnades appear,
Whereon was seen, with China balustrade
A wide balcony of pure jasper made.
Enchanted both beheld this edifice,
Conceiving they had entered Paradise.
The dog straight barked, and twenty trumpets then
Were heard to sound; and forty serving men,
In rich wrought short-clothes which the gaze invite,
Came to attend the maid and valorous knight.
Two youthful pages with a gallant air
Led them within the palace gate with care;
To spacious baths they went, where, plunging in,
Fair maids of either cleansed with care the skin,
Anointed with perfumes, the couple led
To table, where an ample meal was spread;
Then on rich couches, lost in sweet delight,
From morning, heroes like, they snored till night.

'Tis fitting to my readers I record
Who of this sumptuous mansion was the lord:

This edifice for master owned the son
Of one of those grand geniuses who run
A course eternal mid heaven's region bright,
Whose grandeur oft abandons such delight,
To humanize with our poor feeble race:
This spirit, mingling then celestial grace,
Joined every carnal lust that thrilled his breast
With nun of Benedict; and so was blest;[19]
Whence sprang Hermaphrodix the mighty sage,
Grand wizard, worthy of his parentage,
Worthy nun Alix and such filthy sin.
His fourteenth year he scarce had entered in,
When from on high the parent winged his flight,
Crying: "My child, to me thou owest the light;
Make known the wishes of thine heart, and I
Will speedily with each desire comply."
Hermaphrodix, who had from childhood been
Voluptuous, worthy his foul origin,
Replied: "My bosom glows with heavenly fires,
I know myself divine by my desires;
All pleasures I would taste, I must confess,
And glut my soul with hot voluptuousness.
'Tis my desire as either sex to love,
Wherefore by night let me the female prove,[20]
And with returning day man's form resume."
The sire replied: "Be such, my son, thy doom."
Since which the monster has by day and night
Of either sex assumed the form to sight:
Thus Plato, who to confidence aspires[21]
Of gods, pretends that our primeval sires,

Kneaded from purest clay by hands divine,
Were all framed Androgynæ, superfine;[22]
Each with the power of either sex supplied,
And with inherent virtues satisfied.

Far above this Hermaphrodix must go,
For, to dispense on self transporting glow
Is not the destiny divinely fair;
'Tis better far with neighbor joys to share,
And thus celestial bliss in couples taste.
His courtiers vowed, as he by turns embraced,
'Twas Venus now performing tender rite,
Now Love allaying wanton appetite;
In all directions maids they sought to find;
Young, lusty bachelors and widows kind.

But when Hermaphrodix this boon desired,
He never asked what still was most required;
A gift without which every joy must freeze,
A charming gift — and what? The art to please.
For this unruly wish 'twas fate's decree
That uglier than Sam Bernard [23] he should be;
No conquest ever could his glance command,
In vain were fetes dispensed with liberal hand,
Long banquets, balls, and concerts to invite,
Nay though he sometimes too would couplets write;
Yet when by day the fair one he would see,
Or when at night his female vanity
Subjected was to some audacious swain,
By fate betrayed, his wishes all proved vain,

For fond embracings he was then accurst
With injuries, contempt, rebuffs, disgust,
Just heaven brought this conviction to his eyes,
That pleasure gives not to our greatness rise.

" What," would he cry, " the chambermaid most vile
Enjoys upon her breast a gallant's smile;
Love's tilt, lieutenant with his fair will run,
And in the convent, monk enjoys his nun;
While I, a genius, rich, who grace a throne,
I on this moving orb stand all alone,
Of bliss deprived which others boast a store."
By all the elements anon he swore,
That punishment on either sex he'd deal
Who should disdain for him Love's glow to feel;
And that examples bloody each should share,
The youth ungrateful and obdurate fair.

As king, he greeted each chance guest, I ween;
Of Sheba [24] erst the famous tawny queen,
Thalestris, who at Persia's court sojourned,
Presents less costly from those monarchs earned,
Who for each dame confessed himself Love's slave,
Than he to errant knights his largess gave,
To bachelors and every beauteous miss;
But when a restive soul denied him bliss,
Fell short in complaisance he might require,
And shunned in trivial point his lewd desire;
For such affront his anger did not fail
Alive the poor offender to empale.

The night arrived, and owning female flame,
Four fawning pages from my lady came,
Praying young Dunois, the bold bastard, straight
To follow and enjoy a *tête-à-tête,*
As Joan with company then took her seat,
And of the supper ate, a sumptuous treat.
Our perfumed Dunois, by this escort led,
The boudoir entered, where was supper spread;[25]
Such as the sister erst of Ptolemy,[26]
Yielding to every pleasure licence free,
To those illustrious Romans amply gave,
Heroes at once voluptuous and brave,
To Cæsar, Anthony, with passion drunk;
Such as myself once shared at board of monk,
Proclaimed the victor o'er each stupid foe,
And dubbed with tonsure, Abbot of Clairvaux.[27]
Or such the feast that graced heaven's conclave blue,
If Naso and friend Orpheus tell us true,
And brothers Homer, Hesiod, and Plato,
When the great lord of infidels,[28] you know,
With Semele, supped far from Juno's view,
With Iris, Europia, and Danaë too;
On board divine the dishes then we see,
Arranged by hand of sweet Euphrosine,
And by Thalia, and Aglai the young,
As Graces three, of old so often sung,
Whose law our pedants seldom make their guide;
Of nectar Hebe served the luscious tide,
And the sweet son of him who founded Troy,
The famed Mount Ida's eagle-wafted boy,[29]

Who caused in secret his great master joy:
Such of Hermaphrodix the feast was then
With Dunois shared, 'twixt hours of nine and ten.

Madam with lavish hand had decked her head,
Surcharged the front, with glittering diamonds
spread;
To add new lustre to her brilliant charms,
Decked was her yellow neck and brawny arms
With finest rubies and with pearls most clear,
Which made the dame more hideous far appear,
Who from the table rising, amorous pressed
The handsome Dunois to her loathsome breast.
He, for the first time, trembled with affright,
Of valiant knights though ranked the most polite,[30]
And therefore strove with courtesy, at least,
To treat the liberal donor of the feast.

Thus eyeing of his dame the ugliness,
His honor told him he could not do less
Than as his well-beloved the lady greet;
Yet stoutest courage sometimes shares defeat.
Hermaphrodix, who keen affliction felt,
For Dunois suffered still his heart to melt;
His soul in secret flattery's power obeyed,
At mighty efforts by sad champion made;
His probity and good intents succeed,
This time reputed for the noble deed.
Quoth she: " The morrow, for a feat so rare,
May offer you revenge — go, and prepare,

That to warm love your cold respect may bend;
Be ready, Lord, and better serve mine end."

But now Aurora 'gan to unfold the day,
The orient streaking with the empurpled ray,
And such the moment was when destiny
Ordained Hermaphrodix no dame should be;
Wherefore anon, in manly guise array'd,
The vicious monster sped to Joan the maid,
Undrew the curtains, and her snowy breast
With rude, unlicenced impudence caressed;
Her lip so pure the kiss immodest warms,
As boldly he insults her sainted charms:
As vile Hermaphrodix lascivious grew,
More hideous was his person to the view;
Joan, animated by celestial glow,
With nervous arm on visage dealt a blow.[31]
Amid my fertile plains, 'tis thus I've seen
One of my mares upon a meadow green,
Unequal spotted, of the tiger-die,
Possessing lightsome hoofs, hams bounding high
With direful and avenging kick reprove,
An ass's colt with crupper thus in love,
Which so caressing grossly in the rear,
Thought itself blessed, and high-upraised the ear.
That Joan in this was faulty is most true;
Respectful feelings to her host were due;
The claims of modesty my thoughts control,
That virtue is not banished from my soul;
But when a prince, and more than all a wit,[32]

Seeks to embrace you, seized with amorous fit,
'Tis surely very wrong to smack his face;
Tho' Alix' son possessed not beauty's grace,
He yet had never found a fair so stout
In palace walls to knock his head about.
He cries; guards, pages; valets in a band,
Arch imps arrive, obedient to command;
One telling him, the maiden fierce could be
Less cruel to her friend in chivalry.
O Calumny! thou poison fell of courts,
Converse malign, slandering, and false reports;
Cursed serpents, must your hissings dire appal
The lover's bliss — alike, with court of Gaul!

Our tyrant wronged thus, in a twofold way,
Resolved upon revenge without delay;
Pronouncing to his myrmidons thus hailed
The dreadful sentence: "Let them be empaled."
Obedient they erect in due position
The apparatus for this fell punition;
Dunois and Joan, so worthy Gallia's praise,
Are thus condemned in springtide of their days.
Naked and bound the Bastard then they take,
Straight to be placed upon a pointed stake;
And at this juncture, by a troop profane,
To scaffold, fierce and lovely Joan is ta'en.
When graces all and boxes of the ear
Must punished be, by lingering death severe.
From Joan's fair form the lily shift they tore,
And, as she passed, her lovely body bore

Stripes from the rods of her infernal jailors,
Who then consigned her to the fierce empalers.
Not all their rage could Dunois' firmness blast,
Though every hour he thought must prove his last;
Resigned, he oft addressed the omnipotent;
But when from time to time around he bent
A glance imperious, each was thrilled with dread,
All was heroic that he did or said;
And as on Joan the Bastard cast his eye,
Guardian of France, beloved of saints on high,
When the protectress of Gaul's pallid flower
He saw condemned to perish in the hour,
Inconstant fate, his bosom's throbs deplore
The charms of Joan he gazed on o'er and o'er;
Beholding too the apparatus dread,
For Joan he shuddering wept and hung his head;
Such tears he for himself disdained to shed.

Equal in charity and just as proud,
Attacks of fear our maiden ne'er allowed,
On Dunois languidly she cast her eye,
For him alone her bosom heaved the sigh;
Beauty, grace, nudity woke pity's ray,
And spite of courage, tenderness held sway;
Thus, till on verge of death, fate willed it so,
Neither the other's secret flame should know.
The animal amphibious, at the sight,
Mingling his jealousy with bitter spite,
Straight to attendants gave the signal dire
That doomed on stakes the couple to expire.

A voice that moment, like the thunder's shock,
Making the earth and airy regions rock,
Cried: "Hold each executioner his hand;
Empale them not." These words soon awed the band;
The lictors gazed around and then withdrew,
For 'neath the gate a churchman struck their view;
Saint Francis' girdle and the frock he'd on,
'Neath which appeared the friar Grisbourdon.

Thus, when a hound within the neighboring wood,
Reared for the chase, with nose both staunch and good,
Scents the fleet hart that courses o'er the lawn,
Roused by the echo of the bugle horn,
The dog runs lightly on the course intent,
Sees not the game, but follows by the scent,
Leaps the wide ditch and clears the hedge by force,
No other stag can then avert its course:
So did the worthless monk of Francis steer,
Supported by the beastly muleteer,
And followed maiden Joan where'er she hied,
Pursuing still — fatigue the monk defied.

Arriving thus, he cried: "Hermaphrodix,
In Satan's name, and by the flood of Styx,
By demon, ranked thy sire; by psalter lore
Of the nun Alix, who thy person bore,
Save her who hath my vows and plighted troth;
Behold me, I am come to ransom both.

So if this hero and this maid unskilled
Have not with thee their duty well fulfilled,
I will myself assume the place of two,
And prove at once what feats a monk can do.
Nay more, this famous animal you see,
This mule, so aptly formed to carry me,
Henceforth he's thine, for thee the beast was made;
Like monk, like mule, both follow the same trade.[33]
Command that straight the guard be sent away,
Let him be freed, young Joan shall be our prey;
She is the price — we both demand no more
Than that rare beauty whom our hearts adore."

Joan shuddering, listened to a theme so fell;
Her holy faith, her cherished virgin spell,
Those thrills which love and grandeur's powers
impart,
Were, than her life, far dearer to her heart,
And saint's protecting grace, of gifts the best,
Warring 'gainst handsome Dunois in her breast;
She weeping, to high heaven her pangs disclosed,
And blushed, that naked she was thus exposed;
From time to time her eyelids shut would be,
Naught seeing, she believed that none could see.[34]

Good Dunois' breast was rent with keen despair;
" What," he exclaimed, " and shall a maid so rare,
Shall this unhooded monk enjoy my Joan,
Shall lecher vile our gracious sire dethrone?

Must all things to his hell-fraught charm obey,
Whilst I discreet and guarded to this day,
My fervid love have never dared impart,
Veiling with modesty my burning heart?"

Of Grisbourdon the offer thus polite,
On senses five of the infernal sprite,
A good effect produced; he calmed his ire,
And well content, exclaimed: "'Tis my desire
That you and mule to-night both ready be;[35]
I pardon — set these French at liberty."

The monk in gray possessed good Jacob's wand;
The ring that graced of Solomon the hand;
His clavicule and famous switch enchanted,
To Pharaoh's necromancing sages granted;[36]
And that some besom whereon rode of old
The toothless sorceress of Saul the bold,
When, to that Prince, of prudence the neglector,
At Endor she produced from grave a spectre:
Our Cordelier as wise, a circle traced,
On rump of mulish beast some dust then placed,
Pronouncing words with wond'rous magic fraught,
Which to the Persians, Zoroaster taught.[37]

At these dread sounds, commanding, full of evil,
And uttered in the language of the devil,
Our mule upon his hindmost legs uprose;
His oblong head a longer semblance chose,
His stiff black hair more soft and short became,

But 'neath his cap his ears were still the same.
So anciently that emperor so grand,[38]
Whose proud obduracy, by God's command,
Was punished by condemning him to pass
Seven years an ox, and feed upon the grass;
Yet when the guise of man anew he bore,
He proved no better than he was before.

From the celestial vault, the azure sky,
Denis beheld, with a parental eye,
Of maiden Joan the sad and piteous plight,
He fain from heaven had winged to earth his flight;
But troubled was the Saint and full of care,
His journey thither proved a bad affair;
Bold George, of England [39] was the Patron Saint,
'Gainst Mister Denis he had lodged complaint,
Alleging, that without permission he
Had warred 'gainst Albion's race, most cruelly.

'Twixt Denis and Saint George high words arose,
Spurred to the quick they almost went to blows;
With British Saints there is I know not what,
A something insular, bold, fiery, hot.[40]
The nature of our soil holds strong control,
In vain may rest in Paradise the soul,
All is not pure, provincial twangs will reign,
Although we join a prince's courtly train.

But now I'll pause — my reader, 'tis high time,
Much have I still to say, and that in rhyme:

My breath is short, and yet I ought to tell
This wondrous business, and what more befell,
How Joan the dreadful peril 'scaped at last,
How all unravelled was, and what then passed
In hell, on earth, and in heaven's concave vast.

END OF CANTO IV.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

[1] The title of archbishop was altogether unknown in the primitive ages of the Church, but subsequently invented by the humility of our reverend pastors, who, after elevating themselves on the backs of the profane, sought to rise by degrees on the backs of one another, in order to be the better enabled to peep into the hidden mysteries of their calling.

[2] The Jansenists, who were a very intractable sect, were followers of the tenets of Cornelius Jansenius, bishop of Ypres, who held Saint Augustin's opinion concerning grace, and were strenuous opposers of the Jesuits. *See Note 29 to the third Canto.*

[3] It is to be hoped that our poet did not intend a sarcasm when alluding to cuckoldom, since many renowned men in history have enjoyed that honorable dignity, not to make mention of the myriads who have been cornuted, never dreaming of the branches sprouting from their brows. Lucullus, Cæsar, Pompeius, Antonius, Cato, and other brave men were cuckolds, without raising the least disturbance; there was only one stupid fellow, named Lepidus, father of the Triumvir, who died of grief, as we are told by Plutarch, when he states that his illness was not so much the effect of the ruin of his affairs, as the agony which he experienced on account of a letter falling into his hands, whereby the infidelity of his wife was made manifest.

[4] Concerning the Fregona of the Italians, Burchard, Bishop of Worms, says, in his *Decret. lib.* XIX. *"Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent, ut faceres quoddam Molimen aut machinamentum in modum virilis membri ad mensuram tuæ voluntatis."* It is thus our venerable author desires that all such as go to confession may be interrogated

upon this subject. In *"Le Cabinet Satirique, ou Recueil de Vers piquans et gaillards,"* will be found a poem upon this topic, containing as follows:

> Ceux de velour ne coulent pas,
> Ceux de satin deviennent gras,
> Et sont rudes à la couture;
> Et ceux de verre en leur chaleur,
> S'il se cassait par un malheur,
> Vous pourraient blesser la nature.

[5] Clairvaux, Clervaux, or Clara Vallis, founded by Robert de Molesme, was one of the most celebrated and beautiful monasteries in France, situated in Champaigne, at two leagues from Bar-sur-Aube, in a prolific valley, surrounded by woods and mountains. Clairvaux was chief monastery of the fraternity of Citeaux, which was founded by Saint Bernard in 1115. This abbey was renowned for the famous tun bearing the name of the Saint and containing eight hundred barrels of liquor, which, when full, was very justly esteemed the most valuable appendage of the institution.

[6] Fontevraux. *See Note 49 to the third Canto.*

[7] The name of Fonkinar and those which follow in the above lines, are supposed to be mere effusions of the poet's brain; for, although he attaches a certain Italian *penchant* (not over delicate) to the above-mentioned Hibernian, and equally brands Midarblou and Bartonay with peccadilloes of a different description, yet it does not appear from any traditionary tale handed down to us that our author intended to satirize any particular personages that figured at the period of his composing the *"Pucelle."*

[8] Every good Catholic should be in that credulous state of simplicity which disposes him to believe without examination the most improbable things upon the mere *ipse dixit* of his spiritual advisers, who are evidently incapable of deceiving themselves, and therefore, it may be supposed, less given to delude others, which would certainly be extremely improper and very unpardonable.

[9] The Tower of Babel, a word signifying confusion, built in a plain in the land of Shinar, was erected, according as we are taught to believe, one hundred and twenty years after the universal deluge. Flavius Josephus states it to have been constructed by Nemrod or Nimrod. A very judicious personage, one Augustin Calmet, of Benedictine celebrity, who flourished in the eighteenth century, has gravely handed down to us a profile of this same tower, at the period when it was raised to the eleventh story, and has ornamented his dictionary with numerous engravings of a similar description, after documents, no doubt, of equal authenticity. A book of Jaleus, the learned Jew, computes that the Tower of Babel was twenty-seven thousand paces in height, which was in all human probability its precise altitude; and it is said that many travellers have seen the remains of this structure.

Alexander Eutychius, a saintly patriarch, who flourished in the sixth century, assures us in his annals that seventy-two men built this tower: it was, as is universally known, the period of the confusion of tongues, prior to which, according to the famous George Becanus, the Flemish writer, High Dutch was the language which Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise, a fact proved to demonstration by the author in question.

The Tower of Babel may be regarded as a parable or allegory, under which the Bible, to all appearance, intended a prophetic designation of theology, thereby wishing us to understand that all those who seek to place themselves on an equality with the deity and reason upon the divine essence, would prove as comprehensible as a Hottentot to an Englishman or a Bonze of the East to a Lapland hunter.

[10] Joan from this epoch directed nearly all the attacks which were made, and early on the morning of the ensuing day, awaking suddenly from her sleep with a start, she forthwith summoned Daulon, exclaiming, to use her own words as handed down to us by the historians of her time: *"En nom de Dieu, mon conseil m'a dit que je vaisse contre les Anglais; où sont ceux qui me doivent armer?*

Car le sang de nos gens coule par terre." In the name of God, my counsel has told me that I should go against the English; where are those that should arm me? For the blood of our people flows on the ground.

[11] It must be remembered that at the battle of Zama between Publius Scipio and Hannibal, there were French troops who, according to Polybius, served in the Carthaginian army. This writer, who was a friend and contemporary of Scipio, states that the number was equal on both sides; Chevalier de Folard, however, differs in opinion, maintaining that Scipio attacked in columns; whereas it appears that such could not have been the case, since Polybius affirms that the troops fought hand to hand: upon this point therefore, we must be guided by the learned in forming any positive determination.

It may be requisite to remark that Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia had fifty-five thousand men; whereas Cæsar commanded but twenty-two thousand; the carnage was dreadful and terminated by the latter defeating the former after a most obstinate battle. This conflict decided the fate of the Roman republic, by placing at the disposal of the favorite and minion of Nicomedes, Greece, Asia Minor, Italy, Gaul, Spain, etc.

The ultimate consequences of this sanguinary struggle were, however, far more eventful than what followed this petty conflict of our maiden Joan; but in short, it was Joan, it was the *Pucelle* of Arc; let us therefore take it kindly on the part of our poet, his thus comparing the exploits of this illustrious maiden to those of Cæsar, who certainly was not in possession of his pudicity. Did not those reverend fathers the Jesuits compare Saint Ignatius to Cæsar and Saint Francis Xavier to Alexander the Great? They just bore the self-same resemblance as the twenty-four old blind men of Pascal did to the twenty-four aged personages in the Apocalypse.

[12] At the battle of Malplaquet, twenty-eight thousand seven hundred men measured their lengths, not upon the

plain, as stated by an historian, but in the mud and carnage; they were counted by the Marquis of Crevecœur, aide-de-camp to Marshal Villars, charged with the care of burying the dead.— *Siècle de Louis XIV., A. D.* 1709.

Malplaquet is a village of the Low Countries in Hainault, near which was fought this famous battle, gained over the French forces by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough.

[13] We are informed in holy writ that Michael, the archangel, fought at the head of the good spirits against the bad, whom he precipitated into hell; and that he had a contest with the devil concerning the body of Moses.

[14] Our profound author apparently gives the appellation of Persians to the soldiers of Sennacherib, who were Assyrians, because the Persians for a long period held dominion in Assyria; but it is a known fact that the Angel of the Most High killed with his own hand one hundred and eighty-five thousand soldiers of the army of Sennacherib, who had had the temerity to march against Jerusalem; and who, on beholding these dead bodies, thought fit to retrace his steps and march back again. All this came to pass in the year of the world 3293, as we are informed; notwithstanding which, many learned personages pretend that this occurrence in the scale of wonders was effected in the year 3296; we believe in this last-mentioned statement, as will afterwards be demonstrated.

[15] These lines appear to be an imitation of Homer; Milton also causes the destinies of men to be weighed in the sign of Libra or the Scales.

[16] Alluding to the opinions disseminated throughout the works of Quesnel, a priest of the Oratory. *See Note* 45 *to the third Canto.*

[17] Aurora Konigsmark was the mistress of Frederick Augustus the First, King of Poland, who joined Russia and Denmark against Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden; and was for some time successful, but at length

fortune changing, Charles took Warsaw and defeated Augustus at the battle of Clissow. The lady here adverted to by our poet was mother of the celebrated Count de Saxe.

[18] Robert d'Arbrissel, founder of the famous order of Fontevraux, in the year 1100, converted at one stroke, as we are very gravely informed, by preaching a single sermon, all the prostitutes of the city of Rouen. This enthusiast imposed upon himself a new species of martyrdom, which was to lie every night between two young nuns in order to cheat the devil by conquering the workings of the flesh; but whether Satan returned the compliment or not, monkish legends do not inform us; of this, however, we may rest assured, that Robert could have been no friend to the Salique law, since he created a female Abbot, General of the Monks and Nuns of his renowned institution. *See Note 49 to the third Canto.*

[19] How far the carnal appetites of Benedictine friars may be justly delineated by our poet, I will not take upon myself to determine; but if one may be permitted to judge of their fleshly lusts from the boundless ambition and love of riches evinced by their order, notwithstanding the humility laid down in the rules of its founder, Saint Benet, they were certainly no flinchers in regard to incontinence; for we find upon record that the monastery of Mount Cassin, which was founded by Saint Benet himself on the ruins of a Pagan temple, possessed no less than four bishoprics, two dukedoms, twenty counties, thirty-six cities, two hundred castles, three hundred territories, one hundred and ninety-five villages, three hundred and six farms, twenty-three seaports, thirty-three islands, two hundred mills, and one thousand six hundred and sixty-two churches. This was renouncing the world and all its vanities with a vengeance; and by way of finale in Prosper Stellatius' "History of Monastical Rules" may be found a Title of the Abbots of Mount Cassin, wherein are perfectly well expressed the six degrees of humility, which follow verbatim according to my authority. *See Pros. Stell. de Monast. Cassin, fol. 404.*

Tituli Abbatis Monasterii Cassinensis.
Patriarchæ Sacræ Religionis; Abbas Sacri Monasterii Cassinensis; Dux et Prince psomnium Abbatum et Religiosorum: Vice-Cancellarius Regnorum utriusque Siciliæ, Hierusalem et Hungariæ: Comes et Rector Campaniæ, Terræ Laboris, Maritiruæque Provinciæ: Vice-Imperator et Princeps Pacis.

1, Patriarch of the Sacred Religion; 2, Abbot of the Sacred Monastery of Cassin; 3, Duke and Prince of all Abbots and Religious; 4, Vice-Chancellor of the Kingdoms of both the Sicilies, of Jerusalem and Hungary; 5, Count, Governor of Campania and Ferrara de Lavoro, and of the Maritime Province; and 6, Vice-Emperor, and the Prince of Peace.

[20] Hermaphrodix, in this respect, was altogether unlike Hermaphroditus, the son of Venus and Mercury, who, on arriving at Caria, bathed himself in a fountain; when the nymph presiding over it became enamored of his beauty and sought to seduce him, which he refusing, they were, at her entreaty, changed into one body by the gods.

[21] According to Plato, man was originally formed of the two sexes; Adam appeared as such to the devout Bourignon and her preceptor, Abbadie. Antoinette Bourignon, a celebrated fanatic, was born at Lisle in 1616: she took the habit of Saint Augustin and became the head of a religious society in that city; but some of her nuns, filled with enthusiasm, either believed or pretended that they were possessed, which occasioned so much noise that she removed to Amsterdam and gained many proselytes, particularly one de Cost, a man of considerable property, who left her an estate. She published a book, entitled "The Light of the World," wherein she maintained that Christianity does not consist in faith or practice, but in an inward feeling and supernatural impulse: she wrote many works in support of this doctrine and gained numerous followers; and after rambling from place to place in order to disseminate

these opinions, died at Franeker, in the Low Countries, in 1680.

[22] A fabulous nation of Africa beyond the Nasamones, every one of whom bore the characteristics of the male and female sexes; one of their breasts being that of the man and the other that of a woman.—*Lucret. Plin.* vii. *c.* 2.

[23] Our poet was in the habit of saying that he only knew of three Bernards, the first of whom was the Saint so called, the second Gentil Bernard, a poet and operatic writer, who was the author of Castor and Pollux, and an admired Ode upon Friendship, sung at the French Opera and esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre;* and lastly, our Sam Bernard, a banker of the period of Voltaire, who, if not adorned with the lineaments of an Adonis, as appears probable from the above line, was so overburdened with wealth as to be incapable of appreciating himself the extent of his immense riches.

[24] The Queen of Sheba paid a visit to Solomon, by whom she had a son, who was most assuredly of the branch of the kings of Ethiopia, a fact incontestibly proved. It is not known what became of the progeny of Alexander and Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, who, accompanied by three hundred women, performed a journey of thirty-five days in order to meet Alexander in his Asiatic conquests, that she might raise up children by a man whose name was so universally known and whose courage was so uncommon.

[25] "Le boudoir est à la toilette ce que le champ de bataille est à l'arsenal;" so says *"Le Dictionnaire de la Cour,"* and such proved the effect upon our gallant Dunois, who fell, on beholding his mistress, "never to rise again."

[26] Referring to the famous Cleopatra, sister of Ptolemy Dionysius, so renowned for her intrigues with Mark Antony and other celebrated characters.

[27] We cannot pretend to determine, whether Voltaire was present at the inauguration of an abbot of Clairvaux, but

of this we are assured, that in such case he might have quoted the following lines:

> ——— Oh! 'tis glorious mischief
> When Vice turns holy, puts Religion on,
> Assumes the role pontifical, the eye
> Of saintly elevation blesseth sin,
> And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
> A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
> That hell would shrink to own.
>
> GUSTAVUS VASA.

[28] For the numerous intrigues of Jupiter, consult the Fabulous Pantheon.

[29] Ganymedes, a beautiful youth of Phrygia, son of Tros, and brother to Ilus and Assaracus, who was taken up to heaven by Jupiter as he was hunting or tending his father's flocks upon Mount Ida, and became the cup-bearer of the gods in the place of Hebe; some historians assert that he was carried away by an eagle in order to satisfy the shameful and unnatural desires of Jupiter, to which latter suggestion Voltaire alludes in the above line.

[30] Dunois' situation with Madame Hermaphrodix brings forcibly to our recollection what we are told of the situation of a certain abbé, who vainly endeavored to offer his amours at the shrine of the notorious Donna Olympia's beauty; whereupon she exclaimed, *"Fate qualche cosa, Signor Abate, sarà Cardinale:"* whereto the tormented and worn-out abbé replied in a rage: *"Per Dio quanda sarei Papa non si puofar piu."*

[31] This box on the ear, so lustily dealt by our Joan on the visage of Hermaphrodix, reminds us of the conduct which she adopted towards the Duchess of Bedford, after being made prisoner and delivered over to the English, upon which occasion we find that the virgin state of Joan being avouched to the Duchess, she gave orders to the guards that no violence should thenceforth be used towards her; the princess, however, sought in vain to make her resume the female attire, for which purpose she had

caused a tailor to prepare for her a complete woman's habiliment; but in these endeavors the Duchess proving strenuous, and having gently placed her hand upon Joan in the act of persuasion, the latter, conceiving her modesty wounded, raised her fist and gave the Duchess a hearty slap on the face.—*Extracted from a MS. of the time in the Royal Library.* The *"Pucelle,"* however, was not singular in this predilection, since we find that Peter the Great was a famous advocate for ear-boxing, as, upon consulting the private anecdotes of his life, it is astonishing what countless blows he daily dispensed to his courtiers and officers; but this was an imperial custom, and the subjects of the czar conceived themselves honored by its application; Le Blond, the French architect, however, whom Peter had invited to Russia, having received a blow from the emperor on account of a false report which had been made by the envious favorite Menzikoff, the architect, yielding to despair at this affront, was seized with a fever which terminated his existence.

[32] May not our poet have intended an allusion to Frederick, king of Prussia, who certainly ranked as a royal author, and whose propensities are reported to have been somewhat singular; added to which, the quarrel between that monarch and our satirist might have instigated this sarcasm. It affords no feasible argument to state that the *"Pucelle"* was commenced in 1730, at which period Frederick was only eighteen years of age; for the poem was not published until 1755, after which epoch the numberless editions that appeared were replete with emendations, corrections, and additional lines, introduced to gratify the playful tenor of our author's mind.

[33] Par nobile fratrum.

[34] It has frequently been a matter of dispute, in case a modest woman was discovered by one of the opposite sex *in puris naturalibus,* to what use she would apply her hands; a point now rendered clear from the action of our

Joan, as there can be no doubt but her hands would be instinctively raised to cover her eyes.

[35] Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.—HORACE.

[36] Jugglers have the wand of Jacob, and magicians the books of Solomon, entitled *"Clavicule,"* or the Ring and the Key. The counsellors of the king and the sorcerers at the court of Pharaoh, who performed the same prodigies as Moses, were denominated Jannes or Mambres, being Egyptian magicians, who presented themselves to oppose the supernatural agency of the Israelitish leader. As to the name of the Pythoness of Endor, who invoked the shade of Samuel, it remains to the present day unknown; but we are perfectly aware of what a shadow is, and that this female had the spirit of a Pythoness. The author of *"Magia Adamica"* endeavors to prove the learning of the ancient magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in Paradise before the fall; wherefore Butler, adverting to this subject, says:

> Whose primitive tradition reaches
> As far as Adam's first green breeches.

[37] Zoroaster, king of Bactria, who lived long antecedent to the Trojan war, is supposed to have been the inventor of magic and the doctrines of the magi as well as to have made great researches in astronomy; he was consequently as notorious a necromancer and magician as Albert the Great, Roger Bacon, and our right reverend Father Roch Grisbourdon.

[38] Nebuchadnezzar besieged and took Jerusalem and loaded with irons Joachim, king of Judah, whom he sent prisoner to Babylon in the year of the world 3429. This monarch is reported to have had a vision which totally escaped his memory, so that neither the magicians, astrologers, nor wise men were able to divine it; in consequence of which, an officer of his household named Arioch, received orders to cause them to be put to death. The youthful Daniel at length found out this dream and

explained it to the monarch; some time after which, Nebuchadnezzar caused a colossal statue of pure gold to be raised, sixty cubits in height and six in width, which he commanded all his subjects assembled to adore at the sound of horn, trumpet, harp, sackbut, and psalter; and on refusal of compliance being made by Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego, young Jews, and the companions of Daniel, the King commanded them to be thrown into a furnace, which was heated upon that particular occasion seven times hotter than usual; from whence, however, they came forth hale and hearty. After this Nebuchadnezzar dreamed a second time, that he beheld a flourishing and tall tree, whose summit touched the heavens, and that the birds inhabited its branches: a saint then descended and cried "Cut down the tree and lop its branches." Daniel again explained this vision, predicting to the King, that he would be driven from the haunts of men; that during seven years his habitation would be with wild beasts, that he should crop the herb with the oxen, until the hairs upon his body were like the coat of the eagle, and his nails as the talons of birds; which happened accordingly. Tertullian and Saint Austin state, that Nebuchadnezzar imagined himself to be an ox from the effect of a disease called lycanthropy; at the expiration of seven years this monarch recovered his reason and remounted his throne; but lived only one year after such restoration to sanity; which transient period he however, so well employed, that Saints Augustine, Jerome, Epiphany, Theodoret, et al. quoted by Pererius, affirm he stood in a very fair way of enjoying salvation.

[39] We must not confound George, the patron of England, with Saint George, the monk, who was massacred for having fomented the populace to rise against the emperor Zeno. Our George is the Cappadocian Saint, and a colonel in the service of Diocletian, who became, as we are told in legends, a martyr in Persia, at a city called Diospolus; but as the Persians have no city so called, the spot of his martyrdom has been shifted to Mitylene, in Armenia; now it so happens that there is no more a Mitylene in Armenia than

a Diospolus in Persia; be this, however, as it may, one fact is incontestable, viz., that Saint George was a colonel of cavalry, since he still retains his palfrey in the stables of Paradise.

[40] The following Epigram, which is, I believe, falsely attributed to Voltaire, might well illustrate this hit at the English character:

Fier et bizarre Anglais! qui des mêmes couteaux
Coupez la tête aux rois et la queue aux chevaux;
Nous Français, plus humains, laissons aux rois leurs têtes
Et la queue à nos bêtes.

Ferocious English, with the selfsame knife
Cut horses' tails, and rob their king of life;
While Frenchmen, more enlightened, never fail
To leave each king his head, each horse his tail.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

GRISBOURDON THE CORDELIER, WHO SOUGHT TO VIOLATE JOAN, IS JUSTLY CONSIGNED TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS, WHERE HE DETAILS HIS ADVENTURE TO THE DEMONS.

Oh, let us keep the Christian path in view!
Believe me, friends, we should that track pursue;
Each must at length his bounden duty own;
As for myself, in youth my mind was prone
To sin; and oft I flew the dance to grace,
Ne'er casting thought upon a sainted place;
Supping and sleeping with the nymphs of love,
And mocking those who serve the power above.
What happens then? Death, flat-nosed Death uprears
His murderous scythe, and to the view appears;
Thus visiting, at length, our free-born wits,
Whom fever changeful, shakes with varied fits:
Bailiff of Atropos,[1] of Styx the child,
Thou rulest their scanty brains, of sense beguiled,
While near the bed's head nurse and lawyer stay,
Crying, 'tis time, poor friend, thou must away;
Where would'st thou after death thy bones should lay?

As tardy issues the repentant breath,
Still lingering to proclaim its wish in death;
Some to his aid Saint Roch,[2] Saint Martin,[3] call;
Another prays Mitouche [4] to end his thrall;
Some psalmody, some drawl the Latin strain,
Sprinkle with holy water, but in vain;
At bed's foot crouching, the infernal sprite,
With open claws, awaits the soul's dread flight
Which, once escaped, its airy course entraps,
And in the passage, trembling spirit snaps;[5]
Then bears it to the depths profound of hell,
Fit region formed for souls perverse to dwell.

'Tis time, dear reader, I should now record
How Satan,[6] of infernal realms the lord,
To all his vassals banquet gave in state;
'Twas at his mansion house a hellish fete.
A vast recruiting had of late been made,
And demons quaffed to brethren of the trade;
A pope and cardinal well stored in paunch,
A northern king, and fourteen prebends staunch,
Intendants three, and lazy monks a score,
Trios of counsellors to swell the store,
All fresh arrived from playing mundane games,
Escheated thus to hell's eternal flames.
The horned chief his black imps' shouting hears,
And yields to mirth, surrounded by his peers;
They quaff infernal nectar half-seas o'er,
And songs in praise of drinking loudly roar;
When, at the gate a sudden cry is heard:

" Good day — arrived — what here!"— was straight
the word,
"Brothers, 'tis he, great envoy from our realm;
'Tis Grisbourdon, sworn pilot of our helm —
Come in, right welcome to our roasting fire."
Then arm in arm they seize the monkish sire,
Arch-Satan's doctor, Grisbourdon renowned,
Son and apostate of the devil crowned;
In twinkling of an eye, embraced by all,
He gains the festive board of Moloch's hall.[7]

Satan arising, cried: " O hell-born child!
Pride of all debauchees, by sin defiled,
Thus soon I did not think thy face to see;
On earth thy presence useful was to me:
Than thou none better could my realms advance,
Through thee my luminary reigned in France;
For, while in Gallia, thou gavest sin full scope:
To view thee here extinguishes my hope;
But fate's puissant will we can't command,
So drink, and set thyself at my right hand."

The monk, o'ercome by saintly tremor dire,
Kissed the sharp talons of his dreaded sire;
Then bent his saddened gaze on depths profound,
Where naught but flames illumed the vasty round:
Dire realms of fire, wherein forever rest
Death, crimes, and those by torments fell oppressed;
Eternal throne, where sits the unclean sprite

Dooming the world to sad and endless night,
Entombing hoar antiquity so sage,
Love, talent, wit, grace, beauty, every age,
That crowd unnumbered and immortal crew,
True heaven-born race, O Satan! made for you.
Reader, thou knowest that in this fiery place
The best of kings share pangs with tyrant race:
Here Antoninus,[8] Marc Aurelius,[9] roast;
And matchless Trajan [10] of all kings the boast;
The gentle Titus,[11] by mankind revered;
Two Catos,[12] who as plagues of vice appeared;[13]
That Scipio,[14] who his courage could subdue,
That conquèred Love and with it Carthage too;
Divinest Homer; Plato, sage, thy toil,
With Ciceronian eloquence, must broil;
Pure Socrates, true son of Wisdom's reign,
The great God's martyr in his Greece profane;
Aristides,[15] thy justice has no plea;
Thy virtues, Solon,[16] prove no shield for thee;
All, all alike to burning climes are sent,
Because they never to Confession went.[17]

But that which Grisbourdon astounded most,
Was to behold, amid this impish host,
Some certain saints and kings whose names we trace
Emblazoning history, whom legends grace.
First of this number, Clovis met his eyes;[18]
Reader, methinks I view thy fell surprise.
That king, by subjects deemed devoid of vice,

And on the road to sainted Paradise,
Could not enjoy salvation which he taught.
Ah! who could think a king, so early fraught
With sacred Christian knowledge, e'er should be
With pagans damned to all eternity?
But, reader, thou wilt call to mind, I'm sure,
That being washed in font with water pure
Cannot from soul corrupt efface the stain,
And Clovis was so linked in vice's chain,
Within his breast a heart so direful beat,
Of bloody deeds inhuman 'twas the seat;
Therefore Saint Remi [19] strove to cleanse in vain
From Gallia's king the black and gangrened strain.

Among these great, these monarchs of the world,
Within hell's gulf illimitable hurled,
Appeared famed Constantine,[20] at sight of whom
Our monk in gray, astounded at his doom,
Exclaimed aloud: "O hard, O cruel fate!
Can this be true? what he! who shone so great!
This hero, who first made the world obey
The Christian creed, and chased false gods away!
Is he alike subdued to Satan's yoke?"
When lo! the monk, thus Constantine bespoke:
"The worship of false gods I overturned,
And on the ruins of their temples burned
Incense to God above, with hand profuse;
But in such show external, where's the use?
My cares for the Supreme, though none could see,
Were not for heaven, they centred all in me;

In my esteem, the sacred altars shone
As footsteps to ascend great Cæsar's throne;
Ambition, madness, mundane joys, I made
My gods, to whom due deference I paid;
Intrigues of Christians, with their blood and gold,
Secured my fortunes, and my rank enrolled:
To guard this throne, so idolized through life,
I murdered next the father of my wife;
In blood and pleasures plunged, my jealous mind,
Where fury, weakness, cruelty combined,
With love quite drunk, and to distrust a prey,
Hurried to death my queen and son away;
So, Grisbourdon, no more astonished be,
That Constantine should prove as damned as thee."

Still more and more our Cordelier admires
The secrets veiled in Pandemonium's [21] fires;
He views on all sides learned preachers there,
Doctors, and those who filled the casuist's chair,[22]
Right wealthy prelates, bigot monks of Spain,
Italian nuns,[23] and, to increase the train,
Of every king the confessor was seen;
Ghostly advisers of the fair I ween,
Whose Paradise mid mundane joys was passed
In dormitory somewhat overcast.
He next perceives enrobed, half black and white,
A monkish form, whose hair appeared to sight
A circle raised; but when his pious mien,
By fierceness marked, our Cordelier [24] had seen,
He, laughing, could no more his thoughts keep in,

But softly said: " This man's a Jacobin."
Then sudden cried: " Thy name I fain would learn."
When melancholy thus the shade in turn
Replied: " On earth my monkish tricks are done,
Alas! thou seest Saint Dominic,[25] my son."

Our Cordelier some paces back retired,
To hear this name august, on earth admired;
Then crossed himself, for he could not believe:
"How!" he exclaimed, "and shall this gulf receive
A saint, a doctor, and apostle too?
Thou, great promoter of the monkish crew,
Preacher evangelic, inspired by God,
Bendest thou, like heretic, 'fore Satan's rod?
Then surely, grace must here defective prove,
Poor mortals, how ye are deceived above;
Go, and perform each ceremony quaint,
And chant fresh litanies to every saint."

Whereto replied, with feelings on the rack,
Our dolorous Spaniard, clothed in white and black:
" Let's think no more of all vain men can say,
Leave them in error 'mid their stormy way;
Cursed and tormented here, why care a jot
For psalms and praises sung where we are not?
Thus many boast on earth a chapel bright,
Who roasted are in these sad realms of night;
While, with impunity by men are cursed
Victims on earth who rank in heaven the first.
For me, I stand among the damned race,

Too justly racked for filling hangman's place,
When harmless Albigenses, at my word,
Fell victims to relentless fire and sword;
I ne'er was sent to doom mankind to die,
Wherefore, I'm broiled for making others fry."

O! were I gifted with an iron tongue,
In ceaseless motion, still would ne'er be sung,
Dear friend, the number of those saints who roam
In realms of hell, their everlasting home.

When roasted cohorts of the damned below
Had taught Saint Francis' able son to know
The varied honors of their region fell,
Each *viva voce* cried, with boisterous yell:
" Dear Grisbourdon, anon the chance relate
Which thus hath made thee partner of our fate;
Retail the deed that hurled thy hardened sprite
Thus fathoms deep, amid chaotic night."
" Sirs," he replied, " there's no concealment now,
Freely my strange adventures I'll avow,
Which may, at first, awake your wondering thought;
But with no falsehood shall my tale be fraught;
No tax for imposition here I dread,
Men cease to lie, as soon as they are dead.

" I was on earth, as your apostle knows,
And, for your honor and my robe, I chose
A round of gallant love exploits to see,
As ere monk acted when from convent free.

The noted animal, my muleteer,
O wondrous man! in all things my compeer,
Who, staunch to duty, gave his powers such scope
As to surpass Hermaphrodix's hope;
I, without vanity, had strove amain
This female monster's plaudits to obtain,
So with our efforts charmed was Alix' heir,
Who, as agreed, straight yielded Joan the fair.
Joan, the rebellious, Joan of naught afraid,
Was soon to lose the envied name of maid;
Already circled in my nervous arms,
She struggled stoutly for her virgin charms,
The muleteer beneath our damsel pinned,
Hermaphrodix the while malicious grinned.

"But, will ye credence to my story yield,
The air opened wide, when from that azure field
Called Heaven — (a place which neither you nor I
Shall ever see, ye know the reason why)
I saw descend — O miracle most dread!
That beast who carries monstrous ears on head,
Which Balaam [26] bespoke in ancient time,
When Balaam the mountain's steep would climb:
How terrible this ass! whose saddle made
Of choicest velvet, on the bow displayed
A scimitar, whose edges twain cut keen;
On either shoulder spreading wing was seen,
With which in speed he could the winds outvie.
Joan then exclaimed, with loud and piercing cry:
'Praised be the Lord, my charming ass is here!'

These words, like lightning, pierced my soul with fear.
The beast to earth its fore-knees crouches quick,
While tail and ears in upright posture stick,
As if he'd say: 'Come, Dunois, take thy seat.'
Dunois obeys anon; the jackass fleet
Flies ambling o'er our heads, till poised I see
Dunois prepare the deadly glave for me,
Poor sinful wretch; then downward pounced the knight;
Dear Beelzebub, my prince, just such a flight
Methinks Saint Michael [27] took when thou had'st waged
Impudent war, and Jove's fell bolts engaged;
'Twas then the angel scourged thine impious leaven,
Avenging wrongs which thou had'st heaped on heaven.

"Thus forced my threatened carcase to defend,
I courted magic as my surest friend.
Of nervous Cordelier I cast aside
The full black eyebrow, visage marked with pride;
Assuming lovely form of beauty's queen,
Soft, tender, innocent, of blooming mien,
Tresses of flaxen hue adorned my breast;
My ivory skin a gauze transparent pressed,
Through which appeared, the warrior to deceive,
A bosom thrilled by love's convulsive heave;
All graces of the female sex were mine,
I strove to give my look a glance divine;

All spoke that innocence which charms the view,
Ever deceiving as its wiles subdue.
Beneath this gloss a soft voluptuous air
Had caught the wisest sage within my snare;
I might have melted e'en the savage heart,
Since beauty I possessed, conjoined with art.
My knight incontinent confessed the charm,
One moment more, I'd fallen 'neath his arm;
For in his grasp upreared the glittering steel,
Now half descending, was my fate to seal,
And trembling Grisbourdon, with pallid hue,
Already thought his skull was cleft in two.

"Dunois beholds, is moved, his hand he stays:
Thus seen, Medusa's head in ancient days [28]
The gazer changed into the senseless rock;
But gallant Dunois felt far different shock,
For with his eyes, his soul confessed the thrall;
I saw the sword, so lately dreaded, fall.
I knew that Dunois in his bosom owned,
On viewing me, respect and love enthroned;
None then had thought my victory could fail;
But lo! here comes the worst part of my tale.

"The muleteer, who, urged by passion's flame,
Pressed in his arms of Joan the sturdy frame,
On viewing me so lovely, straight confessed
A new-born passion kindling in his breast.
Alas! my heart no thought had entertained,
That he by tender charms could be enchained —

A boorish mind inconstancy to own;
I was preferred, and straight he left alone
The Maid of Arc — a fatal fair for me:
No sooner Joan enjoyed her liberty,
When lo! her eye inquiring, so it chanced,
On Dunois' fallen broad-sword sudden glanced;
She seized the steel just as the faithless boor,
Leaving her heavenly charms, would mine secure;
And at that moment, aiming one back blow,
Severed the nape of neck, and laid me low.
Since that eventful time no news, alas!
Of cruel Joan I've heard, or flying ass,
Of Dunois, muleteer, Hermaphrodix: —
Oh grant, by our renowned infernal Styx,[29]
That fate retributive may doom the five
A hundred times to be empaled alive;
And that kind heaven which sounds the sinner's knell,
For my delight, may doom them all to hell!"
The monk, with spite, thus closed his tale of sin,
Whereat the fiends all joined in hearty grin.

END OF CANTO V.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

[1] Atropos, one of the Parcæ, daughters of Nox and Erebus: she is, according to the derivation of her name, inexorable and inflexible; and her duty among the three sisters was to cut the thread of life, without any regard to sex, age, or quality. The ancients represented her in a black veil, with a pair of scissors in her hand.

[2] Saint Roch was born of a noble family at Montpellier, towards the end of the thirteenth century, in the reign of Philip le Bel. Having lost his father and mother at twenty years of age, he journeyed to Rome, and in the course of his route employed himself in several cities through which he passed, by attending upon persons infected with the plague, which at that period caused great ravages; and this charitable occupation he also pursued on his arrival at Rome. On his return to France he was seized at Perouse with the same malady and compelled to quit the hospital and the city, that he might not spread the contagion; but being cured, he returned to Montpellier, where he died on the 16th of August, 1327. Invocations are offered to Saint Roch in case of a plague, which is also denominated Saint Roch's distemper. This personage, who is uniformly represented with his dog, as Saint Anthony is with a pig, etc., was much better known by the profound reverence paid to him by the unlettered multitude, than any accounts of his biographers, as no life of him appeared until a hundred and sixty years after his demise.

[3] Saint Martin was a native of Pannonia, born in 316; being bred to arms, he proved a real champion of the cross. He was particularly ardent in his zeal for the poor; and at one of the gates of the city of Amiens, gave half his cloak to a mendicant, not having another article to dispose of.

In fine, Martin was in every respect a saint, being the founder of a monastery, living like an anchoret, etc., and by way of miracle, we will annex one anecdote of his life, and so conclude his history: being in a village full of pagans, he sought to convert them and particularly exhorted them to cut down a tree which they held in great veneration; to this the pagans acceded, on condition that he would place himself under it; he agreed, when they proceeded to lop down the tree accordingly, which, bending on the side where Saint Martin stood, the pagans every moment awaited his being crushed to death; but the holy man having crossed himself, the tree immediately assumed an upright position and then fell in the direction of the unbelievers, many of whom would have been killed had they not sought for safety in a prompt retreat.

[4] Saint Mitouche, or Nitouche. *Faire la Sainte Nitouche* is to act the hypocrite, the bigot, or the saint; assuming an air of humility and appearing completely submissive, or affecting a simple and innocent exterior, counterfeiting the sage and the devotee.

[5] There is reason to believe that when Voltaire committed the above lines to paper, he called to mind those extraordinary and *outré* wood-cut engravings which accompany the very ancient editions of *"Le Savoir bien Vivre et Mourir,"* and other works of a similar description; the texts of which are copiously illustrated by rude engravings of that era, representing, at the scene above alluded to, a person at the point of death, from whose mouth issues a pygmy figure, intended to portray the liberated soul; to seize which, a hideous monster at the bed's foot, with outstretched eagle's talons, awaits to bear away the fleeting spirit.

[6] Satan is a word derived from the Chaldee, which conveys nearly the same signification as the Ariman of the Persians, the Typhon of the Egyptians, the Pluto of the Greeks, and the Devil of the Christians; but it is only the latter who portray him with horns. See vol. vii. *"De forma*

Diaboli," of R. B. Tambourini. Satan, so frequently employed in the New Testament to express the devil, signifies in the Hebrew tongue accuser or adversary.

[7] Moloch, the Saturn of the ancients, is described in holy writ as the god and idol of the Ammonites, on account of the infernal worship which was offered to him, by causing children to be consumed in the arms of the statue, after being heated for the purpose. Solomon had the weakness to dedicate a temple to this divinity on the Mount of Olives.

[8] Antoninus Titus, surnamed Pius, was adopted by the Emperor Adrian, to whom he succeeded. This prince was remarkable for all the virtues that can form a perfect statesman, philosopher, and king.

[9] Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, adopted son of the above, was surnamed the philosopher, and proved, like his predecessor, a pattern of every virtue.

[10] Trajan, by his great virtues, his private as well as public character, and his eminent services rendered to the empire both as an officer, a governor, and a consul, recommended him to the notice of Nerva, who solemnly adopted him as his son, invested him during his life-time with the imperial purple, and gave him the names of Cæsar and of Germanicus. The sounding titles of Optimus and the Father of his Country were very justly bestowed upon Trajan, who was equal to the greatest generals of antiquity, and endowed with every sentiment that ennobles the human heart; his affability was so great and his desire to listen to the just complaints of his subjects so well known, that his palace was distinguished by the inscription of The Public Palace.

[11] Titus Vespasianus, from having been abandoned and dissolute in the extreme, became a model of virtue on being raised to the throne; from which period he thought himself bound to become the father of his people, the guardian of virtue, and the patron of liberty; and Titus is,

perhaps, the only monarch who, when invested with uncontrollable power, abandoned those vices which, as a private individual, he had never ceased to gratify. To do good to his subjects was the sole ambition of Titus; and it was at the recollection of having rendered no service, or conferred no favor during one day, that he gave vent to this memorable exclamation: "My friends, I have lost a day."

[12] Marcus Porcius Cato, called Censorius, from his having exercised the office of censor, was remarkable for his temperance, the austerity of his virtue and his rigid adherence to justice. Cato was deemed so strict in his morals that Virgil makes him one of the judges of hell.

[13] Marcus Cato, surnamed Uticensis, from his death at Utica, was great grandson of the former, whom he resembled in every respect, and who, rather than fall into the power of the enslaver of his country, put a period to his existence after perusing Plato's treatise on the "Immortality of the Soul."

[14] Scipio, surnamed Africanus, was as conspicuous for his virtues and continence as he was renowned in the field of battle, where he defeated the great Hannibal, who, upon being asked by Scipio what rank he would have claimed had he proved the conqueror, the Carthaginian general replied: *"If I had conquered you, Scipio, I would call myself greater than the conqueror of Darius and the ally of the Tarentines."*

[15] Aristides was a celebrated Athenian, whose temperance and virtue procured him the surname of Just. It was from a sense of the inestimable qualities of this great man that, upon the representation of one of the tragedies of Æschylus, when in a sentence mention was made of moral goodness, the eyes of the audience were instantaneously turned from the actor to Aristides. This extraordinary character being once seated as judge when the plaintiff in his accusation mentioned the injuries his opponent had done to Aristides, "Mention the wrongs you have received," replied the

equitable Athenian: "I sit here as judge, and the lawsuit is yours and not mine."

[16] Solon, the celebrated lawgiver, and one of the seven wise men of Greece.

[17] Auricular confession is a very useful invention for the faithful, and above all commodious to the priests of the Roman church, as, through this medium, they become acquainted with family secrets, they are enabled to extract money from poltroons, to disturb domestic peace, and excite saintly revolutions whensoever necessity requires. In a country where the population will not go to confession the Church is deprived of a great portion of these sterling advantages. *See note to the twelfth Canto.*

[18] Clovis, surnamed the Great, founder of the French monarchy, was born in 467, and succeeded Childeric, his father, in 481. He was the first Christian king and was baptized at Rheims by Saint Remi in 496, at which ceremonial the Saint Ampoule was brought from heaven by a dove, while an angel was the bearer of the shield scattered with *fleur de lis* and the standard of the oriflamme; the monarch being at the same time gifted with the power of curing the evil. We ought to regard this damnation of Clovis and so many other crowned heads as a mere fiction of the poet. Nevertheless, speaking in a moral point of view, we must allow that Clovis might be punished for having caused the assassination of several of his princely neighbors, together with some of his relatives; actions which were certainly not over and above Christian-like.

[19] Very little is handed down to us in holy legends respecting the early life and actions of Saint Remi, who, on account of his virtues, as we are informed, was elevated to the Episcopal see of Rheims. One of his most celebrated actions was the conversion and baptism of Clovis, King of France. This saint enjoyed his bishopric for upwards of seventy years and lived to be nearly a hundred. He died the 13th of January, 533, although the Catholic church celebrates his festival on the first of October.

[20] Constantine the Great caused to be butchered Licinius, his brother-in-law, his nephew Licinien, aged twelve years, his father-in-law, Maximin, his son Crispus, who had gained him several battles, and his wife, Fausta. Constantine was at the same time the most ambitious, the most vain and the most voluptuous of men. Notwithstanding all of which he is reputed as having been a most staunch Catholic, although he expired in the Arian faith and was baptized at the font by an Arian bishop.

[21] Pandemonium, comprised of two Greek words signifying *all* and *a demon,* the great hall, or council chamber, of the fallen angels.

[22] Casuists are a class of theologians who apply themselves to the study of resolving difficulties and intricate cases of conscience by the rules of reason and Christianity. Of all the subtle followers of this branch of theology no one, perhaps, ever demonstrated more consummate experience than the reverend Father Sanchez, when he demands: *Utrum liceat extra vas naturale semen emittere? De altera fœmina cogitare in coitu cum sua uxore? Seminare consulto, separatim? Congredi cum uxore, sine spe seminandi? Impotentiæ, tactibus et illecebris opitulari? Se retrahere quando mulier seminavit? Virgam alibi intromittere, dum in vase debito semen effundat?* He discusses: *Utrum virgo Maria semen emiserit in copulatione cum Spiritu Sancto?* Many other topics of a nature equally interesting and erudite are to be found among the productions of Father Sanchez. Of casuists we may well say that they were spiritual algebraists, who knew how to calculate and reduce into equations the fooleries which a good Christian may be guilty of without creating too much anger in the Divinity.

[23] Nuns are holy maidens whose lives are devoted to fasting, prayer and penance, to insure which they are strictly guarded by monks and priests, who, not being eunuchs, frequently turn the bigotry of these sisters to their own profit; but as our poet particularizes Italian

nuns, it may not be unentertaining to give an idea of the bigotry of the ladies of that nation in the person of Saint Catherine of Siena, who, being very young, saw in a dream (according to her own relation) the founders of several religious orders, and among the rest our right reverend Saint Dominic of blazing celebrity. These personages, she states, exhorted her to choose a religion that might be most acceptable to heaven, upon which she ran to Dominic, entreating the religious habit of this order, which he granted. This vision so affected the young lady that she afterwards entered that order in direct opposition to the will of her parents, performing penances and drawing blood from her flesh with iron chains to rescue souls from purgatory. In the legend of Catherine we are told that the Son of the Most High frequently paid her visits, being accompanied by the Virgin, Mary Magdalén, Saints John, Paul, Dominic, etc., and that one day at the request of the Virgin Mary he took Catherine of Siena for his wife, giving her a golden ring set with precious gems, the above-named saints being witnesses of the ceremony. And, by way of finale to the legend of this dame, be it known that she one day requested her spouse to take from her side her own heart and replace it by another which should be pleasing to him. The divine bridegroom, unwilling to refuse her anything, made an incision in her left side and, plucking out her heart, left her for some days without any in her body, until, being at prayer in the church of the Dominicans at Siena, her Lord came holding a red shining heart, which he popped into the incision, saying: *My dear, I have taken from thee thy heart, according to thy desire. Here I give thee mine, by which thou shalt live.* This, together with innumerable other such feats, constituted the *passe-temps* of the newly wedded pair; at least Catherine has avouched it, and saints must be believed.

[24] The Cordeliers of the Franciscan order were always the most rooted enemies to the monks of Saint Dominic, known also by the name of Jacobins, from having first inhabited the house of one Jacques at Paris, but, according

to others, as having had their first residence in the rue Saint Jacques in that city.

[25] Gusman, otherwise called Saint Dominic, institutor of the order of Dominican Friars, was born at Calahorta, a city of Arragon, in 1170. His mother dreamed, when pregnant of him, that she bore a dog, others say, a wolf, carrying in its jaws a blazing torch with which the universe was put into a general state of conflagration — a presage too fatal of the sanguinary humor of this fanatic preacher and of the bloody massacres performed by him and his demoniac followers. Dominic was no great scholar, and being made canon of the church of Osimo, repaired to Rome in order to offer his services to Pope Clement the Third for the extirpation of the Languedocians, called Albigenses, of whom were most barbarously slaughtered through his means upwards of a hundred thousand souls, simply on account of some dogmas of religion, and surely nothing could be more abominable than to extirpate by fire and sword a prince and his subjects under the pretext that their opinions differed from those which were professed by others. Proud of the success of this expedition, Dominic then began to found his new order, which, coinciding with the genius of Innocent the Third, was approved of by that pontiff and afterwards confirmed by Honorius the Third, in 1216. It was this same saintly murderer who established the abominable Inquisition, and who was afterwards canonized by Pope Gregory the Ninth. The order of the Dominicans spread with inconceivable rapidity, so much so that in 1494 there were computed to exist upwards of four thousand one hundred and forty-three convents of the order; after which period they continued to augment in a surprising manner.

[26] We are informed in Holy Writ that Balaam, the son of Beor, being desired by Balac, king of the Moabites, to utter his malediction against the people of Israel, the former, notwithstanding the ordinance of the Lord, set out upon his ass in order to journey to Balac; but on the route the animal suddenly stopped short and dropped

down, which highly incensed Balaam, who began to belabor the poor beast, when suddenly by the command of the Lord the animal was gifted with speech and demanded of Balaam the reason of this cruel treatment.— *Numbers*, chap. 22.

[27] This war is only adverted to in a book very apocryphal, entitled Enoch, no mention whatsoever being made of it elsewhere in any Jewish work or tradition. The leader of the celestial army is stated to have been Michael, as designated by our poet; but the chief of the wicked angels was not Satan, but Semixiah. This inadvertency, however, is excusable in so long and arduous a poetic undertaking as the present.

[28] Medusa, one of the three Gorgons, was daughter of Phorcys and Ceta, and celebrated for her personal charms and the beauty of her hair. Neptune, becoming enamored of her, procured her favors in the temple of Minerva, which violation of the sanctity of the place so exasperated the goddess that she changed the locks of Medusa into serpents. After Perseus had conquered Medusa he cut off her head, which was placed on the egis of Minerva and had the power of petrifying any persons who chanced to behold it.

[29] Styx is the celebrated river of hell, around which it flows nine times. The gods were supposed to hold the waters of this stream in such veneration that they always swore by them — an oath which was inviolable.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURE OF AGNES AND MONROSE.—TEMPLE OF FAME.—TRAGICAL RECITAL CONCERNING DOROTHY.

FROM hell, that boundless gulf, my muse now turns,
Where Grisbourdon with Satan's cohort burns;
Thence wings her flight through boundless realms of air,
To view the world, and see what's passing there.
That world alas! which is another hell,
Where innocence no longer dares to dwell;
Where hypocrites make good appear as bad;
Where sense, refinement, taste, are run stark mad;
While all the virtues, being led astray,
Have joined the party, and are flown away,
There empty policy [1] as loud as weak,
Leads on the van — is merit quite unique:
Wisdom must yield to superstition's rules,
Who arms with bigot zeal the hands of fools.[2]
And interest,[3] earth's king, for whom the trade
Of peace and war by potentates was made,
Pensive and sad beside its coffer dwells,
And to the stronger's crimes the weaker sells.
O wretched, guilty, senseless mortals! why
Your souls debase with crimes of such a dye?

Unhappy men! who, void of pleasure, sin;
Be wise, at least, when you the course begin;
And, since you needs must to damnation speed,[4]
Be damned for pleasure, 'tis the wisest deed.

Oft Agnes Sorel would this precept prove,
Whom none could blame, except for sins of love.
On her forgiveness I with joy bestow,
Nor doubt but heaven will equal mercy show;
Each saint is not a maid in Paradise,
And penitence the virtue is of vice.[5]

When, in defence of honor, Joan was led
To sever with her heavenly sword the head
Of Grisbourdon, our ass who bent his flight
And bore through air Dunois the gallant knight,
Conceived the thought — how sin will lead astray!
Of bearing Dunois from our Joan away.
What was it urged the wish! Love's ardent fire —
Love's tenderest flame — the soul's new-born desire.
Yet soft, dear reader, at some future time
These feats of passion shall be told in rhyme;
Thou'lt learn that Love already held the rein,
And ruled this hero of Arcadia's plain.[6]

This sainted animal, by fancy led,
Towards Lombardy [7] its course aerial sped;
Good Denis secretly ordained it so,
The reason, friend, perhaps you wish to know.
'Twas that Saint Denis read each secret thought

Wherewith his ass and Dunois' breast was fraught;
Each burned with wishes that would, soon or late,
Have proved subversive of the realm and state,
Have hurled destruction on the Gallic throne,
And marred the fortune and the fame of Joan.
Absence and time the Saint conceived would prove
Sufficient to dispel their dawning love!
Another plan good Denis had in view,
A heavenly work the Saint proposed to do,
Beware, nor blame his purposes, my friend,
Respectful bow to what the saints intend.

This ass, celestial Denis' darling pride,
Winged far his course from Loire's translucent tide
Straight toward the Rhone, while Dunois' maddened brain,
Whirled through the aerial realm, could scarce sustain
The dizzy flight, which made the hero know
How swiftly flies the shaft from Parthian's bow.[8]
From far the knight his heroine descried,
Naked and wielding sword by carnage dyed;
Her breast, high swelling with celestial ire,
Through streams of blood give proofs of sainted fire.
Hermaphrodix her race would fain impede,
His minions armed could not effect the deed;
In vain the cohort would her course withstand,
Joan humbles all with her courageous hand:
As when some giddy youth in forest sees
The waxen palace of industrious bees,

Admires the labor, and will daring strive
To pry still closer in the sugared hive;
Forth, on a sudden bursts the winged race,
And darts indignant on the intruder's face,
Who, by their stings assailed on every part,
Screams, runs and plunges to evade the smart;
Strikes, scatters, crushes hundreds 'neath his feet
Of these winged hoarders of each luscious sweet.
'Twas thus with dauntless Joan, who chased afar
This puny phalanx, aping men of war.

'Fore Joan then prostrate knelt the muleteer,
Dreading fell judgment of the Cordelier,
And trembling cried: "O maiden, gentle fair!
Whom once to serve in stable was my care,
What fury urges thus thy bosom's strife?
Have mercy, spare at least my wretched life,
Let not renown thy soul transmogrify;
Be gentle, tender Joan — I weep — I die."

Whereto the maid replied: "I yield thee grace;
Thy recreant blood shall not my sword debase;
Live, vegetate, vile wretch: That fleshy mass
E'en now shall act for me the part of ass;
For, though to mule I cannot change thy frame,
Thy figure matters not — all's here the same;
So whether man or mule, I will bestride thee,
Since Dunois took my ass, I needs must ride thee,
As if that animal once more were found;
Therefore be quick, on all-fours pace the ground,

"BE QUICK, ON ALL FOURS PACE THE GROUND"

Bend thy bald, brainless skull, and seem at least
That which thou art in truth — a very beast."
The wretch obeyed, while Joan upon his back
Made of the muleteer a decent hack;
Then cried: "Now speed to plains where heroes fight
And dare hell's fury, for 'tis my delight."
Then swore the necromancer by his sire,
That Gallia's sons should thenceforth feel his ire:
His bitter thoughts inclined toward Britain's race,
And, in this just revenge, he swore to efface
The ills endured on Frenchmen whose dire fate
Should lead them to encroach on his estate.
Forthwith was reared a castle at his will,
Of structure strange, new architectural skill,
A trap, a labyrinth,[9] wherein might fall
The noblest heroes of this hated Gaul.

Yet soft, we'll now recur to Agnes' state;
Dost thou not call to mind her cruel fate,
As when, quite senseless, Chandos' nervous arms
Entwined with rapture all her naked charms?
That warrior famed, who, at Bellona's cry,
Fled Love and Agnes for the enemy;
Who, thus abandoned to her own self-will,
Conceived she had escaped the threatened ill.
Scarcely recovered from the peril past,
She made a vow that it should prove the last;
And swore to love but good King Charles alone,
Who loved her better than he loved his throne,

And die ere tarnish once her faith so fair;
All this was wrong, for ladies should not swear.[10]

Amid this hostile crash, formed to astound,
From camp attacked, inseparable sound,
Where officers and soldiers join the fray,
Some fighting hard as others run away;
While coward valets, marching in the rear,
Plunder the baggage through effect of fear.
'Mid fire and smoke and yells of the distressed,
Agnes, perceiving she was quite undressed,
To noble Chandos' wardrobe instant hied,
With fitting raiment there to be supplied;
And having seized on robe and shirt to boot,
And e'en his nightcap to complete the suit,
Silent and tremblingly she bent her way,
When lucky chance produced a dappled bay,
Bridled and saddled for the warlike cause
Of bearing to the field the great Chandos.
A squire, an aged sot of courage bold,
Dozing, kept station there the steed to hold;
The wary Agnes toward the nag then crept,
And took the bridle from the squire who slept;
Uttering harsh sounds, suspicion to defeat,
Then sprang with martial prowess in the seat,
Spurred, galloped, and toward woods impervious sped,
Filled with alternate hope and thrilling dread;
While Bonneau, to the cause of safety staunch,
Ran o'er the plain, loud cursing his fat paunch,

The desperate journey, and war's dread cohort,
Love, Britons, Agnes Sorel, and the Court.

Meanwhile, of Chandos the most faithful page,
By name Monrose, such was the personage
Who at that hour to camp returning fast,
And viewing from afar the scene that passed,
His master's nag toward wood compelled to flee,
His robe of ermine, velvet cap *de nuit;*
Divining ill the cause of this strange sight,
Firmly believed his Lord was put to flight.
Astonished at a scene so wonderous new,
Monrose whips hard his loved Lord to pursue
Crying: "My Lord! my Lord!" then urged on
faster;
"Can Charles be victor? Who goads on my master?
Where goes he? I'll pursue while yet I've breath,
For should he die be mine the shaft of death."
He spoke, he flew, and with the wind thus sped
Himself, his horse, and every word he said.

Agnes, conceiving some pursuer near,
Entered the wood, appalled with chilling fear;
Monrose still followed, and the quicker she
Strove to escape, still faster galloped he;
The palfrey stumbled, when the fainting fair,
Wafting a shriek that echoed through the air,
Fell lifeless at her panting courser's side,
In all the liveried hue of terror died.
Swift as the wind, Monrose arriving stared,

For at the sight his wondering wits were scared;
As 'neath Lord Chandos' robe, then floating wide,
Fair Agnes' lovely charms his eyes descried;
A breast of lilies, symmetry that scorned
All earthly frames, by Venus' self adorned.

Such, sweet Adonis,[11] were thy soft alarms,
When first thine eyes beheld the goddess' charms,
As 'neath refreshing foliage, from the skies
She erst descended to enchant thine eyes.
Venus there's little doubt, was better 'rayed;
Her lovely frame fatigue had not essayed;
No decent vestments did her body lack,
Nor had she tumbled from a palfrey's back;
Her firm white skin had felt no prickly thorn,
Nor did a nightcap her fair brows adorn,
Yet, had our Agnes met Adonis' view,
His choice had surely wavered 'twixt the two.

The British youth instanter felt the smart,
Respect and fear by turns subdued his heart;
Trembling, he raised the fair one in his arms,
Then cried: "The shock hath wounded sure these
charms."
Upon him Agnes turned her languid eyes,
And then explained, in broken, faltering sighs:
"Whoe'er thou art that hast my course pursued,
If thou art not with sin innate endued,
No 'vantage take of this my hapless state,
To guard my honor be it now thy fate;

O save me, give me freedom!" Agnes sighed,
Nor words spake more, for words were then denied;
The flood of rising grief her pain confessed,
And tears most eloquently spoke the rest;
Sorrow had planted in her soul its sting,
While vows and sighs were wafted to her king.
Silent awhile Monrose indulged the thought,
Then vented thus the feelings Love had taught:
"O thou! by nature framed to bear the sway,
Illuming hearts with thy celestial ray,
I bend thy slave; thy will be henceforth mine,
My soul, my life, my every wish is thine;
Accept the service of thine humble slave,
Than which, no other recompense I crave;
Thee to assist would every toil subdue."
From pouch the youth some *eau de Carmes*[12] then drew,
And with a tender thrill his hand applied
To bathe those parts with tinge vermilion dyed.
The lovely Agnes blushed, but not in ire;
Hurt by the fall, and torn by prickly briar,
She did not find his hand too boldly rove,
But gazed unconsciously with eyes of love,
Still vowing to her monarch endless truth.
The balsam thus exhausted by the youth,
He then exclaimed: "Oh, might I now advise,
Celestial fair one, thou would'st straight arise,
And by this path anon proceed with me
To gain yon village, from intruders free;
One fleeting hour or less will take us there.

Let not a lack of gold create thee care,
My purse is thine — Oh! let it serve to pay
For petticoat and cap thy form to 'ray;
More decently to deck, what all must own,
Charms that would grace the Gallic monarch's
throne."

The lady-errant this advice approved;
Monrose so tender was, so truly loved,
That whatsoe'er he wished none could deny him,
Agnes was happy to be guided by him.

Some cynic [13] here, perhaps, may check my tale,
Demanding how it chanced a page should fail;
This youthful Englishman, so full of blood,
Should near a mistress prove thus passing good,
And no improper conduct e'er betray?
Be peaceful, thou censorious babbler, pray,
The page felt love; and if voluptuous fire
Renders us bold, love checks the fierce desire.[14]

Monrose and Agnes toward the village walked,
And straying thus of tenderest lovers talked;
Of chivalry and knights who coursed the plains,
Of old romances full of lovers' pains;
At intervals our squire still nearer pressed,
Seized her white hands, and her firm arms caressed;
All with an air of such respectful love,
'Twere vain in beauteous Agnes to reprove;
But nought besides — the gentle youth enslaved,

Although requiring much, still nothing craved.
The village confines passed, our page, to win
Still more her love, escorts her to an inn,
Where wearied Agnes, freed from all alarms,
'Twixt sheets with modest blush reposed her charms.
Monrose then breathless ran an ample round
To serve his fair, and seek what might be found
Worthy the palate, frame, and heavenly mien
Of her he owned already for his queen.
Seductive youth, by love and honor taught,
Who pleased directed thy most secret thought;
Say, who can boast a soul so pure as thine,
Where fervent love and loyalty combine?

Beneath this roof, for I must needs be plain,
John Chandos' chaplain his abode had ta'en.
All priests have more effrontery than squires:
This profligate, a slave to lewd desires,
Of our young lovers having learned the state,
Alike instructed too by adverse fate
That near him thus so many beauties laid,
And by his foul desires impetuous swayed,
With ardent eyes, blood boiling in each vein,
The body feverous, yielding lust the rein,
Swearing, to Agnes' chamber straightway flew,
Shut fast the door, and closed the curtains too.
But hold, 'tis fitting now that I rehearse
To thee, friend reader, in my humble verse,
The strange events and all that came to pass,
Touching brave Dunois on his flying ass.

'Mid realms aerial, where each Alpine height
Snow-clad appears to pall the wondering sight,
Toward that dread steep which Hannibal renowned[15]
Erst passed, and thus o'er Rome was victor crowned;
Where nought save azure sky the view doth greet,
While horrid tempests gather 'neath thy feet;
Of marble crystalline the eye may see,
Unroofed, a palace to each comer free,
Throughout with faithful ample mirrors lined,
That every visitant who feels inclined,
Handsome or ugly, young or old, when fired,
His counterpart may view until he's tired.

To this same spot conduct a thousand ways,
That all alike may learn themselves to praise;
But perilous is every pathway found,
Rocks must be climbed while dreadful steeps surround.
To this Olympus countless throngs aspire,
Who little know these varied perils dire;
Each runs alike, but most receive a check;
For, in the hundred, one may save his neck.

If, gentle reader, thou would'st learn the name
Of her who rules this palace, it is Fame;
Old dotard goddess, at whose altar fair
Even the meekest has preferred his prayer.
The sage will vouch his heart contemns her power
And hates renown — the glory of an hour;

That praise to man is but the soul's worst bane:
The sage speaks false, and only prates in vain.

Fame then exists on this aspiring height,
To pay their court her minions take delight;
Kings, warriors, pedants, churchmen too are there;
Vain multitude; puffed up with nought but air,
On bended knee each supplicates and cries:
"O Fame! puissant goddess, ever wise,
Who know'st all things, whose speech is ever free,
For charity, I pray thee, speak of me."

These indiscreet desires to satisfy
Fame hath two trumpets, which she doth apply,
One to her mouth, from whence with clarion sound
The fame of heroes fills the vasty round;[16]
The other, if I must speak, is placed behind,[17]
Vaunting vain labors of the idiot mind;
Those tiers of trash, voluminous and new,
Of every hireling scribe exposed to view
Ephemeral, who the draught Parnassian sips
Till realms of nonsense mutual trash eclipse;
Works of the Month,[18] whose well requited lot
Is to behold them, with the day forgot,
Buried with college pedants, men of schools,
Themselves worm-eaten by their verse and rules.

O tribe most vile of would-be authors dight,
Detractors infamous of sons of light,
La Beaumelle,[19] Guyon,[20] Fréron,[21] and Nonnotte,[22]

That bigot troop whose wretched trash I quote;
That Sabatier,[23] base instrument of fraud,
Whose pen for gold will any subject laud;
Those vendors all of smoke and vile abuse,
In search of Fame dare still invent excuse,
In filth arrayed, with vanity they glow,
And to the goddess dare their persons show;
Lashed with her rod from sanctuary rare,
Scarce have they yet beheld her *derrière*.[24]

Still on thine ass, Dunois, thou keepest thy seat,
And art transported to this bright retreat;
Thy virtuous deeds, which were so justly famed,
The Goddess with her decent trump proclaimed;
What must have been thy pleasure at the sight,
When gazing there upon each mirror bright,
To view in those reflectors purely clear,
Of all thy virtues the resemblance dear;
Not simply feats of arms which victors crown,
Sieges and battles that create renown,
But virtues far more difficult to see,
Offsprings of poverty preserved by thee,
Wafting forth blessings; nay, e'en courtiers too
By thee protected; while, to orphans true,
Thou with the goading lash didst vengeance take
On faithless guardians, for the children's sake.
Dunois, contemplating his deeds of fame,
Felt true delight in temple of the dame;
Nor was less joy experienced by his ass,
Braying and trotting on, from glass to glass.

Meanwhile was heard through air the clarion sound
From one of Fame's two trumpets so renowned
These words proclaiming: "'Tis the dreadful day
When Dorothy to stake must wend her way
And die in Milan;[25] such is the behest,
Weep mortals, who enshrine Love's roseate crest."
"Who?" cried Dunois, for at the thought he spurned:
"What hath she done, and why must she be burned?
If old and ugly there's no need to care;
But in the flames to cast a lovely fair,
'Tis cruel, by the saints. This sentence fell
Proves that the Milanese have bid farewell
To common sense." While thus the hero fumed,
Fame's trump the dreadful subject thus resumed:
"Poor Dorothy, in vain thou mak'st thy moan,
'Mid wasting flames thou surely wilt be thrown,
If in thy cause some valorous loyal knight
Flies not to rescue thee by hardy fight."

These sounds the bosom of Dunois inspired,
The dame to rescue straight his heart desired;
For, ye well know, as soon as chance displayed
Occasion for his courage he obeyed;
To punish injuries, and wrongs redress,
He thoughtless hurried — summoned by distress.
"Come," to his faithful ass, the hero said,
"To Milan fly, by honor we are led."
The beast his gallant rider's grace to win,

Obeyed, and faster flew than cherubin;[26]
When Milan met anon the warrior's sight,
Where justice sat in all her horrors dight;
The dreadful stake appeared amidst the square,
Three hundred savage bowmen too were there;
Cowards whose sole delight was others' pain,
Their stations took the rabble to restrain;
Thronged were the windows that each belle might see,
All bathed in tears, fulfilled the law's decree;
While on a balcony the Archbishop stood,
With priests, observing all in coldest blood.

Four Alguazils[27] poor Dorothy had brought
In fetters, *en chemise,* her mind o'erfraught
With deep despair, while her pale front displayed
Affliction's garb in every horror 'rayed;
Clouds partly veiled her sight; she could not speak,
Tears copious flowing down her lily cheek;
She scarce discerned death's instruments unfurled,
The stake where doomed she was to quit the world;
Then sobs and speech at length a passage found:
"O well beloved! O thou whose tender wound
My heart still owns in moments of such dread!"
The suppliant ceased, for no more could be said,
And stammering forth of him she loved the name,
Speechless she sank to earth, a senseless frame,
Her front o'erspread with pale and mortal hue;
Still lovely was she in that state to view.
The dastard champion[28] of th' Archbishop's cause,

Named Sacregorgon, sworn to Satan's laws,
With dagger grasped, approached the fated place,
Hard impudence and iron clothed his face,
Then cried: "My friends, a vow to God I make
That Dorothy hath well deserved the stake;
Will any one here present risk his life,
And for her wage 'gainst me in mortal strife?
If so, let him his daring front display,
That with my look I strike him with dismay,
And show him that which soon shall smash his
brain."
Thus having spoke, he fiercely paced the plain,
Wielding a sharp-edged sword of massive size,
Twisting his mouth and rolling his huge eyes;
All shuddered when they saw his devilish mien,
Nor to oppose him was one champion seen
Who dared the hapless culprit justify,
To Sacregorgon no one made reply;
That villain's air had struck all hearts with fears,
Mute was each tongue, each visage bathed in tears.

The wrathful prelate, on dire vengeance set,
Goaded his champion to each brutal threat.

The noble Dunois, trotting round the square,
Shocked at the insolent who thus could dare
His victim taunt, whose copious tears and sighs
Made her appear so lovely in his eyes,
That on beholding her she seem'd to be
From every taint of guilty action free,

Sprang to the earth and cried: " She's void of stain;
'Tis I who dare her innocence maintain
'Gainst thee, vile braggart, whom my sword defies,
Thou friend of sin, supporter of base lies.
From Dorothy I first would learn the cause
Which hath subjected her to penal laws;
How stands the case, and what event so dire
Should doom a maid to be consumed in fire."
He spake, and all the multitude gave scope,
Combining mingled shouts of joy and hope;
The trembling Sacregorgon, terror's slave,
Strove all he could to act the part of brave,
While vain the prelate sought to lull to rest
Those fears that stole upon his dastard breast.

The knight, with courteous mien and bending low,
The maid approached, to hear her tale of woe;
Yet soft, my reader, while she thus proclaimed
The dire mishap of which she felt ashamed,
Our ass divine judged meet his form to perch,
And view the scene from steeple of the church;
While Milan's devotees, in ardent prayer,
Addressed that power which takes of girls due care.

END OF CANTO VI.

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

[1] This species of policy is supported by every religion, but is most indebted to Catholicism for its ascendancy, which conduces to maintain the tranquillity of states, the obedience to sovereigns and the interest of agriculture. It renders the subject submissive, that is to say, if potentates bend before it. Its priests compose a body in the State whose interests are ever guided by those of the State, provided that the latter is only interested for the welfare of the former.

[2] Zeal is a sacred fever frequently accompanied by violent fits and transports of the brain, to which bigots and devotees are much subjected. It is a contagious distemper with which fanatical clerics have benefited the human species. During the last nineteen centuries the priests have had cause to applaud themselves for the advantages they have derived from these salutary crises, which they have produced in the world and which, if heaven or the princes of the earth do not apply some remedy, will infallibly last to the very end of time.

[3] Of all the human species, the ministers of the Church are the most disinterested towards themselves, having no other object in view but the interest of the divinity and the salvation of the souls of men — above all, when they animate the bodies of those who toil for the benefit of the cloth.

[4] It is absolutely requisite, say the priests, that we should believe, under the pain of damnation, that heaven, in order to instruct the sinful spirit how to live after death and to correct the living sinner who has no ocular demonstration whatsoever of futurity, condemns the majority of mankind for the sins of the moment; which punishment, by a divine

miracle, is to continue to all eternity in order that we may be roasted for ever and ever. The Catholic Church has equally the right to damn, and there are even people who believe that, without her, no one would be condemned; wherefore it is not the bridegroom, but the bride, to whom we are indebted for this peculiar favor.

[5] According to the Romish creed penitence is a sacrament which consists in the act of self-accusation to a priest for the faults we have committed, and in demonstrating the most unfeigned regret for having experienced certain enjoyments. In all the religions of the world penitence is required; that is to say, we must inflict infinite pain upon ourselves to gratify the will of heaven.

[6] Asses were not only called beasts of Arcadia because they abounded there in great quantities, but owing to the following circumstance: that the Arcadians once caused an ass to be opened, supposing that he had swallowed the moon because the reflection of that planet disappeared in the water of which he was drinking, owing to an eclipse which at that juncture took place. The French say of a man who sings badly that he is *Un rossignol d'Arcadie*, an Arcadian nightingale, which equally applies to a stupid, ignorant fellow.

[7] A country situated in the most elevated part of Italy, whose ancient inhabitants, the Lombards, or Longobards, were much addicted to usury, from whom Lombard street and the *rue des Lombards* at Paris derive their appellations, as it was in those respective quarters of either capital that the community in question resided.

[8] The Parthians were esteemed the most expert archers in the world, and the peculiar custom they had of discharging their arrows while they were retiring at full speed has been greatly celebrated by the ancient poets, who uniformly observe that their flight was more formidable than their attack. This peculiar manner of fighting and the wonderful address and dexterity with which it was performed gained the Parthians many signal victories.

[9] See Canto XVII.

[10] The French used formerly to swear *Par Dieu!* By God! without the least scruple. The knights in "Amadis of Gaul" never uttered any other oath, and even the priests and women exclaim *Par Dieu* in the "*Cent Nouvelles, Nouvelles.*" Kings and heroes generally had their oaths in England as in France. Richard the Third swore by Saint Paul, and was the first who used G—d d—n me; Henry the Eighth swore by G—d's wounds! and with our Gallic neighbors Louis the Eleventh's oath was *Paque Dieu!* Charles the Eighth's, *Jour de Dieu!* Louis the Twelfth's, *Le diable m'emporte!* Francis the First's, *Foi de gentilhomme!* Henry the Fourth's, *Ventre saint gris!* La Trimouille's, *Le vrai corps de Dieu!* and Bayard's, *Fête Dieu Bayard!* etc., etc. After so many convincing proofs that swearing is admissible with the great our poet appears to display too much tenacity with respect to Agnes, be the nature of her oaths what they might, considering the delicate situation in which she was placed and that a monarch was her *cher ami.*

[11] Adonis, son of Cinyras by his daughter Myrrha, a god of the Phœnicians and beloved of Venus Astarte. The Phœnicians every year wept his death and then rejoiced at his resurrection. Adonis is frequently taken for Osiris because the festivals of both were commenced with mournful lamentations and terminated with a revival of joy, as if they were returning to life again; which is thus explained: Proserpine is said to have restored him to existence on condition that he should spend six months with her and the residue of the year with Venus, thereby implying the alternate returns of summer and winter.

[12] *Eau de Mélisse des Carmes,* a famous prepared water, the ingredients of which were originally discovered by the Carmelite monks, who formerly inhabited a monastery in the *rue Vaugirard* at Paris, where it was sold for upwards of eighty years and the profits appropriated to the use of

the fraternity. This water still continues to be used and is held in high repute by the Parisians.

[13] By the term cynic is understood a sect of philosophers who were without modesty and always barking and biting like dogs. Saint Evremond, speaking of them, says: *"Voudrait-on, pour rétablir l'ordre des Cyniques, cette philosophie médisante, cette profession publique de japper, de mordre, et de déchirer, et cette métamorphose d'hommes en chiens."*

[14] *Amore è il vero prezzo con che si compra amore.*

[15] Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, the celebrated Carthaginian, in pursuing his march towards the Alps against the Roman legions, is supposed to have traversed Savoy, situated between France and Switzerland. Wherefore it is presumable that the Temple of Fame is situated in the country of the Savoyards. Had Voltaire existed half a century later there is little doubt that he would have added to the above eulogizing lines by coupling the name of Napoleon with that of Hannibal, whose passage over the same mountains when commanding the French army must forever entitle him to the name of a hero and draw down upon his memory the loudest applause of the poetic muse.

[16] The poets have personified Fame as a divinity to which they gave a hundred eyes and as many ears and mouths, bearing a trumpet in order to announce far and wide the celebrity of great actions. She was also portrayed with wings to designate the lightness with which she flew in all directions. Of this divinity the most brilliant descriptions have been given by the ancients. See the "Æneid" of Virgil, where he begins: *"Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,"* etc., and Ovid in his "Metamorphoses," etc., at the line *"Orbe locus medio est,"* etc. In Boileau's *"Lutrin,"* Canto the second, we find

> Ce monstre, composé de bouches et d'oreilles,
> Qui sans cesse volant de climats en climats,
> Conte tout ce qu'il sait, et ce qu'il ne sait pas;

La Renommée enfin, cette prompte courrière,
Va d'un mortel effroi glacer la perruquière.

And Butler, speaking of Fame, says:

There is a tall, long-sided dame
(But wond'rous light), ycleped Fame,
That, like a thin cameleon, boards
Herself on air, and eats her words:
Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
Like hanging sleeves lined through with ears,
And eyes and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.

[17] Voltaire, in his letters concerning the English nation, speaking of Butler, says: "There is one English poem, the title whereof is 'Hudibras;' it is 'Don Quixote' and our '*Satire Ménippée*' blended together. I never met with so much wit in a single book as in this," which bears sufficient testimony of the high estimation in which he held the talents of our great satirist, whose lines he in all probability had in view, when thus describing the two trumpets of Fame, as in part the second, Canto the first, of "Hudibras," commencing at line the sixty-ninth, we read:

Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones:
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before and one behind
We know not, only this can tell
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The one Good, t'other Evil Fame.

[18] The want of candor and justice which is to be found in many of our own monthly reviewers might well entitle them to the attack levelled by Voltaire in the lines following the above, and which were written against personages who, on account of a difference in opinion, whether religious, moral, or political, threw every obloquy upon the fame and literary merit of our poet, with very little regard either to truth in their assertions or justness in the criticisms ushered forth to publicity. In literature no set of men are more necessary than critics when they are governed by unbiassed judgments; nor are there any individuals more

baleful than those censors who, to gratify a universal malevolence or show off their talents at indiscriminate abuse, trample upon the labors of individuals who are frequently as superior to them in intellect as their detractors are their inferiors in every noble sentiment that dignifies the human heart. It would be superfluous to particularize any one of these vehicles of unjust scurrility, and there are few men of letters who have not smarted under their virulent lash; for though the public at large may be led astray by these dogmatic decisions, men of literature are no strangers to their venom and but too frequently the victims of their time-serving machinations.

> Gardez-vous, dira l'un, de cet esprit critique;
> On ne sait bien souvent quelle mouche le pique.
> BOILEAU.

Dr. Johnson, being asked by Miss Porter what book she should read and whether she should refer to the reviewers for a good work, the Doctor replied: "By all means, my dear, and take care to select that which they abuse the most, for then you will be sure to have the best production."

> They talk as they are wont, not as I merit:
> Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark;
> Do nothing out of judgment, but disease;
> Speak ill, because they never could speak well:
> And who'd be angry with this race of creatures?
> Their envy's like an arrow, shot upright,
> That in the fall endangers their own heads.
> JOHNSON'S *Cynthia's Revels.*

[19] Laurent Angliviel de la Beaumelle, native of Valleraugue, in the diocese of Alais, was born in 1727 and died at Paris in November, 1773. He was invited to Denmark to occupy the chair of French *Belles Lettres;* but the cold climate not agreeing with his constitution, having always been a resident in the south of France, he left the north with the title of Counsellor, having also a pension granted him by the Danish government. Beaumelle in his journey to France stopped at Berlin, being desirous of associating himself with Voltaire, whose writings he passionately admired; but as both were naturally gifted with bilious and

passionate tempers, they only met to dispute, which terminated in a lasting quarrel, as the subsequent attacks upon each other in the progress of their literary careers sufficiently indicate. One of the traits which rendered Beaumelle peculiarly obnoxious to Voltaire was the following opinion delivered by the former in a work entitled *"Mes Pensées, ou le Qu'en dira-t-on?"* for which work the author upon his arrival at Paris in 1753 was confined in the Bastille. The lines relating to Voltaire run as follows: *"Il y a eu de meilleurs poètes que Voltaire; il n'y en eut jamais de si bien récompensés. Le roi de Prusse comble de bienfaits les hommes à talents, précisément par les mêmes raisons qui engagent un petit prince d'Allemagne à combler de bienfaits un bouffon ou un nain."*

[20] Claude Marie Guyon was born at Lons le Saulnier, in Franche Comté, and entered the congregation of the Oratory, which he afterwards quitted and came to Paris, where he employed his pen on various literary subjects, and died in that capital in 1771, at about the age of 70. In a work entitled *"Oracle des nouveaux Philosophes,"* 2 vols., 8vo, written by Guyon, he refutes with considerable energy and collects with peculiar acumen the loose principles disseminated by Voltaire, and even goes so far as to make him frequently contradict his own assertions; whereupon our skeptical poet, finding himself unmasked, opposed the reasonings of Abbé Guyon by scurrilous attacks, to which the former became the more insensible, as his work was honored with the greatest success.

[21] Elia Catherine Fréron was born at Quimper in 1719. He entered the society of the Jesuits and professed for some time with success at the college of Louis le Grand. In 1739 he quitted the Jesuits and embarked in his career of literature, attaching himself to the *Belles Lettres,* in which pursuit he became a very voluminous writer, under the title of *"Année Litteraire,"* of which he regularly published eight volumes annually until the period of his death, which occurred in 1776. The most dangerous

enemy of this ingenious, learned and satirical writer was Voltaire, who introduced him upon the theatrical boards in 1760 in a piece entitled "*l'Écossaise,*" replete with the grossest personalities. Notwithstanding this, our poet regarded him as a man possessed of infinite taste, as will be proved from the following anecdote: A nobleman of the court of Turin having requested Voltaire to recommend him to some person at Paris from whom he might collect a just idea of all the literary productions of France, "Address yourself," said Voltaire, "to that rascal Fréron. It is he alone who can furnish you with what you require." And, upon the nobleman expressing his astonishment, Voltaire exclaimed: "Upon my honor, it is true. He is the only man possessing taste. I am compelled to avow it, although I do not like him and have cogent reasons for holding him in detestation." It was Fréron himself who gave publicity to this anecdote. Voltaire was in the habit of calling his antagonist *Frelon,* by way of a *jeu de mot,* which word signifies in French a hornet.

[22] Nonnotte, a Jesuit, was a native of Besançon, and born about 1711. The first work whereby he distinguished himself was entitled *"Erreurs de Voltaire,"* which was very much read and contains as much erudition as decency of style and profound criticism. The author's intention in producing this work was to display the faults which had escaped our poet in his "Essay on the Morals and Spirit of Nations," and more particularly those which had reference to his philosophical opinions. Nonnotte was also the author of several other esteemed works, for the virulent attacks of Voltaire never influenced the moderation of this writer, who pursued his literary avocations with the same undiminished zeal. The Academy of Besançon gave testimony of its esteem for this author in admitting him a Member of the Academy. He died in the early part of the year 1790.

[23] Anthony Sabatier, an abbé, was born at Castres, a considerable city of Languedoc, in 1742. He was a man

of talent and the author of several works, but that which brought him most into repute was *"Les trois Siècles de la Littérature Française."* In this production Sabatier was desirous of acquiring to himself a distinguished reputation by his virulent attacks upon literary characters of the greatest eminence. This work is incontestably entitled to great praise wheresoever its pages are not dictated by party spirit, but, unfortunately, such too frequently proves the case, on which occasions this writer forgets every principle of justice towards men who have conferred the greatest honor upon the annals of French literature. It is much to be regretted that an author should have thus enjoyed a malicious satisfaction in tarnishing the most estimable talents and vilifying the most unsullied reputations. Voltaire, playing upon the name of Sabatier, sometimes denominates him *Savetier,* signifying a vender of old shoes, and at other times *Sabotier,* a fabricator of wooden shoes.

[24] The above collection of literary personages is in effect vile in the extreme, as it is well known that these writers vomited forth a torrent of calumnies against our author, who had never done them the smallest injury. These writers have trumpeted forth that he was a plagiarist; that he did not believe in a Divinity; that the benefactor of the race of Corneille was the enemy of Corneille and the son of a peasant. They have also attributed to him adventures the most false and absurd and have asserted that he sold and then resold his literary performances; wherefore it was but just that in the end he should drive such a rabble crew from the precincts of the sanctuary of Fame, into which it sought to introduce itself as a banditti that in the night enters a church by stealth in order to purloin the chalices and other sanctified valuables. *See also Note to the eighteenth Canto, upon the subject of the present.*

[25] Milan is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, having a strong citadel, an archbishopric, a university and a celebrated academy of painting, with a magnificent public

library, called the Ambrosian. It is also famous for having produced many celebrated characters that have flourished in arts, sciences, and literature. It was at the taking of this strong citadel that the following anecdote of Bonaparte is detailed, which may be relied on as a matter of fact: On the evening prior to the surrender of Milan, Bonaparte, at that time commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, was engaged to dine at the mansion of a lady of consequence, who, in consideration of the distinguished rank and illustrious name of her guest, conducted the honors of the table with the most marked attention and politeness. Napoleon, however, being fully occupied in contemplating the momentous events which were to characterize the ensuing day, replied with coolness and brevity to the repeated marks of deference lavished upon him. When the hostess at length, to give animation to the company, requested to know the general's age, adding, by way of palliative for the apparent rudeness, "That he appeared by far too young to have gathered so many laurels." "Truly, madam," replied Bonaparte, smiling, "I am not yet very old, but in less than twenty-four hours I shall be much more, for, though I now count but twenty-five years, I shall to-morrow have attained *Mil-an.*"

[26] *Cherubin* is a celestial spirit of the second rank in the first hierarchy. The word is derived from the Hebrew *cherub,* the plural of which is *cherubim.* The *cherubin* is not always uniform, being sometimes described as a man, an eagle, an ox, and a lion, or presenting a form composed of all these figures assembled together.

[27] *Alguazil,* a term taken from the Spaniards, who equally derived it from the Arabian word *guazil,* signifying a sergeant, bowman, or officer employed to arrest persons and in the execution of all judiciary orders.

[28] The word *champion* is of great antiquity, being derived from the French word *champ,* a field, and *pion,* an Indian word adopted by the Arabians, which signifies *soldier;* that is to say, a warrior who exposes himself to support or

defend the cause of another. This term, adopted by several other nations, has been for many ages familiar to the English ear, as each succeeding monarch upon his coronation has been supported by his champion knight, armed *cap-a-pie,* who, entering Westminster hall on horseback, by sound of trumpet and by the voice of his herald dares any one to contest the monarch's just right to the crown.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

HOW DUNOIS RESCUED DOROTHY CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY THE INQUISITION.

WHEN, in the springtide of my youth, some fair
Abandoned me to be the slave of care,
My wounded heart indignant spurned love's reign,
And left his empire fraught with just disdain;
But to offend the fair, with rage thus fraught,
In word or act, ne'er entered once my thought;
Nor would I stain my breast with rancor's deed,
Striving her future pleasures to impede.
Since thus a perjured mistress I disclaim,
More reason have I to respect the dame
Who deaf to every ardent vow will prove,
And, though I die for her, rejects my love;
'Tis cruelty to wound the youthful heart
Which cannot equal love with thine impart;
Therefore, if she for whom thy passions burn
Doth not with equal love thy love return,
Seek elsewhere for some mistress less severe,
Sufficient numbers you will find, ne'er fear;
Or else court Bacchus,[1] and in flowing bowl
Plunge all the yearnings of thine amorous soul.
Ah! would this prelate, rendered fierce by love,

To drown his savage passion thus had strove;
Of female beauty, would this haughty foe
Had checked revenge in bacchanalian flow!

Soon had Dunois the fair afflicted maid
Inspired with courage, and in hope arrayed;
Still was it just that he the charge should hear
Which doomed the beauty to this lot severe.

"Oh thou!" she cried, with lovely eyes low bent,
"Angel, despatched to stay fell punishment;
Thou, from on high descended, knowest full well
My mind unshackled is by guilty spell."
"By some strange chance unknown," Dunois replied,
"I come, though not with heavenly powers supplied,
To shield thy life from Death's relentless dart,
Omnipotence alone can read the heart;
Thy soul methinks bears virtue's purest seal,
But speak, the mystery of thy tale reveal."

Fair Dorothy, from eyes of heavenly blue
Wiping the trembling drops of crystal dew,
Thus made reply: "'Tis love my bane hath wrought;
"Knowest thou Trimouille? 'Twas he the lesson taught."
"Yes," cried Dunois, "he ranks my best of friends,
Each virtue in his soul heroic blends;
My king a braver soldier cannot boast,

Nor is there fiercer foe to England's host;
Than him no knight can more inspire love's flame."
"Ah! that's too true," she cried, "'tis sure the same;
Scarce hath a year elapsed — ah! woe the day,
Since he from Milan's city bent his way.
'Twas even here his vows were pledged to me;
He swore, ah! how then can I doubt but he
Must still his heart resign at Cupid's touch,
For I adore the youth, yes, far too much."

Quoth Dunois: "For his faith ne'er feel alarms,
His heart is linked forever by those charms:
I know him; as myself he'll guard the trust,
True to his love as to his sovereign just."

Dunois was mute, and straight the sufferer cried:
"Thy words, my champion, cannot be denied;
Thrice bless'd the hour when first my love-struck gaze
Yielded at once to bright perfection's blaze;
Gave up a heart that felt in him combined
Each grace and virtue that adorn the mind;
Yes, I adored with feeling's fervid glow,
Scarce conscious whether yet I loved or no.

'Twas at the Archbishop's board — entrancing hour,
He made confession of Love's conquering power;
Ah! then an unknown fever seized my blood,
And through my veins rushed on the crimson flood;

Mute was my tongue and dim my glazy sight,
No more the banquet spurred my appetite;
'Twas thus I felt the powerful impulse move,
Nor dreamt of dangers that await on love.
Next morn he came, but transient was the view;
His stay was short, too soon he bade adieu!
And, as he went, Love touched my heart's soft string,
My tender heart, which after him took wing.
The day succeeding we had *tête-à-tête*
A little longer, but no less *honnête;*
The next rewarded him for all his pain,
As these fond lips felt burning kisses twain;
The morn ensuing proved him bolder still,
He talked of marriage and the nuptial thrill;
The next, he dared make known his wishes wild;
The next — the next — oh! then I proved with child.[2]
What do I say? and need I thus proclaim
Through ev'ry stage my sorrow and my shame,
Unknowing yet, O! knight of martial pride;
In what great hero thus I dare confide."

Mute on the subject of his birth and deeds,
The courteous knight obedient thus proceeds:
"Behold Dunois!" in this enough was said.
"Then heaven," she cried, "to hear my prayers is led;
Yes, pitying fate despatches to my aid
The great Dunois, whose arm must be obeyed.

Ah! 'tis apparent whence your birth you owe,
Enchanting Bastard,[3] warmed with godlike glow;
Of tender love I was the victim true,
And Love's own child my savior proves in you;
The gods all just thus succoring aid impart.
And hope, fond hope, reanimates my heart.

"Some months elapsed, I told thee, gentle knight,
My lover left me for the fearful fight,
To warfare fled, by rigid duty nursed;
Ah! fatal war, and England thrice accursed!
To aid a monarch his especial care,
And left my soul a prey to wild despair.

A state like this you doubtless have confessed,
And know the anguish of the sufferer's breast;
'Tis thus imperious duty blights Love's ray,
I proved it as in tears I spent the day;
My heart meanwhile, compelled to bear restraint,
Thus tortured without offering one complaint.
He gave true lover's tokens passing rare;
Sweet woven bracelet of his flaxen hair;
A portrait too, which oft would raise the smile,
As if himself appeared my woes to wile;
Last, to my care he left a precious scroll,
Whereon was firmly traced Love's glowing soul;
It was, Sir Knight, a promise justly made,
Dear surety of his tenderness displayed,
And thus it ran: 'By mighty Love I swear,
By all the bliss my ravished soul can share,

Ere long great Milan's court again to see,
And give my heart and hand to Dorothy.'

"Alas! he left me, bearing valor's name
To Orleans, where he weaves the wreath of fame;
Perhaps its ramparts still his feats reveal,
Where honor's call imprints on him her seal.
Ah! could he now the passing truths be taught,
What ills, what horror hath my passion wrought:
Yet no, just heaven! why rack his breast with pain?
Better in blissful ignorance remain.

" Trimouille departed — thus, surmise to drown,
I left the confines of a tattling town,
And in a lone retreat seclusion sought,
Framed to indulge my bosom's anguished thought,
My parents dead, I gave keen sadness rein;
Hid from the world, no eyes discerned my pain;
'Twas thus I veiled in secrecy my fears,
My ripening pregnancy, and ceaseless tears;
But ah! sad truth, destructive of my peace,
Alas! I chance to be the Archbishop's niece."
These fatal words augment each heart-worn sigh,
While streams more copious gush from either eye.

Uprearing straight her streaming orbs to heaven,
" To light," she cried, " I then my babe had given;
Dear son, unhallowed pledge that in mine arms
Consoled my griefs, and banished my alarms;
Thus anxious I my love's return implored,

My mind's eye dwelling on his form adored.
Sad chance so willed it that my uncle sped,
Secluded thus, to see what life I led;
The palace quitted, pomp and grand parade,
His niece to greet, obscured in forest's shade.
Ill-fated hour! ah! why did form like mine
To love abhorred my uncle's breast incline!
Detested gift, which now my hate inspires,
Features that kindle passion's foulest fires;
He breathed his flame — heaven, what was my surprise!
I placed his rank and duties 'fore his eyes,
His sacred calling, and what further stood
As bar — his consanguinity of blood!
Just portrait of the horrid act I drew,
Repugnant to the Church and nature too;
Alas! to talk of duties was but vain,
A hope chimerical had filled his brain;
He fondly thought that my obdurate heart
For other object ne'er had felt Love's dart;
In fine, that passion was to me unknown,
And triumph therefore soon would be his own.
To practise hateful arts he ceaseless toiled,
Attentions loathed, desires forever foiled.

"Ah me! one day in sadness conning o'er
Of him I cherish the seductive lore,
As tears bedewed the page with fervor fraught,
Thus reading, was I by my uncle caught;
His vengeful hand anon the scroll possessed,

Detailing every secret of my breast;
He read, he saw this fatal page record
My flame, his rival, and my bosom's lord.
His soul, with jealousy and fury fired,
Gave boundless scope to passions long inspired;
Watchful, as if resolved to blight my joy,
He soon found out I had an infant boy.
This truth might well have damped another's fire,
But in my uncle it increased desire,
And conscious of the advantage thus attained,
'Is it,' he cried, 'with me alone ordained
That you should thus assume the prudish air,
While he alone must every transport share
Who robbed you of a virgin's spotless name?
Beware how longer you resist my flame;
Beware, judge wisely, you deserve but ill
That love which has enslaved me to your will;
Yield on the instant, or my vengeance meet.'
I sunk affrighted at my uncle's feet;
On heaven I called, with tears I strove to move
His pity: Furious grown with rage and love,
My charms in this sad plight inflamed him more;
To act his will he dashed me on the floor.
For help I called, in this distressing state,
When all his love was turned to deadly hate.
Oh! from an uncle such abuse to bear;
Vengeful he bruised my face and tore my hair;
Attendants came; the Bishop straight proceeds
To one crime adding still more deadly deeds:
'Christians,' he cried, 'I find my niece profane,

To mother church she proves a damning bane,
Staunch heretic, debauched, and lost to grace,
A public strumpet, curse to all her race;
The brat to foul adultery owes its breath,
Confound the mother and the son in death;
And since of heaven I thus pronounce them cursed,[4]
Straight let the Inquisition[5] do its worst.'

" No threat the traitor thus pronounced in vain:
Scarce had he entered Milan, ere a train
By grand Inquisitor was forthwith sent,
Which seized and dragged me straight to punishment
In dungeon, where my mind was left to brood,
And anguish, sighs and tears my bitter food;
Cells where forever reign chaotic gloom,
Of dead the mansion and of guilt the tomb.
Three days expired, mine eyes beheld the light,
Till tortures closed them in the realms of night;
Behold this pile, 'midst fire's consuming rage,
There must I die at twenty years of age;
This is the bed for my expiring hour;
'Tis there, 'tis there, without your vengeful power,
With life my honor I must quickly yield.
Full many a knight for me had ta'en the field,
And couched the lance, defending my just cause,
Had not mine uncle chained them by the laws[6]
Of mother church,[7] 'gainst which none dares depart.
Ah! there's no valor in th' Italian heart;[8]
Each trembles as he gazes on the Stole;[9]

Whereas your Frenchman boasts a dauntless soul,
Fearless at all times would give valor scope,
And in the Capitol e'en dare the Pope."

This honor-goading theme thrilled Dunois' breast,
Who felt acutely for the fair oppressed;
Fraught with just rage against her deadly foe,
He thirsted to inflict the vengeful blow,
And felt an easy conquest would ensue;
Till, sudden gazing round, were seen in view
An hundred archers fierce, despising fear,
Who nobly braved our hero in the rear.

With bonnet square, a pedant, sable-clad,
Bawled forth in terms like *miserere* sad:
" Our Bishop, to extol God's heavenly throne
And glorify the Church, thus makes it known
To Christians, blessed by the eternal sire,
That we condemn to faggot and the fire
This stranger champion, who dares brave the fight
Of Dorothy, the sacrilegious knight
As heretic, magician, infidel;
Burnt with his ass, then both are doomed to hell."

O priest! O Busiris! in cassock 'rayed,
Wretch, 'twas a trick of thy deceptive trade,
The noble warrior froze thy recreant blood;
Thyself with holy office understood,
How, 'neath the garb of justice to oppress
Whoso should stand forth champion of distress,

And draw that dreadful veil from human sight,
Which veiled to mortal eyes the deeds of night.

Of holy office now the recreant crew,
Their murderous purpose keeping still in view,
To seize Dunois, brave knight of chivalry,
Two steps advance, then backwards measure three;
March on again, then cross themselves and stand;
When Sacrogorgon, leader of the band,
Trembling exclaims: "We'll die or conquer now;
This dire magician to our arms shall bow."
Deacons, amidst the troop blessed water bring;
When soon arrive the sacrists in a string;
One holds a pot, the *goupillon* another,
They march their rounds, and bless each bigot brother;
Sprinkle with brackish water all the crew,
To exorcise the demon from their view;
While the Archbishop, fearing still a dressing,
Dispenses round on every side his blessing.

Dunois felt shocked, though godlike his intent,
That any should esteem him Satan-sent;
Then grasping in one hand his conquering glave,
The other held the symbol formed to save —
A cross and rosary, the safeguards just
Of those who place on high their only trust.
"Come down," he cried, "come hither, faithful hack."
The ass descends, and Dunois vaults his back;

Around the *coup de main* like lightning deals,
When lo! the frightened cohort trembling reels.
Of one the *sternum* and the arm he hit,
Another pierced where *Atlas* bone is knit,
This of his nose and jawbone views the wreck,
T'other at *humerus* or ear finds check;
One to infernal regions wings his way,
T'other takes flight, exclaiming, "Let us pray."
Our ass, amidst this carnage shows his might,
Supporting gallantly his errant knight;
He flies, kicks, bites, and tramples in the dust
These vagrant foes of the defenceless just.
Now Sacrogorgon close his visor wears,
While still retreating lustily he swears;
Dunois arrives, at *pubis* bone strikes deep,
Lo! near his *coccyx* doth the steel's point peep —
The villain falls! The crowd exclaims, "Encore!
Praised be the Lord, the scoundrel is no more!"

Still on the dust the cut-throat struggling lay,
When thus exclaimed the hero: "Prithee say,
Accursed soul, hell waits thee, dread the devil;
Is not his grace a mitred son of evil,
A ravisher, and proved a perjured elf,
While Dorothy is innocence itself,
Faithful to him, in love her ardent slave,
While thou art nothing but an arrant knave?"
"Oh! yes, Sir Knight, you justly dub me cheat;
I am, 'tis true, a caitiff most complete;
Your conquering sword hath settled the account."

He ceased, his soul found vent, but did not mount;
Downward it plunged, to demons close allied,
And thus the direful Sacrogorgon died.

As the vile, graceless braggart's soul took flight,
To dwell with Satan in the realms of night,
A squire was seen amid the crowd to advance,
Bearing a helmet and a gilded lance,
'Fore whom, in yellow vestments trimly 'rayed,
Two gallant horsemen made a grand parade;
Sure symbol that some noble knight was near.
No sooner did these unknown forms appear
Than Dorothy, with wonder and surprise
At once oppressed, alarmed, sent forth these cries:
"Oh! should my well-beloved arrive at last,
Kind heaven will then requite my sorrows past."
So spake the girl, while yielding to amaze,
Straight on the squire the people fixed their gaze.

Ah reader! feel'st thou not ashamed to own
Thyself, like wavering Milanese, as prone
To occupy at once thy sight and sense
With wonders thus produced by Providence?
Yet say, is such the purport of my song?
Oh! think of Orleans and its warlike throng
Of heroes pressed, and Charles who fills the throne;
And of our amazon, the Maiden Joan,
Who, without bonnet, petticoat or gown,
Like Centaur scours the country up and down,
Placing more confidence in heaven's high will

Than all the courage nature can instil;
And offering to Saint Denis prayers devout,
Who then in Paradise made dreadful rout,
Wielding tongue-combat fierce as tilt with lance
'Gainst George of Britain, in support of France.

And, gentle reader, still more worthy note,
The grace of lovely Agnes which I quote;
Her beauties must each feeling mind endear.
Is there a heart so sad and so austere
As to survey such beauties passing rare,
And not confess a lively interest there?
And now, my friend, I frankly would inquire
If Dorothy was sentenced to the fire,
If the great author of all things on high
Rescued the sufferer from this cruelty?
Such case but seldom finds its parallel:
But that an object you love passing well,
For whom your constant tears prove love's alarms,
Should find repose in some stout chaplain's arms,
Or with a youthful page share fond embrace,
You must allow it no uncommon case.
To cause such feats no miracle is wrought,
For me, I love all stories that are fraught
With truths which appertain to mortals here;
I am myself a creature of this sphere,
And proudly boast that I have shared my part
In all the wanderings of the human heart,
I've roved in love, been pleased with others' pain
And see myself reflected o'er again.

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

[1] Fill me a bowl, a brimmer fill!
'Tis thus I cure Love's smart;
No wound but sparkling wine will kill,
Though rankling in the heart.

[2] This terse confession of the disconsolate Dorothy brings to mind the words of Laberius, where he says:

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

[3] The above panegyric of our poet upon an illegitimate offspring brings forcibly to mind the lines of Bastard Edmund in "King Lear," where he says:

——— Why bran they us
With base, with baseness, bastardy, base, base,
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and 'wake?

The publicity of Dunois' illegitimate origin is not to be wondered at when we consider the exalted birth of both his parents, and, more particularly, the transcendent qualifications of the hero himself. At the present period, however, persons are not so scrupulous, for there are instances of men possessing no other attributes than arrogance and conceit who might have passed quietly to their graves with the simple title of Misters, and who, without any brilliant qualifications whatsoever, think fit to blazon forth a princely bastardy, though on the maternal side a demi-rep or opera-dancer may have ushered them forth to strut and sweat their hour and then be heard no more.

[4] A priestly anathema is a charitable imprecation which the ministers of heaven fulminate against those who excite their displeasure, in order that their bodies may be tortured on earth, if their power extends so far, or that they may be accursed to all eternity for the benefit of their untractable souls.

[5] The Inquisition was an ecclesiastical jurisdiction first established in France, where it continued partially in force till the reign of Louis XIV., at which period there were two Inquisitions remaining, viz.: at Toulouse and Carcassone, which were authorized by the king's letters patent. This establishment was also instituted in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, in order to seek out and punish those whose sentiments were in any way opposed to the Catholic faith. It was a maxim of the Inquisition to have recourse in its proceedings to all that could inspire terror. Those who were seized by the Inquisitors were abandoned by everybody, without any exception as to consanguinity or relationship, no one daring to speak to the accused, as that circumstance would have been sufficient to attach suspicion to the person of being heretical. No stated lapse of time was prescribed in regard to heresy, nor did death itself rescue the accused from the sanguinary proceedings of this community, who, in such cases, proceeded against the dead body. The executions, called *autos da fé* (act of faith), only took place when several persons were to be immolated, in order that the number might produce the more lively impression and inspire terror in the multitude. Pope Paul the Fourth used to denominate the Inquisition "the mainspring of the pontificate."

In Italy those who were members of this abhorred society were styled Knights of the Inquisition, and in Spain, Servants of the Holy Office, *Familiares et Domestici S. Officii.* The standard or flag of this community was of red damask, whereon was painted a crucifix, accompanied by an olive branch on one side and a sword on the other, around which appeared these words from the Psalm: *Exurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam.*

[6] As a plain, old-fashioned Protestant reader may not be aware of the practices which were carried on in Catholic countries, in France as elsewhere, I beg him to understand that this narrative respecting Dorothy and her uncle, the bishop, is by no means an innovation upon matter of fact; as it is customary for curates and parish priests to have for domestic attendants pretty, plump, rosy young lasses who are conveniently denominated their nieces and introduced as such to their parishioners, who are just as well aware of the speciousness of the relationship as the priest himself. It may be necessary to remark by way of addition that in order to prevent disagreeable family occurrences the garden of our reverend divine is generally well stocked with an ample crop of the two roots called *Sabina* or *Savin* and *Rue*. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

> Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
> Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.
> *Œdipus of* VOLTAIRE.

> In priests we behold not what vain people see,
> Their science consists in our credulity.

[7] Mother Church means no other than the clergy figuratively represented as the wife of the Lord, who, although a very good dame, will sometimes treat her refractory children with an obduracy not altogether consonant with the tenets of Christian mercy and Divine forbearance, and which would not, perhaps, be tolerated by heaven were the celestial regard always directed towards her proceedings.

[8] The bigotry of the Italian character and the terror inspired by their priests are perfectly well known, and admirably delineated by Boileau in the following lines:

> Un *bigot* orgueilleux, qui, dans sa vanité,
> Croit duper jusqu'à Dieu par son zèle affecté,
> Couvrant tous ses défauts d'une sainte apparence,
> Damne tous les humains de sa pleine puissance.

[9] The stole forms a part of the vestment of a Roman Catholic bishop and owed its derivation to a Greek word

signifying a long robe. The stole of the ancients was very different from that worn at the present period. It was sometimes a mantle of ceremony which sovereigns presented to those they were desirous of honoring; from whence came the following words from Holy Writ: *Stolam gloriæ induit eum,* etc.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE CAPTIVATING LA TRIMOUILLE MEETS AN ENGLISHMAN AT THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME OF LORETTO, AND WHAT AFTERWARDS ENSUED WITH DOROTHY.

How wise, how interesting proves our page;
The heart and mind at once formed to engage!
Virtue triumphant here we always view,
Each knight has courage, aye and conduct too.
The rights of kings, chaste feelings of the fair,
All here are spread; it is a garden rare,
Whose contour yields enchantment to the sight,
Its varied culture blooming with delight;
And in perfection too alike I see,
Of gems most bright, the flower of chastity,
Like lily which displays a spotless head,
By hand luxuriant of pure nature spread.
Youth, maidens all, my lays assiduous read,
Of heavenly virtue the divinest creed.
From priest, renowned Tritemus,[1] numbers came,
By birth from Picardy, of learned fame;
Who for his theme, our Joan and Agnes took.
How I admire him! and with pleasure look
On times now past, when I alone preferred
His wholesome, modest page, and then averred
How much the sense surpassed those vapid strains

That flow in torrents from romancer's [2] brains;
From whose dull wits abortive themes appear,
Born to perish in one short-lived year.
The wonder of our Joan's portentous fate
Shall triumph over time's remotest date;
No dubious feats her grand career o'ercast,
Truth ever pleases, truth alone can last.

Still nought can I, my friend, of Joan here sing,
Since now the muse for Dorothy takes wing,
And Dunois, the avenging champion brave,
And Trimouille well-beloved, her faithful slave,
Each having on my verse the rightful claim;
And I must here confess, devoid of shame,
That with just cause, my reader now inquires
What feats were kindled by these Paphian fires.

Near Orleans straight must memory bring to view,
How Trimouille, ornament of rich Poitou,[3]
For good King Charles performing valor's feat,
Neck-deep in ditch, enjoyed a muddy treat,
Whence faithful squires, with mighty pain and toil,
Forth dragged him, laden with the ebon soil.
Our hero galled by many a direful stroke,
Had shoulder shattered and the elbow broke,
And thus for town besieged his form they bore,
Afflicting spectacle of blood and gore.
But Talbot, keeping vigilance in view,
Had to the city barred each avenue;
By secret path then silent they conveyed

Our errant knight, of fell surprise afraid,
To ancient Tours, on litter safe reclined,
City most faithful and to Charles resigned.
Fate willed it so, a quack [4] then sojourned there,
Arrived from Venice, who, with dextrous care,
His dislocated radius [5] set with skill
Which in the shoulder's socket moved at will;
Ere long the squire made known to gallant knight,
That he no longer for his king could fight,
Since every route was guarded by the foe.
The hero, ever thrilled by passion's glow,
At length resolved, impelled by dire ennui,
That he would speed his tender fair to see.

Reckless of hair-breadth perils that ensued,
He crossed the plains which Lombards [6] had subdued,
And gaining Milan's [7] walls, with soul elate,
There found advancing to the city's gate,
Like flood resistless, a besotted band,
Collected from the circumjacent land,
Crowding to Milan: Farmers, monks, and clowns,
And Benedictines, robed in sable gowns,
Parents and children, noisy rabble train,
Whose eagerness no barrier could restrain,
Forward they press, and cry: "Let's hurry there.
We do not every day such pastime share." [8]

Soon learned our knight, with horror and dismay,
The deed which caused the Lombard's holyday,

What act was then prepared to meet his sight:
" My Dorothy! " he cried, then took his flight.
His courser, vaulting o'er each vagrant's head,
Quick bounded forward, so the knight was led
From suburbs and the city to the square;
When lo! he saw the conquering Bastard there,
Whose valor had subdued the murderous race;
As Dorothy, condemned by judgment base,
Dismayed, could scarce upraise her timid eye.
Tritemus, with his talent, by the bye,
Could never paint the joy that held control,
The transports that o'erwhelmed her spotless soul,
As on her love beamed passion's ardent ray:
What coloring, what pencil could convey,
Thus mingling soft, of tenderness and fire,
The lingering trait which suffering could inspire,
Of thrilling ecstasy the blissful tide?
Confusion, virtue, shame, she could not hide,
While, by degrees, soft passion overcame.
Trimouille, impelled by the resistless flame,
Within his ardent arms her form entwined,
By bliss subdued, to tenderness resigned;
And thus embraced in turn, with transport mute,
Dunois, his mistress, and the long-eared brute.

The fair, from windows gazing on the sight,
Clapped hands, o'ercome with rapturous delight;
Then fled the priestly ministers of guile,
Some headlong hurled upon the useless pile,
Floating in crimson stream of smoking blood.

Amidst these ruins dauntless Dunois stood,
Maintaining Dorothy, a spotless fair;
Like famed Alcides,[9] erst in port and air,
Binding Eumenides,[10] the furies fell,
Dark Fate, and Cerebus,[11] the hound of hell,
Alceste [12] thus yielding to her lover's arms,
Who still in secret, felt some jealous qualms.

With these brave knights attendant in her train,
To sure asylum Dorothy was ta'en,
On easy litter safely thus reclined:
Next morn our Bastard, led by feelings kind,
Approached the bed where then the lovers lay:
"I feel," he cried, "how useless 'tis to stay,
Since I your amorous joys can naught advance;
Joan and King Charles require my aid in France,
Them must I join, since well the maid I know
For donkey's loss, now feels a touch of woe;
Great Denis, patron of our realm revered,
To me this night, in person hath appeared;
I saw the Saint plain as I see you now,
Who for a nag, lent me this ass I vow;
To succor kings, and dames afflicted sore,
He ordered me to visit France once more.
Thank Heaven, I've rendered service to the fair,
The monarch Charles, in turn, demands my care;
Taste now the bliss which lovers only know,
The fruits of ecstasy enjoyed below,
While for my king, obedient to the Fates,
I yield my life — time flies — my ass awaits."

"With thee," Trimouille exclaimed, " I must begone,
I'll mount my courser, and attend anon."
" Such is alike my wish," the fair one said,
" A strong resolve has long engrossed my head
Of Gallia's king the far-famed court to view,
So fraught with heroes — tender Agnes too
Who sways the heart — and Joan the warlike maid,
In all the trappings of great Mars arrayed;
My lover cherished, and Dunois renowned,
Will safe escort me to the world's last bound;
For, when alive, expecting to be broiled,
In hope of grace, my mind incessant toiled;
'Twas then I offered up a fervent vow,
'Fore Lady of Loretto's shrine to bow,
If she would snatch my body from the flame —
No sooner spoke, ere the celestial dame
Upon your flying donkey sent you straight
To rescue me from flames and adverse fate;
Through you I'm saved, my vow must sacred be,
Or justly will the Virgin punish me."

" Your converse is discreet and wondrous sage,"
Exclaimed Trimouille, " and such a pilgrimage
Becomes a sacred duty which you owe.
I will alike on this excursion go;
Loretto warms me with a zealot's ray;
Thither I'll lead thee; Dunois, speed thy way
Through starry realms, pursue thine airy flight
Till fertile plains of Blois appear in sight;
There will we join thee, ere a month is told;

And thou, my love, a pilgrim fair enrolled,
Shall, to fulfil thy vow, forthwith proceed
With me; thine eyes shall be religion's creed;
To every comer, both with lance and sword
I'll prove their prior claims to be adored,
That there's no female of renown, but she,
In wit and beauty, yields the palm to thee."
The fair one blushed; when Dapple, Denis' pride,
With hoofs strikes earth, and spreading pennons wide,
Soars through the horizon 'mid realms of air,
Transporting Dunois to Rhone's margin fair.

Our knight his course towards Ancona [13] bent,
With staff in hand, on Dorothy intent;
The front of each, with pilgrim's hat supplied,
Adorned with shells by priestcraft sanctified; [14]
A rosary from either's girdle hung,
Where beads of gold and pearls were choicely strung
Which oftentimes our errant knight told o'er
With countless *Aves* blessed — celestial lore!
And litanies, whereto the fair replies:
"Oh, how I love you!" adding tender sighs:
On orisons like these their minds were bent.
To Parma and Plapenza thus they went,
To strong Modena and Urbino gay,
Then to Cesena's towers they bent their way;
Lodged in the splendid mansions of the great,
Dukes, princes, cardinals, in pompous state.
Our knight this grand advantage too possessed,

Upholding of all dames, his fair the best
For wisdom, beauty, and celestial grace;
To Dorothy assigning sovereign place,
Which bold opinion no one dared dispute,
Avouched by knight so famed; each tongue was mute.
Italia's nobles thus good sense displayed,
And, at discretion, dictates cool obeyed.

Borne to Musona's banks near Ricanate,
Rising amidst Ancona's marquisate,
Afar the pilgrims saw the chapel shrine,
Mansion renowned, Madonna's fane divine;
Those walls preserved, by Heaven's omniscient grace,
Fabric possessed by avaricious race,
Which angels tutelar, in times of yore,
With rapid flight through realms ærial bore;
As when some vessel stems the buoyant main:
From high, at famed Loretto, Heaven's bright train
Descending, dropped those walls which grew at will,
Where all that art most precious could fulfil,
And labor's hand display to wondering sight,
By monks was spread, the strangers to invite;
Those lords terrestrial, vicars from on high,
Who graced this pile, revered for sanctity.
With contrite heart, from nags dismounting straight,
Prostrate our lovers bend to heavenly fate;
Then each, to ratify the vow once made,
Most sumptuous offerings on the altar laid;

Each gift accepted by our Dame of Grace,
And monks — the guardians of this sainted place.

Our lovers to the inn then sped to share
The wished-for meal, when chance so willed that there,
Devoid of thought, they met a Briton brave,
Who came, but to appear the Virgin's slave,
By way of pastime; for, within his breast
Loretto's Dame had ne'er her seal impressed;
Briton complete, who, having nought in view,
Travelled to purchase, as a prime *vertu,*
Antiquities new made; and with an haughty air,
Despising saints with relics rich and rare.
Of Gallia's race he ranked the opponent fell;
His name was Christopher of Arundel;
He sped through Italy in sombre mood,
For melancholy curdled thick his blood;
A mistress journeyed with our English wight,
Than him more haughty still, and impolite!
Silent, thought clad in Venus' bright array,
Tender by night and arrogant by day;
In bed, at meals, her conduct to rehearse,
She was precisely Dorothy's reverse.

Our knightly baron, pride of Poitou's land,
A passing compliment first proffered bland;
To which the Islander ne'er deigned reply.
Of Mary next he spoke, pure queen on high,
Then swore, according to his promise given

In Lombardy to Denis, throned in heaven,
Through every realm his fair discreet to prove,
And beauteous, as the heavenly queen of Love.
" I think," to England's haughty son he cried,
" Your Lady's to some noble stock allied;
That she conjoins with beauty continence;
Nay more, I feel she boasts good store of sense,
Though lack of speech hath nothing yet proclaimed;
But Dorothy before her must be named;
You'll own it, and to grant her second place
With such a rival, none can deem disgrace."
At this address, inspired with angry glow,
The Briton eyed Trimouille from top to toe;
" By God," he cried, " it little boots to me,
Whether Saint Denis and yourself agree;
Nor do I feel concerned if she you prize
Be fair or ugly, silly or most wise;
Each his own property should cherish most,
Nor make of what he has a useful boast;
But since you thus have had the impudence
To dare aloud assume the preference
O'er Briton born, I'll teach you soon to know
The duty which to England's sons you owe;
For in such case, we Islanders ne'er prate,
But give each upstart Gaul a broken pate;
Wherefore, I now assert, for potent charms,
In shape and make, in bosom, throat, and arms,
In wisdom, too, and honor's thrill divine,
A hundred times, my mistress o'ertops thine;
And that my king, whom I but little dread,

Knows how to bend at will the stubborn head
Of cook-maid Joan, and Charles thy master too."
"Well," quoth the gallant baron of Poitou,
"Rise we from table, to yon court amain —
My love, my king, and country I'll maintain;
But, as true courtesy all thoughts should move,
Select what mode of combat you approve,
On foot or mounted, claim the sovereign voice,
In this my conduct waits upon your choice."
"On foot," exclaimed the son of Briton's host,
"By G—d, no horse the honor here shall boast,
In sharing toil and victory with me;
I'll not be clad in armor *cap-a-pie,*
Which is but poltroon's trappings to my mind;
The weather's hot, let me fight unconfined;
Stark naked I my thesis will hold right,
So both our fair ones may adjudge the fight."

With mild yet noble tone, the Gaul then cried,
"With all my heart"— while Dorothy, his pride,
Shuddered with fear at this defiance rude,
Though pleasure secretly her soul imbued,
To rank first object of this conflict fierce;
Yet trembled she, lest Arundel should pierce
With deadly steel, the bosom of her dear,
Which she then moistened with translucent tear.

The British dame spurred on her love to arms
With glance commanding, conscious of her charms;
As yet no drop had from her eye distilled,

With dire alarms her haughty heart was filled;
Her nation's cock-fights were the games which she
Had always cherished with avidity;
Judith she was, yclept de Rosamore;
By Cambridge honored, Bristol's darling store.

Within a close, our errant knights now view,
Eager to brave the fight that must ensue;
Each gallant with his noble quarrel charmed,
In maintenance of love and country armed,
The front erect, well poised the glittering steel,
The arm extended, body in profile,
Rapid they join their swords, in quart and tierce,
Each by the other struck in contact fierce;
'Tis pleasure to behold the heroes meet,
Stoop — rise again — advance — and then retreat—
Parry — spring up — from feints the breast
enshield,
And 'gainst assault the weapon dextrous wield.
Thus oft we view in the celestial plains,
Under the lion, or where dog-star reigns,
One burning glow transfuse the realms of air,
As if ten thousand fires were kindled there;
The vast horizon dazzling thus the eye,
As lightnings follow quick, the flash gone by.

A blow right well directed by the Gaul,
Straight at the Briton's chin he now let fall;
And lightly springing back preserves his guard,
While Arundel in turn then presses hard,

And dashing on in tierce, assails his foe;
Whose thigh incontinent receives a blow,
When streaming blood the polished flesh imbrues,
The ivory tinged with variegated hues.
While these assaults our combatants enrage,
Each glad to die so he may but engage
A mistress' plaudit, and at once decide
The fair one, who shall reign the victor's pride,
Arrives a bandit from the papal power,
With troop despatched, the country wide to scour,
Who gives with promptitude, his mission scope,
To pay his pure devotions to the Pope.

This rascal bore the name of Martinguerre,
A thief by night, by day avowed corsair;
But to the Virgin bound by sacred deeds,
Forgetful never to count o'er his beads;
Who thus from every murderous crime was free.
He chanced within the close our dames to see.
Their palfreys too, in gaudy trappings dressed,
Mules bearing gold with Agnus Deis blessed;
Once seen by him, soon vanished was the store,
He carries off, with Judith Rosamore,
Fair Dorothy and baggage as his prize,
Mules, harness, and from view, like lightning flies.

Firm in their grasps the deadly swords are raised,
And brandished wide, like gleaming meteors blazed;
Each champion strove in honor of the fair,
When Poitou's knight the first became aware,

His dame was absent from the verdant space,
Afar his squire appeared in ardent chase;
Aghast he stands, his arm from deeds abstains,
And in his nerveless grasp the steel remains.
The Briton paused as if of wits beguiled,
Their weapons drop, their eyeballs glaring wild,
Gaping they stand, each mien portrayed surprise,
And thus astounded, each the other eyes:
"Oh!" cries the Briton, "by the Lord 'tis plain,
Some vile despoilers have our partners ta'en;
Why fool-like do we thus our bodies hack?
While each should follow on his courser's back;
In honor of their charms we thus can wound
Each other bravely, when our loves are found."

The other willing, both the pastime change,
And friendly speed the Champaigne land to range;
But scarce an hundred yards they forward fly
Ere one exclaims, "Oh! Lord, my arm, my thigh;"
The other groans, "Ah! me, my breast, my head,"
And finding vigor's strong impetus dead,
That nerves the heart and forms the hero's soul,
No longer fired with ardor's warm control,
Which quick diminished with the crimson flood,
Wounded and weak, they fall from loss of blood,
And on the turf exhausted, side by side,
The sod ensanguine with heart's warmest tide.

The squires engaged in Martinguerre's pursuit,
His track discerning, dash along the route.

Of robes and valets thus our knights bereft,
And lacking money; on the verdure left,
Life's latest moment they believe at hand,
When worn with years, and traversing the land,
A dame their naked state with pity views,
And heavenly feeling's impulse straight pursues.
On humble litters borne within her cot,
And styptics tendered for each sufferer's lot,
With genial sense, they soon recovered too
Exhausted strength and health's primeval hue.

This withered dame, respected far and wide,
Dispensed around an odor sanctified;
No bigot was there near Ancona's towers,
No soul so signalized for sainted powers:
'Twas she predicted weather fine, or rain,
Healed trifling wounds, or lulled the body's pain,
And by pure orisons and holy oil,
Allured by faith, the sinner from hell's toil.
Our heroes to the dame their tale confess,
And claim her counsel in this dire distress;
The wrinkled female, calling then to aid
Her boasted powers, to honored Mary prayed,
Then oped her mouth and cried, "Go hence in peace,
Let fond affection for your loves increase;
And kindness henceforth both your bosoms fill,
Nor for your mistresses each other kill;
The tender objects of your ardent love
Are now subjected rude assaults to prove;
For them I feel, and for your anxious dread

Attire yourselves — and by your horses led,
Lose not the route 'tis fitting you pursue;
Kind Heaven through me thus opens to your view,
That to regain the fair, by robbers won,
'Tis fit you after them with speed should run."

Our Gallic chief the energy admired
Of this harangue — while Briton's son, inspired
By thought, exclaimed, " I laud your prophecy,
The thief 'tis fit we follow by and by,
When for our purpose we find fitting steeds,
Doublets and armor, meet for warlike deeds."
"All these," the female cried, " you may command:
By lucky chance, there sojourns in the land,
An offspring circumcised, of Judah's race."
Our dame, right eager to serve sons of grace,
To Israel's tribe gave sounding plaudits vent;
Freely anon the gallant Hebrew lent
Two thousand crowns to serve our warlike pair,
For which he took percentage passing fair,
Just forty for each hundred and no more;
A custom with that blessed race of yore,
Which into Canaan's choice land was led
By prophet Moses, marching at its head.
This pelf divided, stored the Hebrew's bag,
While half was fingered by the saintly hag.

END OF CANTO VIII.

NOTES TO CANTO VIII.

[1] The Abbé Tritemus was not a native of Picardy, but of the diocese of Treves, and died at Würzburg in 1516. We will not, however, take upon ourselves to assert that his family was not originally of Picard extraction, and shall therefore feel content by referring to this erudite author, who no doubt saw the manuscript of the *"Pucelle"* in the library of some Benedictine monastery.

[2] Archbishop Turpin, supposed to have been the author of the famous romance of "Charlemain and Roland," gave rise to numerous other histories of the same marvellous description. The inhabitants of Provence particularly distinguished themselves by the fertility of their imaginations in this species of composition, which was by them transported into Spain and Italy. The French in particular applied themselves assiduously to the same branch of literature on account of their suavity of manners and the politeness which characterized their proceedings in regard to the fair sex. Subsequent to the period of Turpin, under *Philip le Bel,* romances on chivalry were much in vogue; witness *"Amadis de Gaul,"* in twenty-four volumes; *"Palmerin d'Olive,"* "Palmerin of England," "King Arthur," and a multiplicity of others so ably criticised in "Don Quixote." The most ancient French romance extant is entitled *"Guarin de Loherane."*

Of more modern date we have romances abounding with politeness and instruction.

"Condidere fabulosas narrationes politiores et doctiores," Such as *"The Astrea of d'Urfé;" "Cyrus and Clelia,"* by Mademoiselle Scudery; *"Polexander of Gombervile;"* "Cassander and Cleopatra," by Calprenède, etc., which are only rendered the more dangerous on account of their fascinations. In short, the title of romance has been attached

to histories replete with amorous intrigues and affairs of the most flagitious gallantry. We may adduce, however, one exception to this rule in announcing *"Telemachus"* the most perfect romance in existence, containing nothing that can corrupt the morals, and abounding with the most wholesome instruction.

On the subject of English novels it would be needless to dilate, as they constitute part of the equipages of the breakfast and toilet tables. I shall only beg leave to remark that those of ancient date inculcated noble and virtuous sentiments, while the moderns too frequently tend to deprave the morals and vitiate the understanding.

[3] Trimouille, or Trémouille, is the name of a small town of Poitou, being the *Trimulium, Tremolia,* or *Tremollia* of the Romans; it had a very strong and noble castle, with the title of duchy, and gave the name to the illustrious house of *La Trémouille,* from which our hero was descended. It is situated on the small river Benaise, thirty-six miles from Poictiers.

[4] The French word *charlatan,* from whence we derive charlatanry, which we express by the word quack, takes its derivation from the Italian *ceretano,* which comes from *Cæretum,* a village near Spoleto in Italy, from whence these perambulating cheats and mountebanks first issued, journeying from place to place; Menage derives the term from *circulatanus,* which he conceives to have been used instead of *circulator.* Molière, speaking of religious empyrics, very forcibly says:

> Enfin je ne vois rien qui soit plus odieux,
> Que ces francs *charlatans,* que ces dévots de place,
> De qui la sacrilége et trompeuse grimace, etc.

[5] The radius is the upper and lesser bone of the arm, as well as the greater bone of the leg.

[6] The Lombards were an ancient people of Germany, who established themselves in Italy, where they formed a powerful monarchy in Cisalpine Gaul, from which they erased the name, substituting that of Lombardy.

[7] See Note 26 to the Sixth Canto.

[8] The unfortunate Dorothy might well have exclaimed to the eager rabble, in the words of the frogs in the fable: "This may be sport to you, but it is death to me!" The above lines of Voltaire are a very just allusion to the practice pursued by the common people of every country, who uniformly repair to visit such scenes with as much alacrity as if the sight was of the most pleasing nature; and in London I have uniformly found that an execution is the signal for a cessation from work, during the rest of the day, by the major part of those who are attracted to witness the awful spectacle.

[9] Alcides, a name given to Hercules, on account of his surprising strength, or from the name of his grandfather, Alcæus.

[10] Eumenides, a term applied to the Furies by the ancients, who were supposed to have sprung from the drops of blood that flowed from the wound which Cœlus received from his son Saturn; or, according to others, they were the daughters of the Earth, and conceived from the blood of Saturn.

[11] Cerberus was the three-headed dog of Pluto, placed as guardian at the entrance of the infernal regions, which, according to the heathen mythology, was the fruit of Echidna's union with Typhon.

[12] Alceste or Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias and Anaxibia, was married to Admetus, and together with her sisters, put her father to death, that he might be restored to youth and vigor by Medea, who afterwards refused to perform her promise; upon which the sisters fled for safety to Admetus, the husband of Alceste. They were soon pursued by their brother Acastus, at the head of an army, when Admetus, being taken prisoner, was redeemed from death by the generous offer of his wife, who was sacrificed in his stead, to appease the shade of her father. Other authors say that Alceste, with true conjugal affection,

laid down her life for her husband, having been told by an oracle, that he could never recover from a disease unless some one of his friends died in his stead. According to other writers, Hercules brought her back from hell, to which circumstance our poet here alludes.

[13] Ancona is derived from a Greek word signifying *elbow,* so named on account of its situation; it is an ancient and considerable city of the Papal States, and capital of the Marquisate of Ancona, having a strong citadel, a port, and a bishopric dependent upon the Pope.

[14] Alluding to the broad-brimmed hats worn by pilgrims in ancient days, which, together with their loose flowing tunics, were covered over with cockle shells, to denote their having journeyed beyond seas, and which were usually consecrated by the priests or monks. Pilgrimages were pious expiatory acts very much followed in countries famous for devotion, and which consisted in trudging about the country, to render a visit and pay for bottles of wine, in order to toast some stranger saint, who generally returned the compliment by according to the males permission to intoxicate themselves, and to the females the blessings of child-birth nine months after having returned from their peregrinations.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

TRIMOUILLE AND ARUNDEL FIND THEIR MISTRESSES IN PROVENCE, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH TOOK PLACE AT THE ROCK DENOMINATED ST. BALME.

Two cavaliers who well the fight have waged,
Mounted or in a tilting match engaged;
Whether with broadsword, pointed rapier thin,
Armed *cap-a-pie,* or naked to the skin;
Reciprocal esteem in secret feel,
As both their meritorious acts reveal;
And when from passion free, they laud each blow
Inflicted ably by the gallant foe.
The conflict ended, oftentimes we view
Some sad adventure or ill luck accrue;
Some rueful chance attached to either knight,
When joint misfortunes make them both unite.
Thus adverse fate produces oft strange ends,
Transforming deadly foes to bosom friends;
And of such case was seen true parallel
In Gaul's Trimouille and England's Arundel.
Lofty by nature was the Briton's crest,
Careless his mind, unfeeling too his breast;
Yet could his heart, though tempered hard as steel,
For Gallia's son compassion's impulse feel;

And Poitou's knight, by friendship's power
enchained,
In whom no tender thrill was e'er restrained
Owned equal glow. "Ah! how I feel," said he
"Inspired, my friend, by your kind courtesy;
My Dorothy is torn from these fond arms;
Your warlike sword in battle's rude alarms
I know, will kindly aid me to explore
Where lie concealed those beauties I adore,
And gladly would I direful perils share,
In safety to restore your absent fair."

These friends affianced, and these lovers true,
Together journey with false route in view;
As each toward Leghorn confidently speeds,[1]
While by a different course the thief proceeds;
And as from tract direct our heroes stray,
With ease the ravisher pursues his way;
Triumphant wafting thus his noble prize
To lonely mansion, whither safe he hies
By ways sequestered, there in buoyant pride,
'Twixt Rome Imperial [2] and Gayeta, glide
Old Neptune's waves, that wash the turret's base,
Retreat of insolence and murderous race;
Of filthiness and gluttony of the sty,
Of drunkenness and bestial revelry,
Of noisy broils, whence deadly strife ensues,
Impurity disgusting of the stews,
Extinguishing at once love's tender fires;
Each foul excess that villainy inspires,

Presenting thus the human race to sight,
When man unbridled gluts mere appetite;
Terrestrial forms with heaven's perfection 'rayed,
Or rather friends, 'tis thus ye all are made.[3]

Arrived within the pile, our Corsair dread,
Ne'er breathing compliment, to table led
The fair ones — and between his lovely prey,
Eats, nay devours, toasts each, and swigs away;
Exclaiming then: "Ladies, 'tis now but right
Ye choose the which shall sleep with me to-night:
Either will please, to me 'tis just the same,
Or brown, or fair, English or Roman dame;
Christian, or Infidel, or small, or great
Will suit; so drink, I say."—This cruel fate
Suffused with blushes Dorothy's sad mien,
While straight by grief o'ercome, her tears were seen,
Forming a cloud before each orbit blue,
Which trickled o'er her nose of ivory hue
In crystal drops; and whence the streamlet fell
Upon that chin where love had formed a dell
One day caressing her; and thus distressed
With poignant anguish was the fair oppressed.
Judith the while, absorbed in deepest thought,
The Corsair eyes, with varied feelings fraught;
Then thus bespoke him with contemptuous smile:
"I will with joy your hours of rest beguile;
At midnight, therefore, I'll become your prey,
Then will at once be ascertained the way

An English female is in acting led
With brutal robber thus consigned to bed."
A slobbering kiss anon our ruffian gave,
And thus made answer Martinguerre the brave:
" I always dearly loved an English lass."
Once more he kisses, tosses off his glass;
Empties another, eats and drinks again,
Sings, swears, while nothing can his hands restrain,
Which uncontrolled, in turn the charms explore
Of loathing Dorothy and Rosamore,
One weeping, while the other with disdain,
Ne'er changing color or evincing pain,
Unchecked submits to every shameless feat.

At length the villain staggering quits his seat,
With steps unsteady; while the sparkling eyes,
A ruffian's meaning quaintly advertise,
Informing, that whene'er a bargain's made,
The terms agreed upon must be obeyed;
And thus illumed with Bacchus' ardent flames
He rests, preparing for Cytherean games.

Our lovely Milanese, with look of dread,
Then Judith thus bespoke: " Canst thou be led
To consummate the monster's vile desire?
Thou, who art framed to kindle noblest fire;
To please a wretch, must all these charms descend?"
" Trust me, far different conduct I intend,"—
Proud Judith cried —"and so shall you declare
What for my honor and my charms I'll dare;

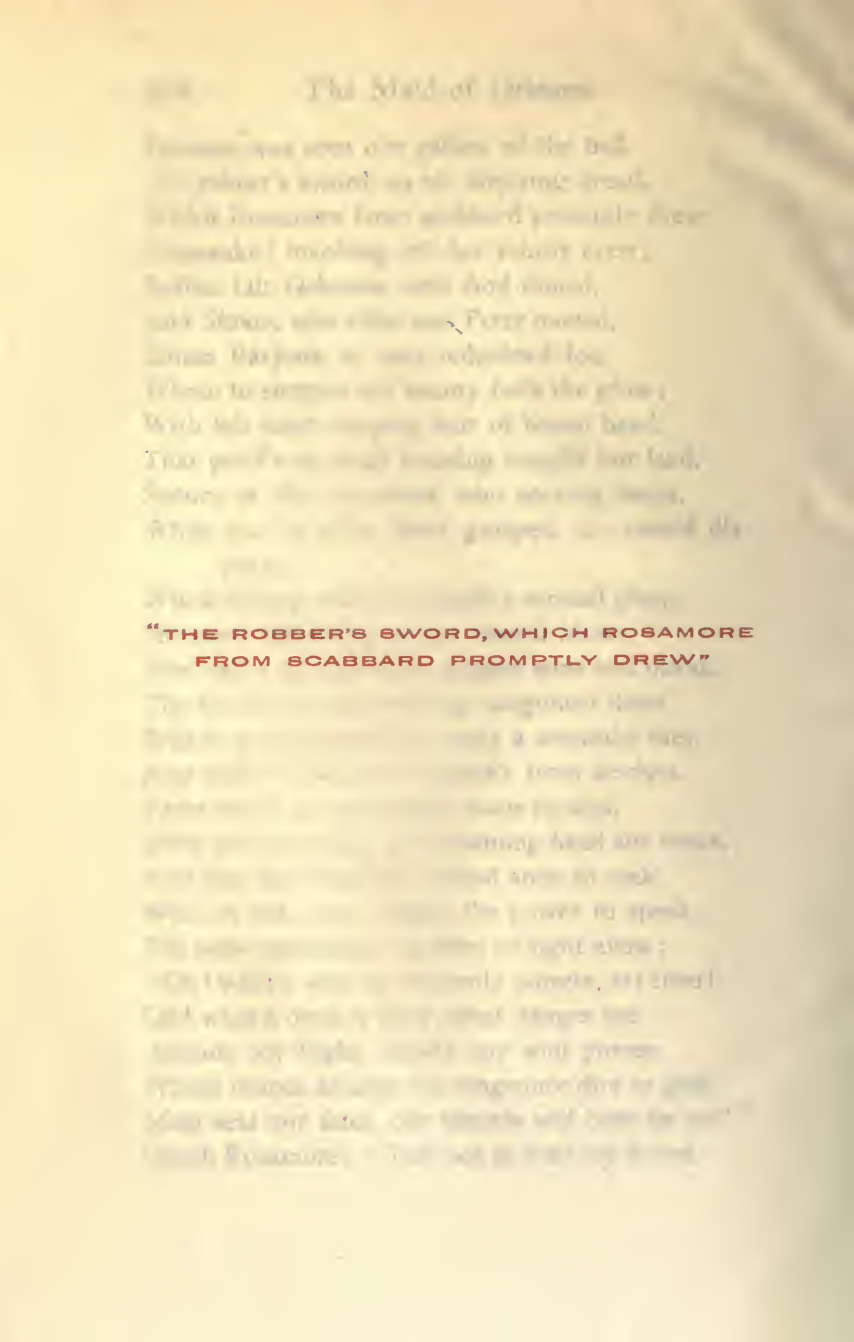
The knight I love possesses all my soul.
Learn that Omniscience, by his dread control,
Of arms robust hath blessed me with a pair,
And Judith is the christian name I bear;
Await my coming in this noxious place,
Leave *me* to act, but pray to heaven for grace."
With haughty air she hies to take her post
In bed, to sleep beside her brutal host.

The clouds of night their sable mantle spread
O'er ruined turrets of this mansion dread;
The murderous villains in the barn recline,
Drenching though brutalized with floods of wine;
And at this hour, when horrors fell unite,
Poor Dorothy almost expires with fright!

By fumes subdued of Bacchus' deadening juice,
Our buccaneer [4] had wholly lost the use
Of that dense part whence spring our thoughts
divine,
By powers of love much less provoked than wine.
To press these poignant charms he then proceeds,
Limbs fitly modelled to perform bold deeds.

Our Judith, prodigal of tender smiles,
In warm embracings lulls with softest guiles;
Seductive toils of perfidy the cloak,
With smiles thus veiling death's portentous stroke;
Subdued at length, by Morpheus' fetter bound,
He gaping turns, and sinks in sleep profound.

Pendant was seen o'er pillow of the bed,
The robber's sword, so oft inspiring dread,
Which Rosamore from scabbard promptly drew,
Namesake [5] invoking and her saintly crew;
Judith, fair Deborah, with Aod famed,
And Simon, who alike was Peter named,
Simon Barjona, of ears redoubted foe,
Whom to surpass our beauty feels the glow;
With left hand clasping hair of brutal head,
That pond'rous skull incasing nought but lead,
Sconce of vile miscreant, who snoring brays,
While she, in right hand grasped, the sword displays,
Which falling, ends the bandit's sensual glow,
His neck disparting at one fateful blow.
Now reeks the bed with mingled wine and blood,
The headless trunk emitting sanguined flood
Which spurting forth, in many a streamlet flies,
And with red tint our heroine's front be-dyes.
From couch our amazonian dame repairs,
With nervous grasp the streaming head she bears,
And hies her trembling friend anon to seek,
Who, in her arms forgets the power to speak,
Till sense returning, she does straight avow:
"Oh! what a woman, heavenly powers, art thou!
Oh! what a deed, a blow, what danger too
Attends our flight, should any soul pursue
Whom chance awakes his vengeance dire to glut,
Must seal our fates, our throats will both be cut!"
Quoth Rosamore: "Talk not so loud my friend,



"THE ROBBER'S SWORD, WHICH ROSAMORE FROM SCABBARD PROMPTLY DREW"

Angus

As yet my mission hath not worked its end;
Come, march with me in dauntless courage dight:"
She aped the hardy, though appalled with fright.

Far from their dames our lovers journey blind,
Seek everywhere and yet no trace can find;
At length the walls of Genoa [6] they gain,
And having sought by land their loves in vain,
To mercy of the floods their lives commit,
Seeking to cool imperious Cupid's fit,
By asking breezes from the quarters four,
News of their fair ones they so much adore.
By turns obedient to each wind's behest,
Sometimes they make that territory blest,
Where of good Christians the Apostolic See,
Right humbly bears of Paradise the key.
Through Adriatic gulf the bark then ploughs,
Where the old Doge becomes dame Thetis' spouse; [7]
Or next towards Naples' fertile coast they glide,
Where *Sannazar's* [8] too near great Virgil's side;
Those prompt-winged bloated gods that grace the sea,
Rebels no more, Orithia's [9] progeny,
On billows rendered angry by their sway,
Our lovers waft to those known rocks away,
Where erst Charybdis [10] with tumultuous roar,
Ingulfed the floods which disappear no more;
Or where no longer seamen list the spells
Of Scylla's dogs issuing hideous yells,
Or giants [11] crushed by fiery Ætna's glow,

Ashes and flames commingled cease to throw;
With time revolving nature's thus deranged,
And features of our mundane system's changed.
Our errant knights approaching Syracuse,[12]
Pay homage to the fountain Arethuse,[13]
Whose waters clad with reeds, no longer hide
Its lover's stream, which erst was wont to glide:
Ere long the distant coast salutes the view,
Where Carthage flourished, and Augustine too;[14]
Appalling region which the living see,
By rage infected and rapacity[15]
Of Mussulmans, the unbelieving race
With whom sheer ignorance holds sovereign place,
In fine, kind Heaven conducts our lovers twain
Where fruitful Provence spreads its verdant plain.

There on the shore, adorned with olive bowers,
Of Marseilles' city rise the antique towers;
Choice remnants of Ionian bands renowned,
A Grecian pile alike by freedom crowned,
Which twofold blessings are no more its boast,
Far happier now to serve a royal host
Our Gallic kings, whereby auspicious fate
Hath bettered far its free and former state;
Yet do thy confines own a sainted hill,
More marvelous and salutary still.
'Tis known that Magdalen in ancient time,
To love consigning beauties in their prime,
At length repentant bowed to heaven the knee,
Weeping her sins and mundane vanity.

From Jordan's banks her sorrowing course she bends,
And straight her steps towards soil of Provence wends;
When urged by penitence to purge each sin,
She scourged herself 'neath rock of Maximin,
Since which exists celestial balsam there,
Its perfume scenting wide the ambient air.
To climb this rock come pilgrims many a one,
And damsels by seductive arts undone;
Of cruel Love the empire they resign,
And thenceforth shun him, as a sprite malign.

Our Jewish penitent, so legends state,
Within her cell awaiting death's dire fate,
Of pious Maximin her soul obeyed
This parting favor at his mercy prayed:
"Obtain for me," she cried, "if e'er it chance
That on my rock, subdued by amorous trance,
A pair of lovers stroll to toy the hour,
Their flames impure anon shall lose their power;
That forthwith each may loathings dire impart,
And hatred reign sole passion of each heart."
The blessed adventurer thus having said,
Her confessor to grant her prayer was led;
Wherefore this spot which fanatics adore,
Inspires fell hate for those you loved before.

Marseilles inspected by our curious knights,
Its ports and roadstead — all the wondrous sights

Whereof its citizens such legends tell,
Repaired at length to view the saintly cell,
That famous rock; the Holy Balm surnamed,
By wearers of the cowl and frock far famed;
Whose heavenly odor of each priest the pride,
Throughout Saint Balm was wafted far and wide:
Devotion led our Gaul this spot to see;
The Briton went, from curiosity.
Our knights as climbing thus the high retreat,
Approached the dome, where worn by pilgrims' feet
The steps appeared whereon were prostrate seen
The devotees, each wearing contrite mien.
Among the troop as travellers bedight,
Two female forms enchained each warrior's sight,
One kneeling with clasped hands and front bent low,
Erect the other, with disdainful glow.

Oh cherished objects, unexpected hour!
Each knight discerned, and owned his fair one's power,
Behold our sinners in this sainted place,
Ordained to prove of lovers the disgrace.
The British fair in style laconic tells
Her martial deed inspired by heavenly spells;
How Martinguerre with death repaid her shame,
While urged by danger the adventurous dame
With care preserved his ample purse well stored,
Convinced by reason, that a golden hoard
Can prove to dead men but a useless store,
Since souls departed can expend no more.

She then retailed 'mid horrors of the night,
How they of ruins 'scaped tremendous site,
As sword in hand the neighboring shore she sought,
Her friend conducting with fell panic fraught,
There found a skiff, and having roused the crew,
Giving the captain more than thrice his due.
They ploughed the empire of old ocean vast,
When winds capricious thus the vessel cast,
Or rather heaven ordaining for the best,
Sent them to learn Saint Magdalen's behest.

Oh! sovereign virtue, miracle most rare!
As every word escaped the dauntless fair,
Her warrior's noble heart felt love abate,
Disgust ensued — and soon a deadly hate
Succeeds those sentiments of love refined;
For him an equal hatred swayed her mind.
Trimouille, who late in Dorothy could trace
Beauty's perfection, and each winning grace,
Conceived her ugly, wit she seem'd to lack,
And with contempt he turned on her his back;
While she disdaining too affection's rules,
Despised her knight, who seemed the king of fools;
While from a cloud Saint Magdalen surveyed
With joy the change, that feverish love allayed.
But Magdalen alas! 'twas so ordained,
When she from Paradise this boon obtained
Was sore deceived, since those who sought her cell
She willed no more on theme of love should dwell,
Forgetting such as erst had won their hearts;

But in her vows the Saint ne'er dreamed of darts
Which love might level to supplant the rest,
Kindling fresh fires in every chastened breast.
Saint Maximin this case had ne'er foreseen;
Wherefore the English infidel I ween,
To Gallia's knight extended wide her arms,
And while brave Arundel enjoyed the charms
Of Dorothy, Trimouille alike was blessed,
Lulled to Elysium on fair Judith's breast.
Tritemus Priest himself had ofttimes said,
That Magdalen by funny whimsies fed,
Gave vent to smiles this wondrous change to view.
The theme was just, and I believe it true;
Virtue may please, and howsoe'er obeyed,
We still possess a taste for our first trade.

It chanced our lovers scarce Saint Balm had left,
Ere of its spell each heart anon was reft;
No charm it boasts, when once the precinct's passed,
The cell alone commands the charms to last.
Trimouille, confused, now gained the mountain's base;
Another's charms had filled his fair one's place;
All justice yielding to her beauties rare,
He now beheld her fairest of the fair,
And with more ardor straight her beauty sought,
As lovely Dorothy, with anguish fraught,
And flame rekindled, strove her fault to quell,
Within those arms she always loved to dwell:
Her anger calmed, the lovely Rosamore,

Joined Arundel as loving as before;
Each owned the flame that erst their souls had swayed,
The fair ones and their knights its power obeyed;
And I'll avouch, that Magdalen above,
On viewing them, forgave this mutual love.

Our Briton bold and Poitou's cavalier,
Each with his dame on pillion in the rear,
Direct for Orleans traversed straight the land,
Each burning to rejoin his gallant band,
And to his country's cause forever true,
Avenge the honor which he deemed its due.
Ah! generous foes, lovers discreet and tried,
They seemed sworn friends whom nothing could divide,
Nor did they ever fan discordant flames,
Touching their kings; nay even for their dames.

END OF CANTO IX.

NOTES TO CANTO IX.

[1] Leghorn is a beautiful and strongly fortified city of Italy, in the Tuscan States, and one of the most famous seaports in the Mediterranean. This place abounds with Jews, who are extremely rich, and so well protected that there is a familiar proverb among the Tuscans which states: "'Twere better strike the Grand Duke himself, than maltreat a Jew."

[2] Gayeta or Gaieta, a strong and beautiful city of Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, with a fortress, citadel, and seaport. It is a suffragan bishopric of Capua, but exempt from its jurisdiction. It is twenty-eight leagues southeast of Rome.

[3] What fool would be a man, who had the choice
Of his own being? The best, most perfect,
Are so allayed, the good so mixed with bad,
Like counterfeited coin of mingled metal,
The noble parts not current for the base.
LANSDOWN'S *Heroic Love.*

[4] Bucaniers or Buccaneers, are savages in the West Indies, who prepare their meat upon a grate or hurdle, constructed of Brazil wood, placed in the smoke, at a good height from the fire, called *buccan;* the meat so arranged is said to have an exceeding pleasant smell, savory taste, and the vermilion color of a rose; at the same time, that it is a great restorative to sick people. The Carribee Indians used to cut their prisoners in pieces, and then dress them after this manner; whence, those who go upon piratical expeditions in those parts, were called Buccaneers, on account of the frequent cruelties they committed.

[5] It is impossible that any reader can be unacquainted with the beautiful Judith, and her decapitated lover Holo-

fernes, though Calmet, the Benedictine, assures us that this heroine was seventy years of age when she captivated the unfortunate General of the Assyrians. Holofernes ought to have left the widow alone; it is only fitting to kiss old ladies, as we do the relics of saints — through a glass of crystal; my reader must equally call to mind brave Deborah, the dauntless wife of Lapidoth, victor over King Jabin, who had nine hundred chariots armed with scythes, in a mountainous country which now abounds with nothing but donkeys; neither can any one be unmindful of Jael, the helpmate of Haber, who entertained Sisera, Marshal and General in Chief of Jabin, whom she inebriated with milk (what pasturage and what cows must then have existed!), after which she transfixed his sconce to the ground, by driving a nail plump through his temples; a matchless nail this, it must be confessed, and she, too, a woman of ten thousand. Left-handed Aod went in pursuit of King Eglon, by order of the Most High, and plunged a case-knife into his abdomen, upon which Eglon, gathering up his bowels, repaired forthwith to his *Chaisepercée;* and, with respect to Simon, surnamed Barjona, he only cut off one of the ears of Malchus, and then received orders to return his sword into the scabbard, which is a most convincing proof that those of the Church should not be guilty of shedding blood.

[6] Genoa is an ancient, strong, rich, and magnificent city of Italy, being capital of the Republic of Genoa, with an archbishopric, and a fine port; it has frequently been the seat of warfare, and has given birth to many persons of distinguished talents. It is distant twenty-eight leagues from Milan, and ninety from Rome.

[7] The Venetians pretend that they are masters of the Gulf of Venice, which the Doge espouses every year, on the day of the Ascension, by throwing into it a ring attached to a cord, in order that it may be drawn out at pleasure, and thereby serve the succeeding year for a renewal of the ceremony.

[8] James Sannazarius, an Italian poet, was born at Naples in 1458, and died in 1530. His Latin poems were all printed at Naples in 1718, the most admired of which is his Arcadia, first published in 1502. As Voltaire regarded this writer in a very mediocre point of view, when compared with the sublime Virgil, he alludes to his burial near the latter, and his having been honored with a much more sumptuous monument than the Mantuan bard.

[9] Orythia, one of the Nereides nymphs of the sea, daughter of Nereus and Doris, who were fifty in number, according to the computation of mythologists in general.

[10] Charybdis was formerly a dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Sicily, opposite to another called Scylla, on the coast of Italy. The precise situation of Charybdis is not discovered by the moderns, as no whirlpool sufficiently tremendous is at present found to correspond with the horrific description handed down by the ancients. The words *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,* became a proverb, to show that in our eagerness to avoid a lesser evil, we frequently fall into a greater.

[11] The eruptions of Mount Ætna are now become very rare in comparison with what is recorded by ancient historians of its former convulsions; since from the era of Pythagoras, the supposed data of the first volcanic appearance, to the battle of Pharsalia, a period of 449 years, it is computed that there were no less than one hundred eruptions.

[12] Syracuse, a celebrated city of Sicily, was founded 732 years before Christ, by Archias, a Corinthian, and one of the Heraclidæ; it gave birth to Theocritus and Archimedes.

[13] It was fallaciously believed by the ancients, that the river Alpheus, which rises in Arcadia, passed under the sea from Peloponessus, and without mingling its current with the salt waters, rose again in Ortygia, and joined the stream of Arethusa, wherefore they affirmed, that if anything was thrown into the Alpheus in Elis, it would re-

appear, after some time, swimming on the waters of Arethusa, near Sicily.

[14] Saint Augustin, a father of the Church, was born at Targaste in Africa, in 354. He was sent by his father to Carthage, where he led a dissipated life, and became a convert to the Manichees. In 380 he taught rhetoric at Carthage with great reputation, but still continued his licentious course of life, keeping a woman publicly, by whom he had a son named Adeodatus. Augustine afterwards removed to Rome, and in 383 was appointed professor of Rhetoric at Milan; where the sermons of Saint Ambrose effected his conversion, when he renounced his heretical opinions, and was baptized in 387. The following year he returned to Africa, and was ordained priest; when he became the coadjutor of Valerius, Bishop of Hippo, and afterwards his successor. He died in 430, and the writings which he left have always been held in veneration by the Catholic Church, from which was formed that system commonly called Scholastic Divinity.

[15] This line forcibly reminds us of the following couplets in Lord Byron's *"Giaour:"*

> Strange — that where all is peace beside,
> There passion riots in her pride,
> And lust and rapine wildly reign,
> To darken o'er the fair domain.
> It is as though the fiends prevailed
> Against the seraphs they assailed,
> And, fixed on heavenly thrones should dwell,
> The freed inheritors of hell;
> So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
> So curst the tyrants that destroy.

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

AGNES SOREL IS PURSUED BY THE ALMONER OF JOHN CHANDOS. LAMENTATIONS OF HER LOVER.— WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BEAUTIFUL AGNES IN A CONVENT.

And shall I then to every canto stick
A prosing preface? Moral makes me sick;
A simple action told without disguise,
The naked truth depicting to our eyes,
Narration brief, of tinsel trappings void,
Neither by wit or affectation cloyed —
Such are the weapons censure to disarm;
Then roundly reader, let us court the charm,
'Tis my advice: With nature for our aim,
If we succeed, the picture needs no frame.

As royal Charles to Orleans' gates proceeds,
He nerves his gallant knights to glorious deeds;
Fills them with joy and hope as they advance,
Soon to retrieve the destiny of France;
Of nought he spoke, but joining conflict's heat,
His heart of martial pleasures seemed the seat;
Yet secretly the soul-drawn sigh found vent,
For from his mistress far his course was bent;
Thus being parted — to have summoned power

To stray from Agnes, even for an hour,
This was an act that virtue might conceive,
'Twas of one's self, the better part to leave.

When in his chamber Charles was left alone,
And calmness o'er his heart resumed her throne,
Which glory's demon planted in his soul,
The other demon who owns love's control
Rushed to his mind, and in his turn explained;
He pleaded best and soon the victory gained,[1]
What touched the public weal, with absent air
The monarch heard, and felt increase of care,
Then to his private study secret went,
There with sad heart his trembling hand gave vent,
Framing in terms pathetic, lover's fear,
While o'er the scrawl fell many a tender tear,
But ah! to dry them, Bonneau was not near;
A simple boorish squire, no courtier true,[2]
Was then despatched with passion's *billet doux;*
But scarce an hour elapsed, ere back he came,
Bearing this scrip replete with dart and flame.
The monarch, shook by feeling's dreadful storm,
Cried: "Why so soon do I review thy form?
My letter too?"— "All's lost, my gracious sire!
Let virtuous energies your breast inspire,
The English — Ah! before them fate must fall,
Since they have ta'en your Agnes, Joan, and all."

Scarcely the squire abruptly breathes his tale,
Ere all the senses of the monarch fail;

Fainting he falls, nor do his powers revive,
But to keep keener agonies alive;
He who with courage such a shock could brave,
Would ne'er be ranked of fervent love the slave;
And such was Charles, who with this tale oppressed,
By turns felt rage and anguish rive his breast;
His gallant knights in vain by efforts strove
To wean him from the pangs of suffering love;
Which nearly turned his brain with warring fits,
Less potent cause deprived his sire of wits;[3]
"Let them bear hence the dauntless Joan," he said;
"Knights, cassock-bearers, monks with cowls on
head,
My confessor and that small tract of land,
Which fate still deigns to leave at my command;
Ah! cruel English! even yet take more,
Leave me but her my bosom must adore.

"Love! Agnes! royal slave of fell despair!
Wherefore my locks do I thus frantic tear?
She's lost; — Oh let me with death's victims sleep:
And even while I thus despairing weep,
Perhaps, alas! a son of Albion bold,
In brutal arms, those beauties dares enfold,
Framed only for a Frenchman's fond embrace,
Some sensual mouth her ruby gems debase,
And from those lips the thrilling favors tear;
Another hand to press her form may dare;
Another — Heavens! what damning thoughts arise,
Who knows but even now the charming prize,

With equal ecstasy, such transport pays,
And her warm temper love's fond vows betrays?"
Of this perplexing state, the wretched king,
Unable to support the goading sting,
Repaired of cunning clerks advice to reap,[4]
Astrologers, Sorbonnic doctors deep,[5]
Jews, Jacobins, and those who doubly see;
In short all such as knew their A, B, C.

"Sirs," said the king, "'tis fitting ye make known,
If Agnes guards her faith for me alone,[6]
If for her lover, still her bosom sighs,
Take heed, nor dare amuse your king with lies,
Reveal the truth, for all must come to light:"
Our wizards amply paid, begin outright
In Hebrew, Latin, Syriac, to divine;
One traces of the monarch's palm each line;
Another paints a figure in a square;
Some upon Mercury and Venus stare;
The psalms another cons, dark fate to know,
Amen pronouncing oft, in murmurs low;
This one the bottom of a glass will read,
And that makes circles on the ground his creed.
'Tis thus the ancients toiled with wisdom fraught,
Who never failed to learn the truth they sought.
Before the prince they seem to work and sweat,
Then offer prayers, and this conclusion get —
That the great monarch may in quiet rest,
'Mong heroes ranking the supremely blessed;
Since in his favor heaven had deigned to extend

Its grace, in granting him a faithful friend;
Agnes was true, nor would with others stray,
Wherefore let all to sages homage pay.

This Almoner, inexorable brute,
The time had chosen, purpose base to suit;
Spite of the tears, and spite of Agnes' cries,
He rudely makes her youthful charms his prize;
The monster ravished but imperfect joys,
Mere sensual lust, which tenderness destroys;
A feeling of each bland caress deprived,
Disgusting pleasure, ne'er from love derived;
For who within his arms would press with pride
A fair one who would turn her lips aside,
Whose tears of bitterness the couch bedew?
The generous soul has other bliss in view;
No thrill of happiness imbues his heart,
Save he can transports to his fair impart;
A priest is ne'er so nice in love concerns,
He goads the object who his passion spurns,
Nor heeds the feelings of his fair a jot,
Regardless if she pleasure feels or not.

The page o'ercome with love, yet timid too,
Who forth had hurried as a gallant true,
To honor and to serve the goddess bright,
Destined his ardent hope to cheer or blight,
At length returned, alas! returned too late,
He entering views of things the damning state,
Beholds the chaplain brutal rage obey,

Abusing with unbridled lust his prey;
At this distracting sight, the young Monrose
Darts on, with sword in hand to interpose;
While of the sensual beast the rage unchaste,
By which to save his life is quick replaced;
From couch he springs, and wards with stick the rage
Of furious foe, then collars the young page;
Each in the conflict proves a champion brave,
As different passions, both their breasts enslave;
Monrose with love redoubled strength acquires,
The priest is furious, spurred by sensual fires.

That happy race, which in the country knows
The fruits of innocence — a sweet repose;
Hath ofttimes seen near thicket spreading wide,
Greedy for prey, a wolf with carnage dyed,
Whose fangs the fleece destroy; while smoking blood
Of wounded sheep he ravenous laps for food.
Then if with close-cropped ears, some faithful hound
Of heart courageous, jaws with grinders sound,
Proclaiming war, darts on like arrow swift,
The beast carnivorous forthwith at his shift,
Drops from his reeking jaws the panting prize,
And darts upon the dog with flaming eyes,
Which no less eager, springs the foe to meet,
When straight begins the sanguinary feat;
The wounded wolf soon feels infuriate glow,
And thinks to strangle his determined foe;

While the poor panting sheep beside them lays,
And for his champion dog sincerely prays.

'Twas thus the sinewy priest with iron heart,
And arm Herculean, played the savage part;
Struggling the courage of Monrose to quell,
While trembling Agnes yielding to the spell
Of pallid fear, on couch reclined, each charm
A prize deserving either conqueror's arm.

Mine host and hostess — valets, chambermaid,
In fine the family, one will obeyed;
Roused by the noise, they mount and straight in view,
The combat seeing, rush between the two
And priest audacious from the chamber drive;
For tender page all feelings are alive,
Since youth and grace combined can never fail
To waken pity and o'er lust prevail,
While dauntless in defeat, with soul of brass
His foe unblushing — hied to chant the mass.

Agnes ashamed and torn with pangs acute,
To think a priest should thus her charms pollute,
And that the page her struggling form had seen,
As lovely in the contest it had been,
Shed tears, nor longer dared his glance to meet,
She rather wished death's shaft, on pinions fleet
Had closed her eyes, and cast o'er shame the cloud:
Then to confusion yielding, cried aloud

No words but these: " Oh! kill me, kill me straight."
" What, you," replied Monrose, " share death's chill
fate!
Shall you be lost, and this foul priest the cause?
Ah! trust me if you've sinned 'gainst virtue's laws,
You still should live with patience for your stay:
Should we the calls of penitence obey,
To vain remorse your anguished thoughts incline,
Angelic Agnes — ah, what fault is thine,
That thou should'st suffer for another's crime?"
If his discourse could not be deemed sublime,
His eyes at least such eloquence addressed;
A tender and a touching flame oppressed
The softened fair — which in this mundane strife,
Implanted in her breast some wish for life.

Dinner was needful — for in spite of woe,
As I, poor mortal, from experience know,
The wretched find in abstinence no treat,
In raging fury still the sufferers eat.
For this sage reason, all the scribes divine,
Good Virgil — Homer favored of the nine,
Must always praises claim from thinkers deep,
Though o'er the page they gaping fall asleep;
Wherefore in middle of the combat's blast,
They never fail to speak of a repast.
'Twas thus near couch, sweet Agnes *tête-à-tête*
Dinner enjoyed, with youthful page elate;
Both felt at first of shame an equal share,
And glanced upon their plates, a silly stare;

Till gaining courage, each the other eyed,
As archly ogling from the optic's side.

Reader, thou know'st that in youth's flowery days,
When all our senses own health's vivid blaze,
A good repast excites within each vein
Those seeds of passion which we can't restrain,
The whole heart yields and owns a wish to love,
Beauty inflamed the thrilling transports move,
Benign and goading fires your soul subdue,
The flesh is frail, and Satan tempts you too.

Monrose in moments with such danger fraught,
Unable to resist the glowing thought,
Falls at the feet of Agnes, bathed in tears:
"Mistress beloved, goddess my soul reveres!
'Tis I alone must now death's shaft invoke,
Pity a tender heart that owns love's yoke,
What, can my fervent passion fail to gain
That which barbarian force has dared obtain?
Ah! if a crime insured another's bliss,
What's due to him, who dares not act amiss?
When love no sentiment save virtue knows;
'Tis he who speaks, you ought to hear his woes."

This argument some valid points possessed,
The weight of reason Agnes viewed, confessed;
Still for an hour she dared the prude enact,
Seeking the blissful moments to protract,
Ere she would honor with the pleasure yield,

Assured the heart by some resistance steeled
Far better answers than complying straight;
Monrose at length, Monrose the blessed of fate,
Shared all those rights which favored lover claims,
Of real ecstasy he felt the flames.
With England's prince the power and glory shone,
Humbling the vanquished monarch and his throne;
Henry but conquered France, for glory hot;
How far superior was the page's lot.

But mundane joy deceitful is and light,
And happiness, alas! soon put to flight:
Scarce had the gentle page love's torrent owned,
Scarce had voluptuousness his soul enthroned;
When lo! of English troops arrives a corps,
They mount and enter, having forced the door.
Enraptured pair! that with love's transports burn,
The Almoner had played ye this foul turn.
Agnes, who terror-struck lost every sense,
Was with her lover to be hurried thence,
Anon to Chandos both were to be ta'en,
If Chandos dooms them, what must be their pain?
Ah tender lovers! ye his vengeance dread,
Too well ye know in sad experience read
That this bold Briton no compassion knows;
On both their youthful fronts confusion glows,
Despair though goading fails the flame to smother,
Which prompts them still to ogle one another;
They blushed at joys which late held sovereign sway,

Ah! what will either to John Chandos say?
It chanced as on the route they forward went,
This English cohort met, by fortune sent,
Some twenty cavaliers, at curfew hour,
Who scoured around, liege knight of Charles's
power,
To ascertain if any news was known
Concerning Agnes and the maiden Joan.

When mastiffs, fighting cocks, or lovers twain,
Meet nose to nose upon the open plain;
When some staunch member of all-powerful grace
Finds crook-necked son, of Saint Ignatius' race;
If friends of Luther, or of Calvin glance
Their eyes on Ultramontane priest perchance,
Without much loss of time begins the fray,
Tongue, pen, or lance, wage fight in fell array.
'Twas even so with Gaul's equestrian band,
Viewing afar these Britons scour the land,
As falcon light, each on the phalanx darts,
Britons defend themselves with lion hearts;
Sharp blows are soon exchanged on either side;
The courser Agnes rode in nervous pride,
Young, gamesome, brisk, just like herself appeared;
He prancing, snorted, turned about and reared;
Onward, on saddle vaulting, Agnes went,
But soon on boisterous din of war intent,
He restive grows and foaming bites the bit;
Agnes in vain, o'ercome by timid fit,
Strives to impede him in his rapid course;

To govern, soon she finds beyond her force,
And thus o'ercome, she left the courser free,
Yielding to him her life and destiny.

The young Monrose by heat of conflict led,
Knows not the track in which his nymph has fled;
Her courser swift obeys Eolus' laws,
Like wind six miles performing, without pause;
He halts in valley crowned with tranquil state,
In front a convent's venerable gate;
A forest stood the monastery near,
And close beside, meandered streamlet clear,
Whose limpid flood 'mid banks of verdure flowed,
Where Flora's choicest gifts spontaneous glowed;
Still farther off, a hill attracts the sight,
Its gentle slope by autumn richly dight
With that choice gift wherewith mankind was
blessed,
When Father Noah left his ample chest
The void in human nature to replace,
And weary of beholding wat'ry space,
Then haply learned the secret to divine,
By a new process, to produce good wine.

Pomona, Flora, and the breath serene
Of gentle zephyrs, perfumed wide the scene;
The eye well pleased this champaign rich surveys.
Our parents' paradise, in ancient days,
Ne'er to the view more laughing vales portrayed
More fruitful; nor was nature e'er displayed

In guise more lovely senses to allure,
Nor more exuberant and calmly pure.
The air we breathe in such sequestered plains
Yields peace to bosoms agonized by pains,
And softening of our griefs the conflict rude,
At length we feel the love of solitude.

Agnes on margin of the streamlet laid,
Her lovely eyes the convent's fane surveyed,
And soon no agonizing pang she felt;
It was, my friend, a convent where nuns dwelt.
"Ah! charming sanctuary," cried the fair,
"Resort where heaven hath shed its blessings rare,
Sweet spot of innocence and peace the fane,
By prayer perhaps I may its grace obtain;
Perchance expressly am I thither brought,
To weep the sins wherewith my life is fraught,
Of sisters chaste, each of her God the spouse,
This spot embalming with their sainted vows,
And I, of sinners, the most famous known;
My days have spent to every weakness prone."

Agnes in elevated strains thus cried,
When o'er the portal, she a cross espied;
This blessed sign, whereby mankind was saved,
With pure humility, her mind enslaved;
And feeling o'er her soul compunction press,
She 'gan to think of going to confess;
From love to piety, the way's not wide,
So closely each to weakness is allied.

It chanced the saintly abbess of this pile
To Blois had journeyed, there to stay awhile,
Her convent's privileges to maintain,
Who while thus absent, had consigned the reign
To Nun Besogne who watched the holy crew.
This sister forthwith to the parlor flew,
And gate, to welcome Agnes, opened wide;
"Enter young traveller," anon she cried;
"What fostering patron, or what joyous day
Hath to our altars prompted thus to stray
This beauty dangerous to human sight?
You rank some saint or angel blessed of light,
Thus having quitted heaven's empyreal glow,
To honor mundane sinners here below,
And to console our sisters of the Lord."
"Ah!" replied Agnes: "You to me accord
Far too much honor; I'm but a worldly soul,
Have all my youth, owned flagrant sin's control,
And should I bliss of Paradise e'er ken,
My seat will be beside Saint Magdalen.
That destiny which fate capricious willed,
The Lord — my stars — but most my steed fulfilled;
Nor know I to this spot how I was brought,
With deep remorse I feel my bosom fraught;
Mine heart to sin is not yet callous grown,
I reverence virtue, though expelled her throne;
Here have I found her. By that grace I'm blessed,
Which for salvation, dooms me here to rest."
To this our errant fair anon agreed,
And sought the couch as acting pious deed;

A saint she thinks herself absolved from ill,
But fate on every side pursues her still.

Sister Besogne gave tender feelings vent,
Gently encouraging our penitent;
And lauds of grace divine the heavenly spell,
Agnes conducting forthwith to her cell;
Chamber illumined, decked with flowers and neat,
Of costly ornaments the charming seat,
With soft and ample bed. It seemed love's hand
The varied charms of this retreat had planned;
Agnes lauds Providence in breathings low,
Confessing sweets that from repentance flow.

The supper done (for I will never fail
To note this point essential through my tale)
Besogne the charming stranger thus addressed:
" Thou knowest, my love, night rears her sable crest;
'Tis now the time when wicked spirits prowl,
To tempt, on every side, the saintly soul;
'Tis fitting we a worthy feat perform —
Let's sleep together, that should Satan's storm
Against us rise, we may thus, being two,
Give Beelzebub himself too much to do."

Can I, O reader, without sense of shame,
What Sister Besogne truly was proclaim?
I must be candid, and reveal the truth,
Sister Besogne was an unmarried youth;
Of Hercules possessing all the power,

And of Adonis beauty's manly flower,
His one and twentieth year not yet complete,
As white as milk, fresh as the dew and sweet;
The lady abbess, a right crafty elf,
Of late, as friend, had ta'en him to herself;
Thus sister bachelor in convent staid,
Teaching his lovely flock a fruitful trade:
As when Achilles, clad in maiden's guise,
At Lycomedes' court obtained the prize;
Blessed in possessing Deidamas' charms,
Caressing and caressed within her arms.

Scarce had our penitent on couch reclined
With sister chaste, when lo! she 'gan to find
In nun a metamorphosis most strange,
No doubt she profited by the exchange;
To scream, complain, the convent to alarm,
Had proved a scandal only fraught with harm;
To bear in quiet, sigh, and peaceful lay,
To be resigned was then the only way;
Besides, in cases similar 'tis rare,
We of reflection boast sufficient share;
When nun Besogne, to Claustral frenzy prone —
For all things cease — love's interval had known,
The witching Agnes with a contrite heart,
Reflected thus: "Well, really, for my part,
'Tis mostly vain whene'er I feel the rage
To rank as woman virtuous and sage;
In vain we strive to shun those ills we know,
We can't be virtuous, though we'd fain be so."

NOTES TO CANTO X.

[1] O gentle Protheus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of Love.

SHAKESPEARE.

[2] It appears that the personage thus delineated by our poet was not a kingly parasite of Bonneau's class, so ably portrayed by La Fontaine in these lines:

Les COURTISANS *ne sont que de simples ressorts:*
Sont ce qu'il plaît au Prince; ou s'ils ne peuvent l'être
Tâchent au moins de le paroître;
Peuple Caméléon, peuple singe du Maître.

[3] Account of the extraordinary malady of Charles the Sixth, translated from the History of *Jean Juvenal des Ursius.*

"About the beginning of August, it was apparent that the king, in his words and actions, became somewhat changed, at which period he expressed a desire of riding armed in the open country; in consequence of which he mounted on horseback, when, after proceeding some way, there came to meet him an ill-looking man, in wretched attire, poor, and of miserable appearance (some authors state he wore the garb of a hermit), who, seizing the bridle of his palfrey, thus addressed the monarch: '*King, where goest thou? Proceed no farther; thou are betrayed, and it is intended to deliver thee into the hands of thine adversaries.*' Upon this Charles the Sixth immediately became frantic, running distractedly in all directions, and striking whomsoever he met; by which action, four men were killed. Every effort was diligently pursued in order

to secure the king, who was conducted to his chamber and placed upon a bed, where he continued, neither moving hands nor feet, being to all appearance dead; and, upon the arrival of the physicians, they adjudged him to be gone past all hopes of recovery; every one wept and lamented; and in this state he was exposed to the view of all who wished to behold him." This singular occurrence took place in the forest of Mans, which Charles was traversing, in order to go to the attack of the Duke of Brittany, he having avowed himself the protector of Pierre de Creon, who had assassinated the Constable de Clisson, in Paris. Charles, however, recovered, and lived for twenty-two years afterwards, being frequently subject to these strange attacks, and died at the Hotel of Saint Pol, in the fifty-third year of his age.

[4] The profession of a judicial astrologer is pretending to know futurity by the position and judging of the influence of heavenly bodies, and in arranging the celestial sphere after his own vague conception. Astrology is a term frequently confounded with that of astronomy; a most gross and palpable error among the unlettered; as the former comprehends but a chimerical science, whereas the latter is a research the most sublime and useful. We find the ancients frequently guilty of this grand mistake; Thales and Pherecydes are denominated astrologers, though they were very experienced astronomers. If we are to credit the astrologer's creed, the face of heaven is a book wherein is traced the history of the world, and on the page of which every one is enabled to peruse his own destiny. What has acquired these practitioners so much credit is, that their multiplicity of false prophecies are forgotten, if by chance one of their prognostics happens to come true. It is affirmed, that Cardan, having predicted that he should die upon a certain day, literally starved himself in order to verify his prediction and support the tenets of astrology. This fallacious doctrine, although opposed by the most able writers, has nevertheless found its votaries in every age, among whom have figured men possessing erudition and science, which accorded but ill with tenets so dia-

metrically opposed to the dictates of reason and common sense.

[5] The Sorbonne was formerly a royal manufactory of ecclesiastical doctors, with whom France in particular was enriched every twelve months; after the lapse of ten years, they issued forth from their cloisters, armed *cap-a-pie*, to insure the salvation of the people destined to undergo those wholesome flagellations at their hands, which could alone insure a pass into paradise.

[6] These divinations were much resorted to at the commencement of the fifteenth century; for, we find it recorded in the history, that King Philip the Third despatched a bishop and an abbot to an old hag at Nivelle, near Brussels, who had the fame of being a wonderful sorceress, in order to ascertain if his wife Mary, of Brabant, was faithful to her conjugal vows.

END OF VOL. I.

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